

*Man without Passion:*

Or, The Wise

STOICK,

According to the

SENTIMENTS

O F

SENECA.

Written originally in *French*, by  
that great and learned Philosopher,

ANTHONY LE GRAND.

Englished by G. R.



L O N D O N,

Printed for C. Harper, and J. Amery,  
and sold by them at the *Flower de Luce*, and  
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THE  
TRANSLATOR  
TO THE  
READER.

**I**T is no small encouragement to read good Books, and search out such Company as may lead us to the knowledg of our selves, and the practice of Vertue and Goodness; (so much despised in this age) since happy is the man that getteth (that) wisdom, and the man that obtaineth (that) understanding: *The Merchandize of it is better than the Merchandize of Silver, and the gain thereof than fine Gold. She is more precious than Rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. I am much obliged*

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ged to a learned Divine (whose Company, by accident, I had for some hours, in passing to my House in the Country) for recommending to me a Book so full of Treasure and advantage; having received much satisfaction, and (I hope) benefit, by the rational & plain Instructions which abound in every Section: leading to a Discovery both delectable and salutary to the vertuous; but increasing the guilt of men, that forsake the paths of Vertue, to walk in the ways of the vicious; who, though inwardly convinced, will not easily be brought to be publick Approbators of such austere Principles, which are evidently proved to be natural, by the practice of the Heathen, strangers to the written Law, and those powerful aids of Grace, promised for asking. If Nature herself can do so much, what may not be done if Grace be called to her assistance. The

*to the Reader.*

The Author, in his excellent Epistle Dedicatory, \* faith, \* To King Charles the Second. *that if profane things might be touched without offence to the sacred, and if there be no danger of incurring the censure of the faithful, by publishing the Doctrine of the Heathen, he thought it no matter of scruple to set forth the most difficult of their Paradoxes; and to bring a man to light, who, though he had not yet appeared to the World, was nevertheless the wonder of all ages.* Seneca.

Antiquity paid him reverence, but hardly believed he could ever have birth; it gave him Praises, but denied him Honors; and, still in unbelief, left Posterity in doubt, whether a man could be rendered sociable, that was not subsistible in Nature. From whence it came to pass, that some modern Philosophers placed him in the rank of fabulous things. The

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excess of his Merit caused their incredulity : and fancying that he could never appear but in imagination, thy would afford him no other substance, but such as men assign to idle Conceits and Chimeras.

The common people, who judg of things by outsides, who condemn Prodigies because they comprehend them not; and own nothing for possible, that is beyond their reach, might well be always of the same opinion, if they had not the great Example of this wise Stoick now on the Throne, (which men despaired to find in the Retirement of Philosophers) to undeceive them.

Reader, Thou shalt find in this Treatise Reason, and Examples sufficient to convince thee of the Truths therein asserted : howbeit thou must be put in mind, (I find it in my self too true) that a curious  
Garden

*to the Reader.*

Garden neglected is not only very troubleſom to bring into good order, but to keep it well requireth a ſkilful and diligent hand. Nature will be carefully attended and obſerved by him that will reap her fruits: Heaven it ſelf ſuffereth violence, and the violent enter it by force. All things yield to hard labor, Heaven and Earth do favour the vertuous, and hate the vicious man; and he, in his right mind, is odious to himſelf. What Peace, Content and Glory is it then to be vertuous? What Shame, Self-horror and Confuſion to be vicious? If it be not in our power to chooſe whether we will tell a lye, commit Adulteries, Murders, Thefts, Debaucheries, &c. we may fairly plead to our Conſcience and the Judg, before whom all fleſh muſt appear, that we could not avoid the commiſſion of thoſe Crimes: Our

*The Translator, &c.*

Laws were also horribly unjust, which punish Transgressors, Parents ought not to correct their Children, and good men are guilty of folly and vanity in giving others wholsom Counsel; and why should not men receive as much content and satisfaction from a vicious as from a virtuous action? But if it be in our Will to live virtuously, and we do not well employ this excellent talent of Nature, it is but just it be taken from us, and to be denied the assistance of Grace: thus we are left without excuse, and our destruction is of our selves: But if we do what we can, who shall doubt of Gods acceptance?

THE

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THE  
AUTHOR'S  
PREFACE:

**T***hough truth be common to all men, and her beauty create no jealousy; though she be revered of the blind, as well as the clear-sighted, and depend as little on time to be made known, as upon the Senses to make herself the beloved of many; albeit she be infused into the minds of all mortals, and the change of Climates alter not her Nature, that she be as unvariable at Rome as at Athens; \* and that Customs, which overtop our Laws, be not able to abolish her*  
*Maxims.*

\* Veritati nemo præscribere potest, non spatium temporum, non privilegia Regionum. Tertul. lib. de Ve- land. Virgin. c. 1.

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*Maxims.* Yet Experience teacheth that nothing is less known upon Earth; and that Philosophy which ought to conduct us to her, hath disguised her, turning all her Resemblances to an Idol, and confounding her shadows with her substance, hath caused received Opinions to pass for so many Truthes. \*

\* *Judicia nullius  
Jus deterius, sed  
fermius efficient.  
l. 87. ff. de Regul.  
juris.*

The Stoicks thought it no injustice to be singular, nor the severity of their Doctrine an Opponent to Reason; and though their Sentiments were raised above the common pitch; that they were not therefore less true: that Vertue which they reverence in their wise Stoick, seemed to them too just to dishonour their Profession. They are not ashamed to defend a party that had all vertuous Men on their side; and they feared they might shew a doubt of his Merit, if they made difficulty to engage



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gage with that School, which protected him. The Peripateticks built their Science on the Multitude of their Scholars ; and, leaning on the Opinion of the People, they affirmed that what was generally received could not be faulty. They say, that Zeno left them not, but out of Caprice ; that his Precepts differ not from theirs but in mode of Speech ; and that he had never thought of erecting his particular School, but for the envy he bore to Polemon, that filled his mouth with those proud words, which caused the separation 'twixt him and other Philosophers. So that truth, which cannot be divided by any number of Auditors, nor changed by Custom of Countries, is found unhappily shared between two different Sects, and as if she had abandoned her own Nature, she is in a manner constrained to countenance an Error, because she sought not to be popular ;  
for

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*for the multitude of Disciples is no infallible sign to authorize the Peripatetick Doctrine. A man is not blameable because his Antagonist hath a bigger train then himself. The number of Adherents is often a mark of Error; and, as some Orators (to their shame) will defend the worst Causes, the most ridiculous Opinions have some Approbators.*

*Truth is sufficiently victorious, when good men receive her; the number of pretenders augment not her Glory; and, being disinteressed, she seeks not to please many. If the Stoicks be not then cryed up, if they seem to be less in the right then their Enemies, if they have not that Credit that maketh their Adversaries insolent, they must attribute this misfortune to the severity of their Profession. That Vertue which should gain them Admiracion, hath procured them Envy; and, as the Rigor*  
of

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*of the Gospel hath rendred Christians odious to Turks and Barbarians, the Gravity of Zeno's School hath made the Stoicks despicable to other Philosophers. But notwithstanding the strenuous endeavors of malice to discredit their Sentiments, yet did they gain some followers; the wisest of the Antients have taken their part, and if we believe a **H**istorian of our Age, Pliny, Tacitus, Plautus and others profess no other Doctrine but what they fetcht from their School. Doth not Tertulian maintain a great number of their Paradoxes? And our Judgment must be grown weak, not to observe that they principally compose a great part of his Works: Clement of Alexandria, is he not a Stoick in all his Writings? Doth not he render the **M**ysteries of Christianity familiar to us by their Doctrine? And doth he not lead the faithful to a vertuous life, by the Discourse of these wise*

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*wise Heathens ? \* Being therefore se-*  
*conded by so many il-*

*\* Lipsius lib. 10.*  
*Manuduct. ad Sto-*  
*ic. Philosoph.*

*lustrious Doctors, I*  
*thought I could not go*  
*astray by walking in*  
*the Stoick Paths ; and that I*  
*might boldly undertake to demon-*  
*strate, that a wise man may live*  
*without Passions ; since those great*  
*men have forbid them. If I serve not*  
*my self of their Arguments in this Work,*  
*it is because I pretend not to write as a*  
*Divine, but as a Philosopher, and la-*  
*bour to prove my undertaking, rather*  
*by Reason then Authorities. I declare*  
*then with Seneca, that Reason is*  
*Mans real Good, and his only advan-*  
*tage : That the Goods of the Body,*  
*and of Fortune, are not in his power,*  
*and that without searching for Riches*  
*out of himself, he may find his happi-*  
*ness in his Vertue. After this I descend*  
*to the Description of Passions in gene-*  
*ral,*

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ral, where I shew plain enough (I think) that they are not born with us, that Sense and Opinion are the Principles; that they are useleß to Vertue, and that man cannot serve himself of them without becoming their Slave: then I come to the particulars, where, after having characterized them, I discover the Weakness of Pleasure, the Ingratitude of Desire, the Injustice of Fear, and the Cowardise of Sorrow. If I am somewhat prolix in the Front of the several Discourses, I judged it not needful to say any thing for my self in that point, lest my excuse should not turn to my advantage, by causing others to interpret that to be a Perfection, which is the greatest of my Defects.

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## Discourse I.

*The Stoicks Defence against Passions.*

Ever was *Calumny* more insolent then when she set upon the reputation of the *Stoicks*, discrediting their Doctrin, to diminish their innocence, and by a Practice as Malicious as Self-ended, exhibited an information against Vertue, that she might the better attack those who pleaded her cause. Passions (which are but the diseases of Fools) were the Pretext: and seeing that those Famous Philosophers went about to Suppress them, as the Monsters of Humane Nature. Forbidding the wise man (they intended to represent) any use of them, as concluding from their disorders did arise all our evils: this backbiteing Enemy procured them foes, to take Vengeance on those pretended injuries, and dealt with Orators to perswade us, that passions were no less then perfections of the Soul, making not only Apologies but Elogies for them; And of these were formed a party who design'd their ruin. For hardly had this generous Sect taken root, their weighty paradoxes made impressions upon the most Solid minds, and the most clear sighted grown doubtful that truth might

be on their side, seeing they lighted us to her with so much Majesty ; but she was surrounded with as many adversaries as Philosophers ; all who were not *Stoicks*, became their Enemies, and as that *Hero* in the *Fable*, they fought with Monsters from their first Original.

The *Academia* which might be called the Mother of good manners was their first Persecutor, using them as Rebels because their principles were different, and fearing least the growth of these might be their overthrow, they laboured to make them appear to the Judgments of men, as Persons diseased in the Spleen and Hypochondrium every Apes face in *Plato's* School had a sting at them, All his Scholars became Masters of Art in the mystery of *Calumny*: and as they could not make an accomodation between these Mens Maximes and their own soft opinions, they represented them for vainglorious extravagancies, as full of guilt, as to them they seemed ridiculous. The *Lyceum* afforded them as few good offices as the *Academia*, and *Aristotle* by his fox-like War, laboured no less for their Ruin then did *Pythagoras* by his bare faced opposition. For although these Philosophers agreed not in opinion, their principles different, the thoughts of the younger not agreeing with the tenets of the elder Brother, yet may the former boast of routing his Enemy by succouring his Adversaries, defending his own cause by pleading for the *Arabs* against the *Stoicks*, and passing from the School to the Study, imitated those Politicians, that cunningly employ the Weapons of the factious Subject, to suppress the Rebels of their Government.



For although this Philosopher gained every where Disciples; drew Princes to his School by the curiousness of his Discourse, put *Athens* to Silence. and all her Citizens into a disposition to erect his Statues in the Chief places of their City: yet did he judge that to affirm his Doctrin it was needful to throw down that of his antagonists, the shadow of an Enemy being ever dangerous in that state where Novelty is affected; who ever will be absolute in Government seeks his own preservation by the Rout, his Victory by the Death, and his safety in the Sepulture of his adversaries.

If *Plato* were more just then his Disciples, and for being more Divine could judg more reasonably of their opinions, he was not more valiant. If he shewed less of Passion at their Defeat, he had not resolution enough either to follow or defend them; for he that dives deep into the Writings of this sublime Philosopher, will see, That if he be their Panegyrist, he is not of their party: If he reverence their Vertue he despairs of ever reaching it. If he be enamoured with their perfections, he is an Enemy to that Severity that bears them Company, and if he have conceived a high esteem of their Doctrin, he wants courage to imbrace it, His *Theater* confesses that so high a Vertue draws his Respect rather then his Love, and that she is too severe in her Philosophers to make her of the Number of his beloved.

Some other Modern Philosophers, more zealous for their Ruin, are not content with the credit of this acknowledgment, but much more vain then those whom they accuse of Vanity,

Worship their own conceits, esteem their own Judgments above their Teachers, and as if all their words were Oracles, they appeal from their Master's to the esteem of their own opinions, They stick not to say that Pride is the Soul of all *Stoick* actions. That the praise they expected was the motive, and that the hopes they had to out Live their Funerals, was the moving Cause.

Now, although I take part with the *Stoicks*, and herein approve only the opinions that have some agreement with *Seneca's*, I for-

*Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas* Aristoteles. 1. *Eth, ad Nicom.*

bear not to value *Socrates*, to be a friend to *Plato*, and to honour truth from the lips of her Adversaries. Nor can I easily believe that these com-

bating Authors ever had it in design to blast the *Stoick* reputation, and to purchase Glory by their dishonour; but I rather perswade my self that they preferred their own Satisfaction before the truth, seeking to content their own humors rather than their conscience; and governed by self Love, that blinded them, they were less careful to be truths Champions, than to appear Eloquent Disputants: Or else (which is most likely and doth most hide their infirmity) as Satyrical matters are more fertile than Elogies, we are ingenious in Slanders and tardy in praises, invectives are more pleasing to our minds than *Panegyricks*, so it may be said that they contrived Errors where with to charge the *Stoicks*, made formal Monsters to assault them, and mixing the Art of Poetry with the liberty of Orators, they invented faults to delight them-

themselves in the publication thereof. For what Color was there, that the *Stoicks* should be judged guilty for leaving the *Academia*, and forsaking their Masters Party, to side with truth? who can lawfully accuse them of intolence for courting of vertue themselves and procuring her the Love and admiration of others? Is it not temerity to proceed against Philosophers after the manner of Rebels, for taking nature and reason to be their Guides? Is it a Crime to aspire unto goodness? And can a man be condemned as unjust, because he endeavours to be more vertuous then his Companions? And yet this is the Crime of the *Stoicks* they are guilty because they desired to be better than others, their Instructions are suspected, for being too austere: their Life is odious for being too much retired, and their Disciples at this day are accounted but asses, only because they would approach too near the perfections of Angels.

It's true, that those, who discourse of principles from the consequences they produce, and who judge a cause by the Number of the Counsel that plead it, can hardly figure to themselves that *Zeno's* School was once the most Famous, seeing it hath yet brought forth only fantasmes: the felicity wherewith it fed her Disciples hath produced but an imaginary happiness; and the wise man, they promised us, so many ages past, hath only appeared in *Idea*. They add that this Sect was surely ill grounded, since it could not preserve its innocence in its uprightness, since it found the period of its glory in the Funerals of its Authors, and was constrained to borrow the Pen, of one of its Disciples, to keep up the memory of its ancient

greatness. It's true that if *Seneca's* works had not recovered it, and if he had not given it by his Eloquence that Splendor, which time and the malice of the envious ravish'd from it, their precepts had been buried in silence, and their paradoxes had been to us unknown. We might have Laboured at this day for the Name of him that began it, and all Historians had been to seek in teaching us to whom *Aristotle* was obliged for the ground of his quarrels, whether to the modesty of *Zeno*, or the Confidence of the *Cynicks*. These reproaches are not without some Color of truth, and as those, who form them, are prejudiced by passion, it may be said of them, that they are as Wise as these hot heads, that some times utter Oracles and think it not. For although I am concerned for the honour of my Teachers, and that it be more my advantage to speak after their manner, then to accommodate my Self to the weakness of their Enemies; Yet I confess with them that the Wise man whom they place so near to their Gods, and whom the *Academy* sets so little distant from fabulous matters, hath not yet appeared but in their Writings, and if some men have built him Temples, none are yet found that have loaded his Altars, but with wishes, for his Birth. Also that wise Roman, unjustly condemned for comparing his *Wise man* with *Jupiter*, and for uniting in his person the infirmities of a Man with the powers of a God, doth not pretend so much to an Original as a Copy and he that examineth well the sense of his words, will confess that he proposeth only the *Idea*, and seeketh to conduct us to the object by the Glass of Representation.

When

When *Fabius* formes an Orator, shews him the Art of perswading, teaches the way to enamel his discourse, to swell his periods for the Elevation of his meaner thoughts. When he disguiseth truth or untruth by *Ironie*, causeth Toombs or Statues to speak by apostrophy, runs to pretended *Revelation* for a crafty pratling, wherewith to deceive his Auditors, calls for *Hyperbole* to put a gloss upon vices or diminish true Vertues; And inventeth a hundred Modes of Speech to set out the Flourish of his Stile. It may be said that he hath attained the art of good expression, is become the Father of Rhetorick, brought her forth that taught him to speak, and displayed all the artifices of an accomplished Orator. Nevertheless it must be confest that this good Speaker is not yet brought forth, and he that is so well described in his works hath neither yet mounted the Pulpit, nor pleaded at the Bar.

Who will then admire that this wise *Stoick* hath not yet appeared, that his Glories should forerun his Birth; that he should be at age before he be of Years, and that he should become both the Favorite and the admirer of Vertue, before he could be acquainted with her; *Seneca's* honour is not small that he raised him to such a pitch as his Rivals cannot look up to, without envy, and made him the shame of the Peripatick, after he had been the wonder of the *Cynicks*. A Conquerour is not accounted rash for projecting designs which he could not bring to pass; or for employing heroick Vertues in the gaining of an Ordinary Victory: Valour would be disrobed of Splendor, if limited; if her endeavours were restrained by the

Laws of prudence, and she always obliged to walk within the Circle which Morality hath prescribed her.

How convincing soever this Reason be, yet doth it not satisfy the most obstinate, and although the Peripateticks agree with us, that it is not more impossible for *Seneca* to bring forth his wise man, then for *Fabius* or *Cicero* to form a perfect Orator, yet can they not comprehend how this Wise man can be without passion; that he should be a Man and not partake of his faults, and be engaged in the Body, and not feel it's infirmities. They affirm, as do their Masters that these Motions are natural to us, that it is not in our power to hinder their Birth, that they are the Seeds of Vertue, and that as Speech and Gesture make the best parts of an Orator, Passions are the auxiliaries that nature hath given us to make us active and virtuous. That whilst the Spirit shall be united to the Body, whilst the Angelical part shall share with the Bestial, and the Soul be constrained to Negotiate with Flesh and Blood; she will find disturbances. That these infirmities of the Soul are the Subject of her Merit, and Victories, and that it is necessary that man should fret and fear, rejoyce and be afflicted, if he will be just, and prudent, temperate and valiant; For by their

*Nascitur ex affectibus  
Virtus, & nata cum  
illis consistit. Archi-  
tas, apud Stob.  
Serm. 1.*

discourse Vertue would be without employment if she had not these Monsters to fight with, and this illustrious habitude that may be termed the Life of wise mens actions, would languish if she had not these insurrections  
of

of the Sensitive appetite to exercise her vertue. But who sees not at first that this Discourse striketh at the principles of Morality, abaseth vertue to a dependance upon her Slaves, and permitteth Rebels to intrench upon her power by insinuating the utility of Enemies, that destroy, under pretence of ayds and succours, and I am of *Socrates* mind, and dare affirm with him that whilst the Soul informs the fools head, she will be forced to conceive Passions, and whilst she hath no higher apprehensions then the Common People, she will be constrained to fear an ill accident, to form enterprizes, to hope well of them, desire Wealth, and to regret its loss. But if she view all these objects with indifference, receive Fortunes ill looks with as much Constancy as her good Offices. If without trouble she see Death represented on the face of that Body she animates, if she consider her own Goods with the same Eye that she beholds the wealth of her Neighbour, if she care not for pain, and place her contentment in the possession of vertue, What service shall passions do her? To what end shall she desire Treasures since they make her not happy? Why fear evils since she owns not that there is any evil but vice, whose arrival she may prevent by the bare Acts of her will? Why should Death fright her, since she finds her advantage in it? Why should she call anger to the vengeance of an injury, since she slights it? and why should she draw Joy from Fortunes smiles, since she places her happiness in a good Conscience? *Passions* are then of no use to the Wise, it is the weak and senseless that resent them, and if we consult those very people that have

have shewed them any countenance, they will confess with us, that they are rather friends to vice than Vertue, more guilty than innocent, and more proper to foment than to allay the disorders of our Soul.

And yet will any believe that Vertue must be idle unless she proclaim War against Monsters ? and that this noble faculty must pine away, unless she fight to Subject the Rebellious, and to range the Faction into reason ? She is, without doubt, too generous to derive her Glory from the Destruction of so weak Enemies. She judges her self well enough employed, when forming the Ornaments of our Soul, and slighting the insolence of her Slaves, she is busied about making us accomplished and Vertuous : When the Sun finisheth his course, when he withdraws from our Horizon, that his absence causeth our nights, and seeking another part of the World to enlighten, he is not less powerful then when making our Shadows to fly away, he guildeth the tops of our hills, and produces the Enamel of our Gardens and Meadows. But as he draws not his light from our darkness, it is hot in other parts though we feel it not ; and he is as absolute a Monarch in the Antipodes as in *Africa*. So vertue forms not her Glory from our disorders, nor is she less active when she treats with her Lovers then when she combats Vice, and dissipateth Passions.

Discourse.



## Discourse II.

*That it is Mans happiness to live according to the Law of Nature.*

**T**He Oracles of old have so little Coherence with their Name and the Events that followed them, are so different from their promises, that it may be doubted whether the Divels that pronounced them, ever really aspired to Divine Revelations, whether they strove not to appear more malicious then powerful; and whether they had it not as much in design to flatter the Credulity of the Superstitious, as to chastize the vanity of Philosophers. For who so examineth well all their proceedings shall easily see that their words are void of Sincerity: and as the Fox that puts the Changes upon Hunters, they wind us into their uncertainties, and lead us into Danger, when they make shew of carrying us from it. If they promise the Husband-Man a happy Harvest; if they flatter Conquerors with the Rout of an Enemy, if they assure Lovers of a Reward for their Constancy, and if they engage the Merchants to seek strange Lands to gain Estates, they are then as much Impostures as when they instruct Philosophers; teach

*Interpres Apollinis  
egebat interprete, &c.  
Sors ipsa referenda  
erat ad fortes.  
Chrysiippus.*

teach the Proud to moderate their ambition, prescribe Rules to the Covetous to satisfy their avarice, and show men vertues, which themselves cannot practice. In short all they reveal is faulty: and nothing hath yet departed from *Apollo's* Temple, which became not a lye or was a kin to impossibility. The *Pythians* were the ruin of most Monarchs, those Oracles weakened the most proud *Empire of Europe*, and their predictions were more destructive to *Romes* Common Wealth, then the Revolt of her Subjects, the Faction of the Seditious, the ambition of her Generals, or the oppositions of her Enemies for relying upon the fidelity of their words; their Captains neglected the advantages they usually had upon their adversaries, and taking the victory for granted, they disposed themselves more to Triumph then to fight, to be Masters of the Field, then to contest for it. Those Philosophers that consulted them, for the Conduct of their affairs Succeeded no better then the Chief Commanders, and those who boasted of having peeped into all the Secrets of Nature, discovered the Rules of Policy and unfolded the Paradoxes of Morality; were astonished to find themselves Novices in the School

*Chilo quid difficilimum  
interrogatus, Seipsum ag-  
noscere respondit: unum-  
quemque enim Multa ex  
cæco amore Sibi attri-  
buere. Stob. Serm. 21.*

of Wisdom, and though they remembred all their instructions they could not comprehend their meaning, or give an assured interpretation to words that seemed to them at first so intelligible. But of so many Maxims as proceeded from the mouth of these Apes of the Diety, they judged

judged none more dark then that which commanded them to know themselves: these two words run them into despair: they saw all their knowledg limited by those few Syllables, they readily confest their ignorance since they were Strangers to themselves, and that they ceased to be Philosophers whilst they had neglected to Learn how they should become such.

It's true that Physick came to succour the *Academia*, and by an undertaking that surpass her strength, did endeavour to teach what had been long unknown; For as if truth had lain hid in the Entrailles of our Body, and to discover its parts were a Sufficient information of its defects and pfections, she invented the Dissection of this wonderful Fabrick, she found out the Instrument to sound its Sores; she opened the veins to draw out the Corruption of the Blood: employed the Lance to Scale its *Ulcers*, and to get the Stone from the Reins, she thought that by observing our Diseases, the Nature of our constitutions would be discovered, that the knowledg of the Pains that beset us would be their Cure, that Learning would be attained by sight of our Maladies: and it would be sufficient to know that the *Gout* prickt the *Nerves*, *Ophtalmy* (or inflammation) fixt it'self in the *Eyes*, the *Quinsey* swelled the *Throat*; the *Stone* raged in the *Bladder*, the *Colick* rended the inward parts, and the *Feaver* discharged its fury upon the *radical Moisture*; to discover from so many miseries the State of his Condition. But finding these endeavours of none Effect, that this was but the unfolding of the meanest part of Man, that there was in this  
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House of Flesh a Heavenly Guest undiscovered, and that this Body, so much considered, was but the Instrument of his operations; the design of thus knowing our Selves she soon laid aside, the diseased whose sickness could be but half discovered, was given over and much ashamed that so much had been undertaken, she resolved that a knowledg which was dispaired of being found out by *Anatomy*, should be turned over to the Philosophers.

But these insted of reflecting on our Corporal disorders, to study the Traffick held between the Body and the mind, to consider that the more Noble part of themselves was clogged with Mire,

*Cavenda hæc ignorantia, qua de nobis minus sentimus, sed plus illa, qua plus Nobis tribuimus: per hanc damnoribus, per aliam pecoribus sociamur. Bern. lib. de dilig. Deo.*

that the Chains by which they were united made their miseries common to both, and that contrary to Natures order the Slave did often invade the Soveraignes right. They busied themselves in observing the advantages of the Soul: they left the Maid to Court the

Mistress; and wholly dazled with her perfections, they made her a Temple, and therein placed their chiefest good. Hence arose all the Disputations that separated the Philosophers, for each one exercised his Reason upon this, according to his own apprehension, and built a felicity as himself fancied: and as they were ignorant of themselves they made War against each other, without knowing the ground of the Quarrel they fought for happiness, but could not find it. They Writ her praises, and knew not wherein she consisted, and

if they did discover that she was grafted in some part within them, they knew neither the Name nor the nature of it.

*Epicurus* who imagined that his Soul was terrestrial, her Nature not different from that of his Body; and though her operations were more excellent, yet that she proceeded from the same matter, sought amongst the Beasts wherewith to render himself happy, and making an Idol of his Body, placed his Felicity in Voluptuousness. *Aristotle*, who is politick in all his Works, and so well knew how to Reconcile Philosophy to the humor of the *Monarchs* of his time, did Fancy that mans Felicity was not separable from the goods of the Body and of Fortune: that his happiness was unperfect if he were not as healthy as powerful; and that Content consisted in Friends to converse with, Subjects to command, and Children that were as well Heires of our Vertues, as of our Estates.

*Fieri non potest, certe egrè, ut bona aliquis faciat sine instructo apparatu multa enim, velut per Organa, facienda sunt per amicos, opes, civilem gratiam aut potentiam.*  
*Arist. ad Nicom.*

1. cap. 8.

If it be no School Treachery not to side with so Learned a Master, and if a man run not the hazard of being censured by his Schollars for taking Reasons part, and pleading *Senecas* cause, I think it may be said such thoughts are too mean to form a Disciple of Christ, and that his words are too little generous to make an ordinary Philosopher. For who shall imagin that things out of our power should make us happy? and that Fortune, which is but a *Chimera* should dispense the favours which are the Recompences of Vertue.

Vertue. Wherefore should we build our happiness upon Riches ; Since our minds are the *Magazines* of true wealth, and why should we expect that from Strangers, which we may bestow upon our Selves ? Nature is too liberal to deny us our Desires : She is too Noble to refuse us a gift which she preserves for us in the Cabinet of our Soul : and her Guide is too faithful to carry us astray from that good to which we aspire. Those that so much cry it down have not known the advantages of it : and had they studied to become as reasonable as eloquent, they would have confessed with us, that she is not less a Teacher of the faithful than a Sovereign to the Politicians, and the Mistress of Philosophers. Vertue is her workmanship, born in her bosom, and so obedient a Daughter, that she follows her Counsels in all her

*Nesciat justus, nisi  
Secundum Naturam  
Vivere ; in cujus  
instituto Dei lex est.  
Ambros lib. 2. de  
Abrahamo. cap. 11.*

Actions. Just men own her for their Mother, they pay respect to her Orders, when ever she commands ; and as her Laws are descended from Heaven, they fear to offend him that ruleth there, by hearkening to other

Counsels then hers.

Morality which boasteth of governing Men in their Actions of aiding them in their Needs ; of defending them against evil accidents, of combating Vice, of teaching us Vertue, and of making continency and modesty familiar to us Mortals, is useless to them that observe Nature, all the Precepts of Morality have yet produced but paper Vertues ; and if they have at any time formed a Philosopher or a Monarch, the Success is more to be

be attributed to their own good inclinations then to the Soundness of those Maximes. There are some Nations that avoid Vice and follow Vertue, without the help of this Moral Guide; who having not instructed them, are yet so Wise as to conquer their passions, root out Voluptuousness, limit desire, resist sorrow, and despise riches. Our *Country* people may lawfully dispute the Reward of Constancy with the most cloudy browed Philosophers, and I know not whether those Disciples of Nature do not inspire those Famous Doctors, with the Love of Temperance and Justice. They are vertuous without Art, they laugh at Fortunes disgraces, they look for Death without terror, and being perswaded that it is but a passage to Life, they receive it contentedly. They endure poverty without complaint; they Practise Vertue without Violence, they bear Sickness with patience, and without running to Morality for advice, they become patient, just and couragious. If their valour be not so splendid as that of conquerors, it is not therefore less real; and if their sobriety be less published then that of our strictest *Monasticks*; it produceth not fewer chaste and continent persons.

And even *St. Austin*, though an Enemy to the Vertues of the *Heathen*, attributing (with much heat) all to Grace, and seeming to grant Nature nothing, that all might be owned to the assistance of Jesus Christ, is astonished that Sin which brought all our Senses into a Cloud of Error, darkened our minds,

C

depraved

*Non est in homine  
penitus extincta  
Scintilla rationis,  
in qua factus est ad  
imaginem Dei. Au-  
gust. 22. de civit.  
Dei. cap. 24.*

depraved our Wills, and poured into our Souls the Seeds of all Vice, could not choak the inclination we have for that which is good: that we should be naturally just after our Fathers Revolt, and guilty as we are, we should retain a Love for Vertue, and a hatred for her Contrary. Some of his Disciples doubted his Arguments, they could hardly comprehend how that which makes the Fountain of our Crimes, should be the Original of our good Deeds, and that, against those inclinations which he maintains, he often brings forth perfections instead of *Monsters*. They admired that the first Men that succeeded in *Adams* sin, should become righteous by conversing with Nature, that they should put Laws in Practice which they never read off, and by consulting this prudent Mother, they should conceive a Reverence for their Creator, compassionate care of their Subjects, and an affection for their Equals.

Methinks it is not very hard to clear all these Doubts, and without stumbling at the Difficulties they lay down, it may Suffice to propose them a *Dilemma*, to shew them the Truth by day light. For after *Adam's* fall it must be, that either God forsook his Works, or that he knew Nature potent enough to do well, without the aid of Written Laws. If to augment the guilt of the first Man; or diminish the rigor of his punishment, you represent God infinitely offended; who justly denies his assistance to *Adams* Descendants, be careful that you do not equally question both his providence and his Mercy, and remember, that you cannot take from him the Care of his Creatures  
without



without offending his Bounty. But if you believe, that Nature is impotent in the Exercises of Vertue without particular Grace. That Man in the State of Sin hath more inclination for Vice, then Vertue, that the one is natural to him and the other a stranger. Where are those commandments that brought him back to his Duty? Where are the Written Laws that decided his Doubts? Where the promises and threats for reward of the Righteous, and punishment of the Wicked? It must then be concluded, that Nature is not so corrupted, but that we may draw some advantage from her. That though we be guilty, there remains something of our innocence, and, with a little Labour to keep her in Breath, we may avoid Vice, practice Vertue, and triumph over our Passions.

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## Discourse III.

*Continuation of the same Subject, and  
of the Advantages of Reason.*

**T**HOUGH Nature be the common Mistress of Philosophers, though the *Cynick* Sect, morose as they are, court her as well as the *Academia*; and may boast that *Plato* was her Lover and the Wise Roman her Slave; Nevertheless they that carress her, set her out in such Different shapes, and the Formes they give her, are so disproportionable the one to the other, that it may be doubted whether they knew what they describe, or whether they do not imitate those jealous Suitors that disguise the perfections of their Beloved, to divert their Rivals. Some have thought her gentle and easy to be intreated, that much Art was not needful to gain her; That such as were faithful to her obtained her, and that a constancy in Life was the way to possess her. They affirm that to keep her Laws, we need but an even Temper and that contrary to the humor of vicious men, that delight in change, it was enough to will and not to will the same thing. Some others, a little more elevated, derive

*Finem Zeno ita edidit; convenienter Vivere, quod est Secundum unam rationem, & concordem. sibi Stob. in Eclog.*

derive her Original from Heaven, they distinguish not her Author and her Self, and mistaking the Effect for the Cause, perswaded themselves, that following her Documents, they might become the Children, rather than the Slaves of the Gods whom they worshipped. They changed the Name of God into that of Nature, adored his power in His shadow, and imagining the World to be Eternal, they mixt the Creator with the Creature.

*Stoici Secundum Naturam Vivere finem esse decreverunt, Dei Nomen in Naturæ decorè commutantes. Clem. Alex. 2. Strom.*

These were the two Opinions of the Ancients, and consequently suspicious to those that esteem their good works but splendid sins, and the greatest part of their thoughts matters of Crime. Nevertheless they are not very far distant from the Truth, and by a little light brought in to unmixt them, they may easily pass for Articles of our Faith, and Maxims of our Religion. Saint Ambrose explains the former, to be of the number of the Faithful, he wills us to have but one Resolution. That our Endeavours correspond with our first undertaking, and that we learn of the *Painters* not to varnish without preservation of the first Lineaments. The other seemeth so reasonable to them of that Party, that they think it needs no Authority to support it, and if *Clement of Alexandria* had not laid forth his Eloquence to render it probable, it is sufficient to know that Nature

*Assuesce ita Vivere, ut vita tua quandam picturam exprimat, eandem servans Semper imaginem quam acceperis Ambros. lib. II. Ep. 82.*

is a Law more ancient then *Adam*, that Men reverence her Decrees, that it is she that governs the Universe, directs the Inhabitants, and that all Creatures found therein, own her for their Sovereign, to Judg that she merits not a meaner Title then the Daughter of the Diety.

If the Novelty of these opinions put doubt upon the Truth of them, if we could run the hazard of becoming infidels by favouring the sentiments of the *Heathen*, yet should I not be afraid by embracing the Doctrin of *Chryssippus*, to stray from the common consent of Divines or by reserving to Nature her own Benefits, think my self injurious to the Religion I profess; For placing the Felicity of Man in his own Nature, viz. his Reason I concern my self in the glory of God and the honour of Nature, and as I shew her to be so obedient to her Father that she observes all his Laws, I make it appear that Reason is so submissive to her Mother that she followes all her Dictates. So that it may be said without offence to those grand Doctors, That Reason

composeth Mans real good, that his Felicity consisteth in the use of it, and that to live happily, a man need but be conformable to the Councils of Reason. To apprehend this Learning well, we must suppose (with *Seneca*) a great difference between the Reason of the wise, and the

*Quid aliud censes esse  
beatè Vivere, nisi Se-  
cundum id, quod est in  
homine Optimum, Vi-  
vare? quis vero dubi-  
tavarit nihil aliud esse  
hominis optimum, quam  
eam partem animi, cui  
dominanti obtemperare  
convenit cetera quæ-  
que quæ in homine  
Sunt? hec autem, ne  
aliam pestiles definitionem, mens aut ratio dici potest. Au-  
gustin. lib. 1. cont. Academ.*

Judgment

Judgment of other Men: For as this is but a bare opinion that ariseth from our Flesh, which erects her *Empire* in the *Senses*, and hath no other Considerations but what proceed from the meanest part of a Man, she seeks nothing but sensuality, and prefers the desires thereof, before those of the Soul, and as a grateful Child, speaks ever well of the Parent, Opinion is a thing so much fixt to the Earth, that her desires are limited there, and her thoughts are so little generous, that she seeks for no other goods but what our common Sense hath set a price upon. The honour she pretends to, is fickle and vain, her Resolutions uncertain, her Counsels dark, and she passeth Judgment *experte*. If some times she have good intervals, and being hurried by the vanity of the Objects which she pursueth, she wing her self towards Heaven yet those agitations are so short and inconstant, that they last but a few moments. She is presently staggering, if what she desireth agree not with our Flesh. She gives the Title of Error to our choicest thoughts, and pleasing her self with Novelty, She soon rallies her Counselers and makes them appeal from their first advices. But Reason is the Daughter of Heaven, her Extraction augments her Excellence, and if some Philosophers may be credited, She is a proportion of Gods Essence, an effusion of his being, and an expression of his Greatness.

*In homine Optimum  
quid est? ratio; hæc  
antecedit animalia;  
Deos Sequitur: Ratio  
ergo perfecta proprium  
hominis bonum est. Se-  
nec. Ep. 76.*

*Trismegistus* thought her formed of his Substance, a Branch of the Diety, and as the Sun shooteth

forth his light without diminution of his Power, God produced Reason from himself without weakening his Nature. These bold words, though they seem to destroy our Faith, by which we know Reason to be a part of our Soul, produced by time, yet it cannot be denied but that she is an Image of the Diety, having the Characters of the Almightyes greatness and that (without thinking it Robbery) she imitates those perfections that render Him (onely) worthy of Adoration. They also which could not comprehend the adorable Mystery of the Incarnation, who doubted whether the Divine Nature were compatible with ours, and whether He that was begotten from all Eternity, could become Man by time, made no difficulty of apprehending that God allied Himself to our Soul by Reason, and that he communicated daily with our Spirit by means of this His Image. Indeed this production seemeth to be His legitimate Daughter, since she hath so much share in his glorious qualities, being Heirefs of his perfections, and bestowing upon our Souls the same Advantages which she hath received from her Father. For besides that she representeth the plurality of His Persons by the Trinity of His powers, and sheweth us, without confusion, the unity of His Nature in the division of the faculties whereof it is composed. Reason makes her so unchangeable in goodness that she never forsakes her when once she hath owned her, repentance never succeeds her wishes, her Counsels are as just as her Designs : and she is assured she shall keep her innocence so long as all her thoughts please her, and that she consult her in all her undertakings. So that

that Reason is the most excellent part of us, her glory maketh all our felicity: and a Philosopher said truly, that if the Spirit were the Soul of the Body, Reason was the Soul of our Spirit. She is also the most Majestical part of the Soul: and if any Philosophers were found so rash as to deprive her of that quality, they might boast of having destroyed her, by doing violence to themselves.

Those who value a Man by the abundance of his Treasures, who Judge of his Blood, by the long continued line of his Ancestors, and place his good Fortune in the Beauty of his Mannors, his gaudy Apparel, and the number of his Servants and Slaves that surround him, do plainly discover that they never knew Nature, and that they have been ignorant that these gifts which they so much prize, are favors that God for the most part vouchsafeth to his Enemies. But to know well the Excellencies of a Man, & to proportion his esteem to his merit, he must be viewed in his Shirt: Strip him of all that Splendor that dazzles our Eyes: consider him without those Ornaments that set off his Body, and press the plummet to the depth of him, to be informed whether Reason hath preserved her priviledges in him, if she have not suffered her self to be abused by common opinion, if *Passions* have not deceived her, and if she have not permitted Forraign Commodities to prejudice the Productions of her own Countrey, to cheat her Subjects, and debauch her Ministers.

I acknowledg with our Divines, that Reason is weakened and conceiveth proud designs, that her lights are darkened by Sin, and that she is subject  
to

to illusions since her revolt against God. I confess that the Soul since her disobedience, is light in her undertakings, and embraceth falshood for truth, that she often sides with Vice, and seldom takes part with Vertue. To enlarge upon these defects, and to add to her own disorders the Tyranny of her Body, I do know that they agree not, that this Earth plays the Rebel against the Sun that enlightens it, and that overwhelming the Laws of Nature, the Mistress becomes often the Captive of her Slave: Briefly, I know that in her operations she hath need of the Organs of this Tyrant, seeing with his Eyes, hearing with his Eares, judging of the diversity of tastes by his Tongue, and that she would be condemned to perpetual ignorance, if these parties concerned undertook not to inform her of their knowledg of Colors, of Sounds, of the softness and hardness of Objects; *How be it* these disorders destroy not her good inclinations: She is undistracted in her misery, the advantages she had in her innocence are not lost by her fall; and although she be thought blind, she can yet find out the Truth in the midst of sensual illusions. She is so generous in all her Enterprizes, that with a little Care to redress her, she gives us fresh assurances of her fidelity: those Remains of Light that are yet in her since the State of innocence, put her in mind of her first Glories; and although she be guilty, she is yet righteous enough not to commit any thing unworthy of her Birth. Her disobedience caused her submission: She knows God after she hath offended him. She emplores his aid when she remembers her contempt of his Commandments,



ments, and as she findeth her self bound to restore what she hath robbed Him of, she obligeth the Soul to acknowledg Him her only Sovereign. The *Messengers* she sends abroad for forraign intelligence, cannot deceive her unless she please, their falshoods make her prudent, and if they be cunning enough to give her false informations, they are neither so powerful nor industrious as to perswade her into the belief of them. That *Prison* that surrounds her cannot arrest her thoughts. The Diseases that weaken her Body, cannot touch her: and as if she held no commerce with the Earth; She remains at *Liberty* in the midst of her Fetters, and keeps her health in an infected habitation. If *Passions* are able to obstruct her operations, if they can cool that Fire that makes her Act as a Commander in chief, they are not able to put it out: and if Sin have disfigured this living Image of God, it hath not been able to deface her first lineaments, the impious perceive her in their debaucheries, if their Mouth protect them, Reason condemns them, if the night favour their Crimes, the Sun laies them open: and it's but small comfort to have Companions in Sin, when they find every where a Witness to accuse them, a Judg to condemn them, and the Executioner to punish them. Reason is then Man's only benefit: he must use it to climbe Heaven, he must consult it to govern his Life, and if he do but hearken unto her, he shall be vertuous, and tame the most insolent of his *Passions*.

*Sic est faciendum ut contra universam naturam Nihil contendamus; & ea tamen conservata, proprium sequamur. Cic. Offic.*

## Discourse IV.

*That a Wise Mans happiness is not built  
on the Goods of the Body.*

**S**ome modern Philosophers seem to wonder that the least of all Causes, should, in our Actions, be of the greatest use. That the End which subsisteth but in *Idea*, should be the *Motive* of all our works; and that that which hath so little share in all humane productions, should be so necessary a *Midwife* to bring them forth. They build their opinions upon *Aristotles* discourse, and as they Learn of him, that that which hath no being must needs be barren, and that nothing can be drawn from it but what is imaginary, they conclude, that seeing the End is nothing in substance, and that its being depends on our intellects, it can conceive nought but *Chymera's*, and bring forth nothing but conceited apparitions. Others somewhat more ingenious, do say, that its subsistence is not so sensible as that of the matter; that its manner of operation is different from that of the Form, and efficient Cause; and that when this unites the Soul with the Body, and maketh them agree in one, the End doth but figure out *Idea's*; and form imaginary Resemblances. Never-  
theless

Arriaga in *Phys.* 8.  
81.

theless convinced by the deductions of the first of Philosophers, they avow that if the End be not the more Noble of the four principles, she is however the most necessary : and that if she make less shew then her Companions, she hath so much the ascendant of them, as to make their operations Suitable to her Designs. True it is that all our Projects would be monstrous if our intentions prevented not their birth : and Nature, that is so regular in her Works, would commit nothing but Debaucheries, if she directed them not to the End appointed by her Maker ; As Goodness is the most illustrious Object of Morality, and all that is there intreated of, tends to the acquisition thereof, we are not to wonder if all men seek her, if the guilty as well as the innocent court her : and if she often procure her self real Lovers, by the bare appearance of Goodness. When a Tyrant oppresseth his people, ransacks his Neighbours Countries, depriveth the innocent of Liberty, and to enlarge his Frontiers, intrencheth upon those Bounds where wise Nature had limited his Authority, Policy which is always self interested, excuseth all these disorders by Pretext of a greater Good : and the advantages she hopeth for, by weakning the Subject, and ruining the Enemy, seem considerable enough to justify such iniquities when a Criminal is accused, and brought before the Judg, finding himself engaged to shew innocency in the matters layed to his Charge ; he borroweth a good Countenance to excuse himself : and as there is no man so impious, as in his Crime, purely to intend Evil, he throweth his offence upon the sincerity of his intentions.

Good-

Goodness is so Natural to Man, that he cannot loose the Love of her : and when ignorance hides her Truth from him, or that Opinion cheats him in the search

*Bonum est, quod omnes appetunt. Arist. Eth.*

of her, he forbears not to Scuffle for her, and to catch at all her Resemblances. The *Academia* that made profession of understanding her Essence, is of this an evident proof : for designing to form a Felicity that should surpass all our desires, they invented happineffes, that have hitherto only bore the Name. They would have it to consist in the health of the Body, that Pleasure should be its inseparable Companion ; that Fortitude should have no other employment, but to defend and preserve its healthful state, and that Beauty, which is but the Feminine ornament, was part of a *Wise Mans Felicity*. As Experience taught these Disciples that health was a fountain that watered all the parts with her perfections, that its Comeliness consisted in a good intelligence with the Elements; and that all the Favours of Nature lost their Splendor in an infirm Body, they set up health as the Principle of their Felicity : They averred that to live happily it was necessary to have a sound Body; and that all our other Faculties were useless to us, when the visage had lost its Color, and the Members their strength, and when the food, that was for our nourishment, became offensive to the Eyes. They compared health to a Calm Sea : They would have it, that as this favored the *Aleçons* in laying their Eggs, and in bringing forth their young ; the other assisted the Conqueror in the obtaining of Victories, Princes

in the Conduct of their Subjects, *Artificers* in their Labours, Orators in their Praises of vertue, and Philosophers in outbraving their misfortunes. That it was health that charmed the disturbances of our Life, and that we should be condemned as eternally miserable, if this did not sweeten the Travels of our *Pilgrimage*, and change part of our miseries into delights.

If these Philosophers had well studied the Nature of Man's chief happiness, and not ransom the Flesh for matter wherewith to content the mind, I perswade my self, that in seeking to be happy, they would have put some difference between their own felicity and that of *brute Beasts*: and that distinguishing their own condition from that of impious persons, they would have learnt that that which entertaineth vice, & nourisheth all our *Passions*, could not be a Principle of their Felicity. For albeit that sin be familiar to us, that we bear the seeds thereof in our Souls, and that to will the commission of it be sufficient to make us guilty. Mean while

it is never more dangerous  
then when it meets with aids  
to second it, then when it

*Nusquam pejus, quam  
in sano corpore, animus  
aeger habitat. Petr.*

causeth our advantages to  
serve its designs, and when by the health of our Body, it throws Infection into our Souls. There are some Men that know not what Vertue is till they become impotent in Vice: Sicknes must disable them, to cure them of sin; and they would never call to mind that Hell may be one day the place of their punishment, if the enflaming feaver did not feed upon their Intrails. Others there are  
that

that owe their innocence to the absence of health: their Method of Life would be always criminal, if they were not sometimes infirm, and if some violent agitations did not overthrow their designs, they might be rauckt in the Number of dissolute Persons. As health is a benefit as frail as dangerous, God bestows it but on few, the Men of great action have been ever much concerned: those high Enterprizes that have disturbed the whole World, have afforded them little rest, the violent eruptions of their spirits, weakned the activity of their Bodies: and if to be in health were to be happy, it might be concluded, that *Wise Men* are miserable the one half of their Lives.

Beauty is but a result of health, and as subject to decay as the principle to alteration; Yet have we some Philosophers that love her, that present her with praises, after vows of affection, and by a blindness, the more blamable for being voluntary, fancy her to be the second part of their Felicity, they call her the Mate of Vertue, they describe her to be Divinely animated, and will have it, that she doth not less influence the Souls of *Wise men*, then the imagination of Fools: To hear them discourse, She is the delight of all our Senses: and although she be the most pleasing object of our sight, yet is she the ravishment of our Eares in the recital of her perfections. If we believe some Heathen, the Gods themselves, behold nothing here below more glorious then a face on which they have bestowed their favours, and men draw not more vanity from any thing what ever, then to find themselves enriched with a benefit,  
that

that appears without difficulty and may be enjoyed without Envy. For she exerciseth so absolute a Dominion upon humane conceit, that she converts all that behold her into Lovers: the persecutors of the innocent, are friends to her: and more happy then Vertue it self, she hath not yet found an Enemy to make War against her, nor envious persons to bespatter her perfections. Do but see her, and you love her: when you have once seen her, you cannot be her Enemy: and her allurements are so potent, that she takes us from our selves, at her very first appearance to our Eyes.

*Pulchritudo eos, qui ipsam sentiunt, amicos reddit & inimicum Neminem Sibi fieri permittit. Stob. Serm. 68.*

But alas, who is there that may not easily discern that so fading a perfection cannot make us happy? and that a Benefit, which hath all its glory from our opinion, is too light to satisfy our desires, too little Solid to stay our hopes, for what can there be shewed us upon Earth, more frail then *Beauty*? or what is there more to be slighted then a Face, whose Charms are only in the Eyes of them that are taken with it, and which oweth the greatest part of its Dazling Flashes, to the blindness of its Adorers? Those Famous Beauties that have put the most ingenious of the *Poets* into a Sweat, and suck't so many Praises from his *Pen*, in excuse of the disorders which they have caused in the World, are not so much the works of Nature as his witty Inventions; and if the Love he bare to *Corinna* had

*Animus Spectandus est: Nihil pulchritudo juvat, cum quis mentem, non bonam, habet. Idem. Serm. 69.*

not disturbed his mind, *Helena* had been at this day without Admirers, and *Penelope* without Gallants. To be in love, is to have sore Eyes : and if *Passion* did not often cajolle mens Fancies, in favour of them they adore, it might be said that Love had long since had no buisiness in the World, or that if he had made new Conquests the Fools head must have been the Seat of the War.

Beauty is so frail, that she cannot be kept a few Years, and what Art soever Women use to pre-

*Nostra longum forma  
percurrens iter, deper-  
dit aliquid Semper, &  
fulgens Minus, malis-  
que minus est. Sen. in  
Herc.*

serve her, they must resolve to become ugly, if they will grow old. That Clearness which contributeth to her Splendor, advanceth her Ruin : the Sun which gives her a dazzling quality, disfigures her. Time

who is her Guardian is her mortal Enemy. The Body that sustains her puts her to Death, and if some times the strength of Constitution prolong her Ruin, it is but to reserve the Spoils for the meanest of her Maladies. To draw Reason from the Proud Mistresses of Beauty, that Tyrannize the Spirits of indiscreet men, and to be avenged of the Evils wherewith they afflict their Martyrs, it is not needful to Negotiate with death to cast pale Colors into their Faces, to employ the Nails of a she Rival to deface their most curious Features, or that some strange accident should carry away the Off-sets, which they value more then their Lives: a fit of an *Ague* or *Feaver* hath force enough to overthrow these charming Adversaries; their choicest Complexions yeild to disorderd



dered Seasons : the Rose forsaketh their Cheeks when it feels the Cold ; and as there is no distemper that is not able to change their Comeliness, there is not any Beauty but may become the scorn of her Slaves.

But if sickness did not attack these Beauties if the seasons were sufficiently constant not to alter their hew, and if the injurious air had any respect for their perfections, yet time, which Periods Empires, would not spare them ; in prolonging their days, he would diminish their Beauty, and by a strange, but ordinary *Metamorphosis*, he would change the proudest of Natures works, into *Monkees* and *Baboons*. The Sun when he sets, hath charms that attract the consideration of the curious : the pleasant raies which he sheddeth at bidding us good night, are our Shepherds delights ; and *Astrologers* observe that his withdrawing lights are not less beneficial to us, then when he appears again in our *Horizon*, and rides triumphant over our heads. The latter season hath her pleasures : if she carry in commodities in one hand, she brings equal advantages in the other. She is the Expectation of the Husband-man, and the reward of the Vine keeper ; and if she drive the people from the hills and open Countrey, she fills their Cellars with Wines the Garners with Corn, and the Barns with fruits of the Harvest.

But when Women look towards age, when their hairs assume the Colour of Ashes : when wrinkles furrow their foreheads, when their Eyes betake themselves to the faculty of casting Pearls, when their Checks incline to their Chin, and when

those two Milky Mountains become one double bag full of Blood, they are no more desired by men: then they seem horrible to their Lovers; they which courted them before now hate them, and as if all those lines in their foreheads, were so many marks of their indiscretion, they shun the sight of them, as of the most frightful Monsters of Nature. Also those that understand well the Nature of Beauty, consider her as a remote advantage, and esteem the fruit more then the possession, they are content to see her on the Faces of their beloved; and knowing that her quality is too inconstant to make them happy, they give her freely up to those soft Ladies, that seek only to be beautiful.

But of all that made so great account of the benefits of the Body. I meet with none less reasonable, then they who joyn them to voluptuousness, and who believed, that to live happily, it was necessary that Pleasure should make the last perfection of their felicity. For although health be but an even temper of the Body, though the concord which proceedeth from the mixture of the Elements be a pure effect of their good understanding, and that the vigor of the Body have its dependance on the heat and Humidity of the Blood, yet the good offices which health rendereth unto her Land-Lord are considerable enough to gain some reputation in the Schools. For it is she that preserves his comeliness, which accommodates the interests both of Body and Soul, which gives him strength to contest with the diseases that beset him, and in the Opinion of *Aristotle*, it is a Treasure surpassing all the Riches of the Earth.

Earth. If Beauty have her frailties, if her Empire last but few days, and if after she hath triumphed over a small number of Slaves, she become the spoil of old Age or of Death, she hath perfections which procure her reverence, the reasonable Creatures worship their Creator in his Image, vertue serves it self of her in communicating with her Lovers, and as if the splendor of Beauty augmented the Majesty of vertue, she takes pleasure to employ her, when she Acts the Sovereign in the hearts of the Sons of Men.

But pleasure is infamous, in what shape soever she be drest. She is ashamed to appear in publick; they who protect, condemn her, they seek for darkness to possess her and knowing that she is as common to the Beasts as to us; they blame her in all their discourses she is of so Malignant a humor that she turneth all our delights to remorse or punishments. She courteth not vertue but to corrupt or seduce her. If she give her Slaves a smile, 'tis but to deceive them, and more cruel then Tyrants she paies respect to her Enemies and gives death to them that are her sworn faithful Servants. Yet have we found Philosophers who have pleaded for her, and forcing vertue to take her for a handmaid would afterwards perswade us that the Mistress and this Maid held a very good correspondence.

*Epicurus*, that sage Professor of delights imagined that Man was born to enjoy her. That pleasure ought to be the seasoning of all his actions, and that after he had paid his honors to vertue, it was lawful for him to aspire to the enjoyment of her Slave. As he makes her to assist at her

Triumphals, he will have her the constant companion of her Labours: in all her occupations he renders her assistance necessary, he is of opinion that Fortitude it self would fail if the pleasure which she expects from the rout of an Enemy, did not Spirit her to Battel: and that temperance would be little concerned for the regulation of our Passions, if she were not spurred on as well by delight as utility. In fine he sayeth that pleasure to a wise Man is no dishonorable companion, that the Slave might be courted without wrong to her Mistress; and that the conversation of dissolute Women was not more unsuitable to Philosophers then *Zenos* disciples amongst the *Academians*. I know that *Seneca* labours to justify this opinion in some part of his Writings: and having arraigned the sence given it by them of the party, he forms the Authors apology. As if he had been of Intelligence with *Epicurus* rather then with Truth, he takes part with him against his adversaries, he asserteth that the pleasure whereof he treateth is modest, that her humor is not less austere then that of vertue, and that if she put on the pleasing ornament of a more cheerful countenance, it is but with less difficulty to gain her Mistress a greater number of Lovers.

I should readily subscribe to this opinion, and it were sufficient to know that it proceeds from *Seneca*, to receive it with reverence. But as most men abuse it, they run to his Doctrin for a Justification of their disorders, and supported by his Approbation they believe it is lawful for them to hunt after sensualities; I find my self engaged to explain his meaning and to unfold to the Disciples

Disciples of *Epicurus*, that *Seneca* is not of their Party, though some words have run from his Pen to their advantage. If he give a favorable Explication of their Masters meaning, they owe it to the greatness of his civility: he gives him combat too often, to approve the most sordid of his opinions and when he shews them the weakness of pleasure, and the merit of virtue, he lets them sufficiently know that he employs all those discourses, but to persuade them to slight the Maid that she who is her Sovereign may receive their Honors. As

*Voluptas, cum maxime  
delectat, extinguitur,  
nec Multum loci habet,  
itaque cito implet &  
tedio est, & post pri-  
mum impetum marcet.  
Sen. de vita beata.  
cap. 7.*

this is the only Mistress to whom he pays reverence, he is concerned for her glory, and he would think it a betraying of his Courage, if he should reconcile her to an Enemy whom she despiseth. He cannot suffer that she who is content in affliction, joyful in the midst of Torments, who laughs at Fortune and Triumphs over those evil accidents that strike terror into the most stout hearted men, should become the consort of an effeminate, who grows pale at the sight of a misfortune, who sinks under the assaults of distempers, and who turneth the most pleasing delights of virtue into the severest of her own torments to shew us that they are unequal Companions, he declares virtue to be Eternal, and that pleasures last but for a moment, that the one is generous but the other sordid, that the one hath its residence in the Soul, but the other in the

Body, that the one is insatiable, but the other always attended with content. In fine that to affect voluptuousness is to have lost our understanding, and to be more sensual then Beasts in making the felicity of rational Creatures to consist in Pleasures.

*Virtus contemptrix voluptatis & Sortis est, & longissimè ab illa resiliens, labori ac dolori familiarior, virilibus incommodis magis quam isti effeminato bono, inserenda.*  
Sen. 4. de benef.  
cap. 2.

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Discourse,  

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## Discourse V.

*That the goods of Fortune cannot make  
a Wise Man happy.*

**T**Hose that proportion their esteem of things by the rule of gain, and who judg of their value by the pleasure or credit which may arise from them, do wonder that in the *Stoick* Schools, vertue only should be valuable, and that honors and wealth which they deem so necessary to humane Life, should in their discourses pass for indifferent matters; they are so wilfully linckt to the interests of the Flesh, that they study only to content that, and they would not be thought to be so ignorant of the nature of goodness, as to allow that Title to any thing in which the Body hath no share. For albeit that vertue have charms sufficient to enamour us, that her Beauty invite us to court her, and that the felicity which she promiseth to all her Lovers be considerable enough to stir up all men to be her Suitors; yet can they not resolve to seek her, her benefits seem to them not sufficiently splendid to engage their affections, they affect not a Mistress whose Portion will not set them out in the world, and despising all the joys that attend the possession of goodness, they have recourse to the Benefits of Fortune, the better to establish their conceited hap-

happinefs. Morality that Examiner General of the price of all things, which stateth fo juft an equality between our corporal advantages and the goods of Fortune, feemeth to favor their conceits, when ſhe promiſcuouſly confoundeth them with vertue, when ſhe calleth the Sovereign and her vaffals by one and the ſame name, when ſhe averreth all Gods works to be perfect, and giving an Earthly conſtruction to the words of that famous Man *Mofes*, ſhe beſtows the quality of goodneſs upon all that the Creators bounty hath made. So that according to the fancy of theſe Philoſophers, the Earth hath nothing which bears not the Character of perfection in its forehead and if we except ſin nature hath nothing, how hurtful ſoever to us but may be accounted good in their ſenſe.

But the *Stoick* Philoſophy, which is as much elevated above that of *Ariſtotle*, as the Valor of Women is beneath the Courage of the *Hero's*, alloweth nothing to be good but vertue, ſhe cannot endure that that which countenanceth the vicious in Sin, ſhould be called by that name, and that we ſhould ſerve our ſelves of that which may be employed to deſtroy rather then to promote vertue. Moſt rich men have made themſelves guilty by wealth, and thoſe famous criminals that at this day are the ſhame of their Poſterity, might have paſſed for innocent perſons, if Gold had not executed their wicked deſigns. If we believe the

*Radix omnium peccatorum, cupiditas.*  
Paul.

moſt Learned of the Apoſtles, Riches are the root of all evil, and the ruin of all our virtues. It is mony that hath invented



invented all our crimes, taught Children to attempt upon the Life of their Parents, and to procure the death of them that brought them into the World. It was this that shewed the covetous to oppress the innocent, to ruin Families, rob the Church and make bare her Alters. It was this that tempted friends to break their faith, and Subjects to sport with Princes heads. It was this that furnisht incontinent persons with matter to gratify thier lusts, to deprive Women of their chastity, and their Husbands of their Lives, in fine Wealth hath over turned Kingdoms, confounded Families, and ruined private Men. But if Gold were not the cause of all this confusion in the World, if innocence were not persecuted by the covetous, and if Justice were not corruptible by an insatiable desire of wealth, it would still be fatal to Mankind. And to oblige us to disesteem so dangerous a Weapon it may suffice to know, that it faileth not either to destroy or to wound us. Pride and fear are its inseperable companions: these *Passions* which seem rather to be contrary then different, become agreed to Plague the Avaricious, and teach these terrestrial Souls that they cannot be wealthy without being miserable. For if by means of their Treasures, they design to make their Houses vie with Kings Palaces if by Gold they procure favor at Court, if their Enemies become their Slaves, and if they share in all those delights that compose the felicities of the happy men of this World, they grow insolent, and extracting vanity from the magnificence of their Buildings, the luxury of their Aparrel, and the number of their attendants, they are not less injurious to their inferiors,

then

then troublesome to their equals. But if a disgrace Surprise them, if fortune cease to cajole them, and if experience teach them that wealth hath Wings, that a Tyrant may seize their Estates, and that fortune, of whom they were borrowed may demand payment when she pleases, they tumble suddenly into fear, their lofty humor is changed into dejection they fear the future by the accidents already befallen them; and their cares for preservation, swallow up all the delights which before filled them with vanity. Riches are so dangerous to man, that he can hardly possess them without guilt, and their use is so seemingly necessary that he cannot easily resolve to quit them for fear of being miserable: his rest is incompatible with the possession of money, he ceaseth to be satisfied when once he hath attained wealth, and as he knoweth that Ambuscades are laid for that Mettle of which he hath formed his Idol, he is no less afraid of the familiarity of his friends, than the power of Princes, and the hatred of those that envy his Prosperity. He suspects the embraces of her who is in his bosome, the reverend approaches of his Children puts him into doubts; and knowing that Gold hath caused Children and Wives to betray their Love and Obedience to Husband and Father, he feareth and stands upon his Guard to both. They then

*Divitias Nego bonum esse: nam si essent, bonos facerint. Nunc, quoniam, quod apud malos deprehenditur, dici bonum Non potest,*

*boc illis nomen Nego: Sen. de vita beat. cap. 24.*

that seek their content in abundance meet with self chastisements and convinced by the distractions that at-

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tend it, they are constrained to acknowledg with the *Stoicks* that a forreign advantage, having no price but what our own fancy gives it, and which cannot be purchased without the loss of our inward peace or our innocence, is not capable of making us happy.

As honor is vain, most commonly the recompence of vice, and inseparable from wealth, it must create no wonder if the effect be as empty as the cause, and if she loose that Title so often as she forsaketh vertue, to adorn her Enemy. The great Pomp of Princes is not an infallible token of their Justice, their Actions, which would merit punishment in the person of their Subjects, are recorded to their praise; and if success favor their Enterprizes, they never fail of Orators to magnify their wisdom turn their crimes into Vertues, call their Murders victories and their usurpations legitimate Conquests. The fighting of a single duel, deserveth chastisement in a private Gentleman; But a King is never more esteemed, then when he sacks whole Cities, Plunders Provinces, depopulates Kingdoms, and converteth the most flourishing Realms of the Earth into enhabitable Countries. But without busying my self about mans Injustice, and to shew that honor is not always the price of good behaviour, and that she is oftner the portion of crime then the reward of goodness, it is enough to consider that even they which so highly extol her, do confess that she is but a forreign commodity, which is as little at our service as her companion Wealth, and that as the one is a dependant of Fortune, the other sublisfeth in popular opinion, which caused some who had seen the vanity there-  
of

of to look out for more solid Principles to build honor upon, and finding by Experience that so fickle a Judg would not be long in Love with one and the same thing, they searched the Ages past for Pillars to support this light Structure. Observing then that envy raked not in the Ashes of their Ancestors, that their Reputation was no more the Babe of chance, that Fortune bare reverence to their Valor, and Men to their memories, they boasted of their Birth, they thought the Grandeurs of the Progenitors would render their off-spring illustrious, and being Heires to their wealth they ought to partake in the glory of their Actions. They sought for natural Reasons to justify these conceits, they maintained that Gentility had no less power upon its descendants than Yeomandry, and that as the one bequeathed their ruddy complexions to their Children; and as some diseases were Hereditary to whole Families, the other might lay claim to the honors that had made their Predecessors so famous upon Earth.

But surely these succeeded no better then the former, and if the Principles from which they fetch their Reasons seem to be less weak then the opinion of an interessed Populace, the good they contend for is so little related to the felicity of Man, that they cannot assign it the least share without being ignorant of Nature. For besides, that

Nobility hath often her Original from the enormity of her Ancestors crimes, that those

*Ex homicidio Sape orta nobilitas, & strenua carnificina. Alii*

*pecuniâ emunt Nobilitatem, alii illam lenocinio, &c. Multâ perditionem nobilitas conciliat. Agrip. de van. Scient.*

Titles of which the sound carrieth so much awe are most commonly the recompence of homicides or Adulteries, and that we find not many men arrived at dignities by lawfull ways, nor without suffering a thousand affronts in the obtention: and that Gold (*which is the Principle of all Court sins*) is at this day the Creation of *Dukes, Marquises, Earles and Barons*. This advantage of being highly descended hath so little stability, that it often cometh not to the Heirs, and causeth persons of quality to own themselves more obliged to fortune for their Gentility then to them from whom they received Life. We find some Parents that cannot reckon any but *Plebeians* among their Children, these *Eagles* have yet only brought forth *Daws*; and although the root were allied to Kings and Consuls, yet do they despair that ever their Branches will revive the memory of their Grandeur.

The Laws which establish the Heirs of Families, and often force the Father to make his first born Master of his Revenews, cannot give them the faculty of conveying Gentility to his Successors. If Nature permit him to love the Son, she allows him not the transmission of his Fathers honor; this benefit is above the affection as well as out of the Power of the Parent: and in vain do some Men pretend to the glory of their Ancestors, since it was not in their power to bequeath it them. Vertue is the only advantage of the Nobility, it is she that puts a difference between them and the Plough-Man and in the judgment of *Plato*, she is the only inheritance which they may purchase  
to

to themselves without obligation to Fortune. All

*Plato ait, neminem regem non ex servisse oriundum, & Neminem non servum ex Regibus. Omnia ista longa Varietas miscuit, & sursum deorsum fortuna Versavit. Quis ergo generosus? ad virtutem à natura bene compositus. Sen. Ep. 44.*

those Pictures and figures that adorn the Closets and Galleries of Princes, all those Combats they set forth with so much Art, all those Generals which are represented at the head of victorious Armies, and all the Pomp wherewith their Triumphs are accompanied create no Nobles: those great Men did not live for our

honor. Death that terminated their Conquests, hath preserved their praises, and it is virtue must make us their Heirs before we lay claim to their Honors: what ever hath preceded us is not ours, and we cannot lawfully covet a Benefit which is the Fruit of their Valor, and not the testimonial of our own deserts.

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Discourse.

Discourse VI.

*That Vertue alone maketh a Wise Man  
happy.*

**I**N my opinion *Seneca* never shews less of partiality then when he condemneth his Enemies, and without transgressing the Law of Nations, he becomes judg in his own cause, his sentences are so just, and his decrees so equitable that no Appeal can lie without violation to Truth. For as no man is willing to make the price of his peace the purchase of his happiness, and as they who aspire after felicity, aim at matters of real content, and not at bare appearances that seduce or corrupt us, it followeth that corporal advantages are too fickle to stay our desires, and that the favors of Fortune are too inconstant or defective to satisfy our minds, that Vertue only is the ultimate end, that it is she that is able to satiate our hopes, and that what ever is not of Intelligence with her is not to be admitted into the composition of a permanent happiness. His principles are so manifest, and his arguments so solid, that they are not to be opposed without offending the Justice of the cause he pleadeth for. Every one desires to live happily, and makes it his business to arrive at a condition that may fully answer his hopes: but as men commonly suffer

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themselves to be surprized with vulgar Errors, and as the maxims of the World become the rules of their actions; we must not wonder if they never attain the felicity they erroneously hunt after, if for the most part they go astray from the proposed End, and if they tumble into calamity when they expected the height of happiness: they are always so unfortunate in their choice, as to pursue the shadow for the substance: they are deceived by the gay things that surround her and more unhappy than the Poet's

*Quid est in quo erratur? cum omnes beatam vitam optent, quod instrumenta ejus pro ipsa habeant, & dum illam petunt, fugiunt: Nam, cum Summa beatæ vitæ sit solida tranquillitas, & ejus inconcussa fiducia, sollicitudinis causas colligunt, & per insidiosum iter, non tantum ferunt sarcinas, sed trahunt. Sen. Ep. 44.*

*Tantalus*, they stray from the good they seek, and fly from the felicity they pursue. For whereas the fairest fruit of a happy Life, is the tranquillity of the mind, and a confidence which the sincerity of our Conscience gives us, they aspire after goods that disturb her rest, they wish for Honors that streighten their Liberty, they desire Riches which torment them, and by an inexcu-

table Error they take the causes of their disquiet to be part of the effects of their greatest happiness.

They do acknowledg that to be vertuous is sufficient to secure us from misery, that this excellent quality which distinguisheth Wise men from Fools, is their fortress against the accidents of Fortune, and that they need but temperance to be triumphant over voluptuousness, and courage to oppose the mischances that assault them, yet

can



can they not be perswaded that vertue alone can make them happy, they distrust her power as well as her merit, and affirm that a quality whose habitation is only in the Soul, and hath no trading with the matter can make but the one half of a felicity. They will have the Body satisfied as well as the mind, that pleasures shall never be from it, that ease maintain its comlyness, that it equally share with the Soul in joy, and would think themselves ignorant of the nature of their chief good, if they brought not into the composition the advantages of *Simonides*, the delights of *Epicurus*, and the Honors of *Periander*.

To the *Stoicks* it is not hard to oppose this opinion, and their reply is so rational, that to judge of the clearness of their cause and the weakness of their Enemies it is sufficient to hear them speak, for as these Excellent men own no good but vertue, and set no esteem but upon the operations of Mans more Noble part, they prize not the advantages that are forreign to him, the Pomp and delights that attend them attract not their admiration, as they know that the flesh agrees not with the Spirit, they would be ashamed to confer the priviledges of a Sovereign upon a Slave, that warreth against her. They assert with much reason, that its not possible to be made happy by what we possess not, that a Benefit to make a Man happy, must be in his power, and that felicity depends so much on our Will, that we may bestow it upon our selves when we please. For how can a Man place his happiness in works which are not his own? Magnify himself in Treasures that Fortune

may pull from him? And draw vanity from Honors, which subsist rather in them that pay, then in them to whom they are paid. But vertue, that's within him, she is the only advantage he possesseth: and if we may use the words of *Senecas* Enemies to confirm this Truth, she is the

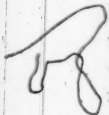
*Virtutes pereunt, si ea sententia vivit: nam sepe ab iis bonis est ab eundum; aut illa desiderenda: quod ut fiat paulo promptius, velut à respectantibus fiet, quasi ob majus bonum minora, sed tamen bona, omittentibus. Lipl. lib. 2. ad Stoic. Philos.*

sole benefit that will not forsake him when he hath lost his Children, when death hath ravish't his friends, when ruin hath defaced his pleasant Seats and when oppression or Tyranny hath seized his revenues. What ever belongs not to him is Subject to loss; *Philosophy* allows nothing to be permanent but the possession of this;

that Fortune which bruisseth Scepters in the hands of Kings, spares her Empire, and this blind fantastick which takes pleasure in reducing the Gods of the Earth to the condition of the meanest Bondmen, hath not yet bin able to make her miserable.

But as she is the whole felicity of her Lovers, she wills that they be satisfyed with her delights only, and permits them not by courting of outward appearances to turn those things, which may divert her Love, into objects of their affections. To speak truly all the things which we love with so much *Passion*, have nothing of certainty but the miseries that attend them: the toil and labours we undergo to obtain them, the fear of their loss after such troublesome acquisition, the cares we employ to secure them, the grief we resent when they

they are taken from us, are not so much the evidence of our wants, as of their own Malignity, and it is not less easie to resolve, whether poverty with its incommodities, be more supportable then abundance, with all its inseparable torments. But Vertue is a benefit as solid as delightful, her favors are above Fortunes reach, and although she despise the wealth of the avaricious, the Pride of the ambitious, and the pastimes of the incontinent, she doth nevertheless satisfy the desires of all her real Suitors. She is their happiness as well as their glory; the excellency of Vertue needs no off-sets, and she is so jealous of her Lovers, that she will not admit their addresses to any thing else when once they have chosen her for their Mistress. For if she alone make not a Wise man happy, and if any thing else can be found in Nature to dispute her title and quality, who should resolve to love her, since a Man must often put himself in great hazard to obtain her? who would be faithful to her, since she rejects what we esteem, and cannot enrich us but by teaching us to be poor? Those alliances which are so essential to Governments to preserve them in peace, and so useful to Families to maintain their concord, would be burthenfome to Men if any doubt could be put upon that Principle of Vertue, the Shepherds would drive her from their Huts, as well as Kings from their Court, and remembring that friendships are often contracted by the loss of the goods of the Body and of Fortune, they would cast off a Vertue that instead of procuring them Benefits strips them naked; strength would be odious to Conquerors, she who hath so often trampled upon

the subdued world might complain of the want of assistants, and though she be powerful enough to attract admirers, few would be encouraged to fight Battels, or attack the Enemy at the hazard of their Lives and Fortunes. Gratitude would be vexatious, if we were to exercise it at the loss of our Estates: and she who teacheth us that it is more glory to give then to receive, would cease to be our delight, if opinion could perswade us, that that which we return is part of the good deed, that we must beggar our selves to make satisfaction to the good offices of a friend, and that the same Vertue which raised us that friend, is not sufficient to acknowledg his favors. But to stay no longer about raising the price of Vertue above the goods of the Body and of Fortune, who sees not that Man is too generous a Creature to lodg his felicity in such perishable commodities, and which cannot establish him in their possession without making him the most unhappy of all created beings? For if he believe that to live contented he must feed himself with delicate Meats, and seek wherewith to awaken his dull appetite in the diversity of Messes, the Beasts that brouze the Grasse of the Field will in nothing give way to him, they eat with more delight then he, they tast the superfluities of the Earth with more pleasure, then do the Gourmandizers of *Ragoufts* and admirable sauces, and that hunger which seldom forsakes them, makes all they eat delightful. If he will imagin that to be happy, he must swim in fleshly delights, and turn voluptuousness top-side-turvy to find matter wherewith to divert his

his sensualities the *Savage Creatures* have the advantage of him, and take in pleasure with more delight then he.

The use they make of it is not seconded with repentance or shame, and as their desires are more regular then ours, they perform the acts of nature without weakning themselves, and beget their like, scarce loosing any of their own substance. But if man will place his glory in the perfections of his Body, and will conclude that the benefit of his senses contributeth to his felicity, he will be constrained to acknowledg that the irrational Creatures are therein more excellent then he. The sight is more peircing in *Eagles*, the tast more faithful in *Monkies*, the feeling more delicate in *Spiders*, and the smell more certain in the *Vulture*.

To make Judgment then of the dignity of a Man, the way is not to enquire if he ransack Sea and Land to adorn his Table, if his Meats be curiously Cooked if he be served in Gold and Crystal, and if all the Objects that knock at the doors of his senses afford him delight. If he can sum up Princes for his kindred and Alliances, if he be Commander of divers Countries, if he be as potent at Court as powerful in his own House, and if his name be no less famous abroad then among his Neighbours. But whether he be Vertuous, whether the purity of his Conscience be the effect

*Nemo istorum, quos divitiæ honoresque in altiore fastigio ponunt, magnus est: quare ergo magnus Videtur? cum basi illum suâ Metiris, non est magnus pumilio, licet in monte constitit. Sen. Ep. 76.*

of that chearfullness which appeareth in his countenance, and whether he hath not any affections but what are conformable to Nature and Reason. These two guides are so faithful that he cannot stray by following them, and that Vertue which they lead us to, is of her self so rich that the possession of her is alone sufficient to vie advantages with the Nobility, Empires with Monarchs, Wealth with avaricious persons, and pleasures with voluptuous Men.

For it is she that draws us towards our Maker, that restores us to our Ancient Dignities, that leads to the Principle from whence we proceeded, and that after we have learned to be his Imitators here upon Earth, will make us his Friends in Heaven.

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Discourse.

Discourse VII.

*That the Moral Vertues of the Heathen are not Criminal.*

**N**othing is more Natural to man then the desire of knowledg, it is the first *Passion* that Occupies his Soul; Fooles are attainted with it as

well as the Wise, and he that should go about to cure all that are sick of this disease, would reduce them to a worse condition then they that are Deaf and Blind. For

*Omnis homo naturâ suâ  
scire desiderat. Arist.  
1. Metaph.*

it is knowledg that teacheth men Arts and Sciences, that entertaineth Learned men with the Miracles of Nature, that disabuseth the ignorant of their Errors, and stirs up Philosophers to the discovery of Truths which they knew not. But she is so unsteady and her humor hath so little Coherence with the objects she hunts after, that she makes game of all she meets with and she is so violent in her pursuits, that no man hath yet been seen that was able to resist her fury. It is a Worm that gnaweth in every ones Brain, an Itch that (without respect of persons) tormenteth both the wicked and the vertuous, a sickness that unites joy and sorrow in the person of them that have it, and he that knoweth her Nature will confess,  
that

that nothing is more common in the World then this distemper, we find nothing more unjust, nothing more insatiable : She undertakes voiajes and runs over all the Earth, to find out some Novelty, she takes upon her to know the secrets of Nature, and to unfold by what artifice this common Mother bringeth forth Gold in the *Indies*, by what Vertue she hardeneth water into Crystal, and converts the dew of Heaven into Pearles, by what means the *Adamant* attracts the *Needle* with one side, and expulseth with the other, and that being bruised in peices it preserveth a *Quadrangular figure*, and hath on each side a different Vertue. She ascends the Heavens without the mediation of evil Spirits, there she examines how the Sun forms the measure of time, how he divides the Seasons, and proportioneth his Circular motions; She contriveth perspectives to discern his Magnitude, she draws him to a descent that she may look into the matter whereof he is made, and without fear of being singed with his heat, or blinded with his brightnels, she climbeth his Globe to judg of his Nature. We find men now adays so curious that they reverse the method of time to satisfy their desire of Novelties, they rise by night to lay wait for the Moon in her course, her borrowed light is not without charms powerful enough to attract their affections: and though the *Poets* make her the Mistress of rest, she becomes often the tormentor of *Astrologers* and curious persons; they descry Clouds in her, which (if you believe these ingenious Artists) are nothing less then new Worlds, wherein they describe Cities, Provinces, and Governments, and without giving them-



themselves the trouble of telling us which of the Apostles preached the Gospel there, whether the *Roman Pontiff* be head of the Church in those Worlds, whether the Spirit and Water compose their Baptism as they do ours, they multiply Temples and form a Communion of our Saints with those planetary Inhabitants. This diligent curiosity admitteth of some pardon, because she hurts only such as give way to her surprisals, they are tormented by the same vanity by which they were tempted and it may be said that the error and blindness that attend it, are the cure of an evil of which they were the cause. But we find some men, who daring to act the petty Gods, are curious in nothing but the discovery of other Mens faults, all their study tends to the sounding of their Neighbours Conscience, they descend to the depth of their Souls to peep into their designs, and prouder then the evil Angels, they prie into the Secrets of that Court whereof God hath reserved the knowledge to himself alone, although they are ignorant themselves yet will they judg of other mens intentions, notwithstanding they are Slaves to their own *Passions*, their Reasons must be admitted for the pure Doctrin of the Gospel, and setting up a Heathenish Vertue of their own inventing, they unworthily confound it with the crimes and sins of Christians.

If I am no *Molinist*, if I confess that I understand not that competent or midway knowledg by him found out, if I boldly assert the uncontrollable

Free-

*Aurea prima sata est  
etas, quæ vindice nul-  
lo, Sponte sua, sine lege,  
fidem rectumque cole-  
bat. Ovid. i. Meta-  
morph.*

Freedom of the Creator in all his operations, if I own no other knowledg in him but what had the ancient Divines for approbators, if I cannot endure that his power should be rendred weak or imperfect, and that it should be made dependant on second causes in its working, yet do I not therefore approve all the Doctrin of his adversaries: they are too rigid in most of their opinions to invite me into their Party; and how much soever they are flattered in the Justice of their cause, let them protest that they undertake but to discover the confusion that sin hath wrought man into, and the necessity of the grace of Jesus Christ to restore him: they seem to me too severe when they at once pass the sentence of condemnation upon all good works of the Heathen, and allow none to be upright or sincere but such as proceed from Faith.

For if Vertue be nothing more then a habitude acquired by multiplied Acts of Reason, and if Reason be a Law of God imprinted in our hearts, who shall believe that Man becometh guilty in following this guid? that he merits chastisements by living according to his Instructions? & that vertue, who is always innocent, should be nothing different from Vice, for not being elevated by faith, and justified by the grace of the Son of God? sin may have raviht our original righteousness, but it hath not been able to rob us of natural purity; if it were potent enough to corrupt our nature, it was not sufficiently powerful to destroy it; and if he that committed the first crime were absolutely able to bring

*Non ex regulâ jus sumitur, sed ex jure quod est, regula fit. L. prima F. de reg. jur.*

bring

bring all his Children into that revolt, he may boast of not having made so many guilty as unhappy successors. The sickness they have contracted, hinders not the performance of healthy actions, we may exercise Vertue though we be fallen from our excellency, we may love God, although we be born his Enemies, and as Birds do walk though their wings be clipt, we may perform actions that are good according to Nature, although not meritorious without grace. The Example of the *Patriarchs* is of this a convincing proof, their life was pleasing to God, although they were guilty of their Fathers crime, they became his friends without any reconciliation, they eschewed evil before the Sacraments had healed their wounds, and to speak after the language of the great Doctor of the Gentiles, they observed his Commands before they knew any of his Laws.

To speak properly all Christian instructions are but so many Commentaries upon their Lives, which being Written for our Learning, we become Vertuous by imitating their actions: if holy men have taught us piety, it hath been by consulting these primitive Doctors, and even in St. *Austins* opinion, that Vertue which renders to every one his due is not so much the effect of opinion, as the product of nature and conscience, we can tell what Vertue is before we are taught it, and we have an abhorrance of Vice though we never saw its deformities. When God Almighty commanded man the observance of his Laws, he made use of termes so plainly simple that the *Casuits* are at their Arts end about the explication thereof,  
it

it was enough to give us the knowledg of his will without adding the Reason of it, he knew it to be a sufficient justification of his decrees against the transgressor to say thou shalt not kill, and thou shalt not commit Adultery, for the Law of Nature prohibiting impudicity and homicide, he employs but few words in the publication of the two most important of his Commandments. When *Cain* had persued the criminal tract of his Fathers offence, when he had committed the first murder upon his Brothers person. and when passion had armed him with weapons to bereave him of Life, whom by the Law of nature he was bound to love and cherish, the Scripture observes that he was both witness and Judg against himself, that he condemned himself to death before he was accused, his crime became both his punishment and tormentor: and without having yet received any written Law forbidding *Parricide*, he confesseth that his sin was too great to be pardoned.

As the Law of Nature is not one thing in those first Men, and another in the Heathen; As both one and the other are governed by the same principles, and as Conscience is a

*Peccatum est, dictum  
factum vel concupitum  
contra legem eternam.  
Aug. lib. 22. contra  
caust. ergo illam servare  
non est peccatum.*

faithful indifferent Judg in both, they condemn sin and approve its contrary, they are dejected after a crime committed, and rejoyce in well doing, they know that the one

estrangeth them from God, and that by the other they draw nigh unto him, and without having any other guide then Reason, they know by the End proposed to themselves the innocence or guilt of their

their actions. If then all their Vertues were false, and if all their good works were real sins, I do not see why they should not indifferently afflict themselves in the Commission of Vice and the practising of Vertue, why they should not complain that being created free *Agents*, they are constrained to commit offences against their will, that they are made guilty for observing the Law of Nature, and that they are condemned to everlasting punishments for succouring their Neighbor, serving their Country, for taking Armes in defence of a good cause, and putting their lives in hazard to prevent the ravishing of Women, the robbing of the Fatherless, and the oppression of the innocent.

This Doctrin seemeth so rational to them that maintain it, that they judg it needless to borrow any arguments from Divines to make out the truth of it, and if the Council of *Trent* had not censured the contrary opinion, it were more then sufficient to shew that Jesus Christ delivers it to his Apostles, and gives it authority by his Gospel, that all Christians might be obliged to imbrace it. When he teacheth his Disciples how to walk amongst the *Pharisees*, he exhorts them to follow their instructions: though he condemn their practice, he directs them to esteem their Doctrin, though he forbid them the imitation of their manners, and invites them to reverence their precepts, though he charge their actions with a thousand reproaches. As we commend the Vertue of an Enemy, and prefer a publique good above a private hatred, he distinguisheth their good works from their sins, he approves their Vertues and detests

detests their Vices, and putting a difference between the works of God, and the practice of vicious Men, he commends the words that proceed from their mouth, and blames the hidden malice of their hearts, and the scandal which they caused unto others.

This Truth is so constant, that to consult the ancient Fathers, is sufficient to confirm her adherents in their belief ; and though St. *Austin* seem to be of a different sentiment, yet in many parts of his Writings he forbeareth not to approve it. He ascribes the flourishing of *Rome's* common Wealth to the Justice of her Laws ; he asserts that the uprightness of her Subjects had subdued more Enemies then the courage of her Commanders, that they possess the most famous Empire of the World as the reward of their Vertues ; and that though God would not make them the Companions of Angels in Heaven, because they

*Romani Mundi imperium acceperunt à Deo, in remunerationem virtutum suarum moralium. August. apud Suarez. lib. 1. cap. 6.*

were Infidels, yet he gave them the command of the whole Earth, because they were virtuous. When he writes to *Marcellus*, he declares himself openly to be of their Party : he delights in repre-

senting to him the price of civil Vertues, since they attract such glorious rewards : he assures us they are not criminal, since they may be admitted to Honors in Heaven ; and that being Christianized by the powerful excellency of Faith, they translate their Lovers to the franchisement of that City whose Sovereign is truth, whose Law is love, and whose duration is Eternity. These two places discover

discover his thoughts; and who ever shall well examine his words will confess that he mixeth the Vertues of the *Romans* with their sins, because they had no regard to the glory of God, and that they proposed ends to themselves, which for the most part were faulty and unlawful. I know that in his opinion, that Act cannot be holy which is not accompanied with Charity; that all the good inclinations we have for commendable things cannot make us truly Vertuous, if they be not informed by grace, and that Nature and Reason must implore the Celestial succours, if they will perform works worthy of eternal glory. Nevertheless I cannot conceive how that all who walk not in these steps should become guilty, that a Man should be accounted disobedient to his Maker without transgressing his Laws, and that without being accused by his own Conscience, he should justly be condemned to those Torments that are only the portion of Sinners and wicked men.

If all these Reasons be not prevalent enough to convince a *Jansenist* he will at least hereby be obliged to acknowledg that it is not so much an Error as an Incivility, not to be of his opinion, and that that which hath been examined by the most skillful Divines, approved by the most famous *Academia's* of *Europe*, and authorized by a Council, may be written without danger, and maintained without fear of being charged as factious.

THE  
SECOND TREATISE  
OF

*The Nature of Passions in general;*

Discourse I.

*What the Nature of Passions is, and  
in what Faculty of the Soul  
they Reside.*



That self Love which caused so strange a disorder among the Angels in Heaven, which separated the first Man from his Creator in the Terrestrial Paradice, and which taught his descendants to aspire to the Sovereignty of their fellow Creatures in other parts of the World, appeared in nothing more artificial then in the dividing of Philosophers, in distinguishing their opinions and wills, and that after they had all retained one and the same inclination; for truth caused them to betake themselves to divers ways to find her out. If truth be a common Mistress if she yeild to all that court her, and if as the Sun, she enlighten all that come into the World, yet self

love



love cannot indure that all men should seek her by one and the same method, it debaucheth the minds of its Suitors, and begets quarrels amongst them about her nature, and though it be not less blind then unjust in its conclusions it permits us not to follow any other advices for the discovery of truth, then our own.

*Aristotle* had never abandoned his Masters party, if he had not been preoccupied by this *Passion*; and all those Philosophers which at this day toil to prove his Doctrin, would be silent, or would speak but one and the same Language, if this monster (self love) had not invented specious terms to explain his meaning and establish his fond imaginations.

All those Sects that are daily brooded, are but sprouts of that self complaisance, and the Gospel which containeth so many Misteries under the plain simplicity of words, would at this day have none but *Poets* for Interpreters, if pride had not corrupted some Male-contents, and put the Pen into the hand of some (I know not what to call them) ignorant men, to mangle and disguise the sense thereof. We delight so much in self opinion that no mans judgment is valuable but ours, and truth it self is unpleasant to us even in the mouth of our friends, if it be not cloathed after our fashion, and obstinated by *Passion* that blinds us, we admire only our own concepts, and will esteem no opinions but our own. Few or none are willing to be accompted, ignorant every one aspires to the contrary quality, we strive rather to be knowing then Vertuous; and *Socrates* that spent his life in observing the different inclinations of Men had

some Reason to say, that if in a multitude we should only call for the Artists by the Calling they profess, none would appear but those of that Profession, but that if the judicious and prudent should be summoned to come forth, there would be none of the Assembly but would hold up his head. Self concept is so natural to man, that it may be said to be inseparable.

This quality is the principle of all his actions; he always contemplates himself with great delight, and if interest oblige him sometimes to reflect on the vertue of his Neighbour with a disguised Admiration, we are assured that he considereth his own parts with perfect satisfaction. This truth appeareth evidently in the present Subject every one defines the faculties of the Soul according to his fancy. All those different *Idea's* thereof formed in the Writings of modern Authors, are no less the proofs of the diversity of their designs, then of their opinions; and that matter which hath been most examined in the Schools is at this day the most intricate and unknown. Some have thought that *Passion* was not so much the Act of the Soul as of the sensitive appetite, that she was

*Delectatio non est in  
potestate delectantis,  
Nisi quia Actus est in  
potestate agentis. Sco-  
tus. 1. dist. 1. q. 3.*

partaker with the cause from whence she proceeded, that she stirred it not up, and that she was not at mans command but so far as the Acts that occasioned it depended upon his

will. To confirm this their opinion, they confounded voluptuousness with the operations of the Angelical matter; they say, that the one works the other to perfection; that pleasure was always  
the

the companion of her Labors; and that *Passions* being ever busied in the disturbance of her rest, could not properly be comprized under the notion of action.

Others, whom I esteem not more plausible, but because they teach a Doctrin more common, describe *Passion* by the effects she produceth: They attribute the alterations of countenance in them that are under her subjection, to her violent proceedings; they will have it that the Soul is not less agitated when she fears and is afflicted, then when she loves and hopeth, and that men make not a different construction of one and the same thing, and one man of another but because they are animated by different affections. In fine, they conclude *Passion* to be nothing else but an emotion of the sensitive appetite, excited by the apprehension of good or evil which chiefly busieth it self in disturbing the Body contrary to the Laws of nature.

If this definition be common, if all Philosophers allow it, and if all *Aristotles* disciples engage to defend the principles thereof, yet methinketh it may be rejected without offence to its authority, and it ought not to be thought strange, that being of the *Roman Philosophers* judgment, I abandon the *Grecians* Party, to maintain the opinion of the *Stoicks*. For as I hold with them, that *Passions* are not natural to man, that sense and opinion are the causes thereof, and that their abode is rather in the will then in the imagination, I must of necessity forsake his Doctrin and (against my humor betray my own sentiments) to continue faithful

to the most puissant Enemy of that only Philosopher that in other things I honor.

*Passion* then in *Stoick* terms, is nothing else but a violent motion of the Soul against Reason, caused by the apprehension of good or evil contrary to the inclination of nature. I say that it is a motion that violently assaults our Reason; for although *Passion* perform its last act in the will, although it have its conception in the reasonable faculty, and may in some sort be called by her Mothers name, yet for that the principle is corrupted by opinion, and this Sovereign seduced by her unfaithful senses, the School of the *Stoicks* have commanded her to forgo that quality, and to bear the name of natures Enemy, and Reasons Bastard. She works a change which is against natures Laws: for as this common Mother is constant in all her actions, her productions regular, and brings forth nothing but what is as perfect as useful to her Children, so she abhors all debaucheries, she rejects all those motions that War against her inclinations, and she cannot endure to have succors assigned her that deprave her workmanship, and conspire her disorder or her ruin.

As this definition is different from that of other Philosophers, and as the fidelity that I have vowed to the *Stoicks* obligeth me to abandon their opinions, it must not be wondered if I consent not to them in the cause from whence *Passions* do arise, and if, after I have discovered them to be of no use to vertue, I consider them as the depravations of the mind and the will. For if the residence of *Passions* as most modern Philosophers will have it,  
be

be in the meaner part of the Soul, and that the imagination only informed by the species she draws from the senses, stirs up the sensitive appetite; I do not see how a man could afflict himself for the loss of his honors, and irage himself for the ruin of a benefit which the senses perceive not; and that before *Passion* can make a man take resolutions of vengeance his mind must represent the matter to him as infamous, and the will abhor it as injurious to his person. There is such a subordination in the faculties of the Soul, that the inferiors seldom or never stir but according to the motion of the superiors: and as Souldiers obey their Commanders, or as the higher Sphear is followed by all them that are *Subalterne*; so Reason and the will engage the sensitive appetite to side with them, and cause it to embrace all as good, which they approve, and to reject all as evil which they condemn.

So then we must conclude with *Seneca* that *Passions* reside in the will, it is there that all the operations of the Soul are per-

fectcd; and the same powers which form our sins & crimes, comprehend our affections and desires. For by the principles of this Learned Philosopher,

*Affectiões nullà naturæ vi commoventur, omniæque ea sunt opinionēs ac Judicia levitatīs. Cic. 3. defin.*

our *Passions* are not bare motions that arise from the appearance of good or evil which receive their succors from the imagination, and finally stop in the inferior part of the Soul; But productions of the mind, sentiments of the rational faculty, and, to use the *Stoick* Language, opinions that deprave the mind and corrupt the will, perswading

them to be approvers of their advices, and to follow their irregular motions. Also St. *Austin*, who I look upon in this matter as *Senecas* warrant,

*Omnes affectus nihil aliud quam Voluntates sunt. Nam quid est cupiditas & letitia, nisi voluntas in eorum consensionem, quæ volumus? & quid est metus & tristitia, nisi voluntas in dissensionem ab his, quæ nolumus. Aug. 14. de Civ. Dei, cap. 5.*

intermixeth our *Passions* with our rational appetite, he giveth but one name to the cause and to the effects, and well knowing that we have no *Passion* but what is in the will, he assures us that the most dangerous motions of the Soul, are but so many affections which draw their good or their evil from the objects to which they have respect, our

desire, according to the words of this great Doctor, is nothing but a will to an absent good which we pursue with much earnestness, our hope is but a will to a good that flatters us and which we impatiently expect, and fear and sadness are but wills, of which the one opposeth the evil that threatens us, and the other the mischief which we already feel, contrary to our good liking.

So that the matter must get into the will before a man can be said to be in *Passion*; and pleasure could never seize our wishes if the will were not consenting; neither would our desires make such extravagant fallies out of the Fort, if the will did not bear them company in the pursuit of the benefits we hunt after. Upon the authority of this great man, I think it can be no Error to declare for the *Stoick* Party; and their Enemies are obliged to allow their sentiments unless they will contradict

dict the opinion of the most solid and most enlightened of the Fathers.

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## Discourse II.

### *Of the Number of Passions according to the Stoicks.*

**L**ET Monarchs be absolute in their Territories, let their orders in Council pass for Laws; and let the publication of their edicts be sufficient to require obedience in the Subjects, let flattery persuade them that they are the Gods of the World, that they hold their power from no Earthly Sovereign; and that the Dominion they exercise over the People is nothing less than the mark of their Independance; yet those that understand the nature of Government consider them rather as Slaves than Free-men, they call them the Tutors, not Masters of their Subjects, and demonstrate, that as private Interest rules the Fathers of Families, that which we call publick, commands Kings and Potentates. For indeed, be it that they treat with their Neighbours, be it that they assist their Allies, be it that they govern peaceably their Conquests, be it that they defend them that implore their Protection, and take up Armes to relieve the oppressed from Tyranny, and the innocent from distress, self interest is the end of their labors as well as the aime of their  
their

their designs, and when they prefer the good of their Subjects or the preservation of their Neighbours before their own private contentment, it may be said that the same is but a tendency to the encrease of their Empire, or at least to the securing of their own Kingdoms.

That which is practized at Court is but the constant exercise of the Schools; and *Cicero's* testimony of Philosophical affaires is significant, when he declares that to govern well, Kings should become Philosophers or Philosophers Kings. For if these be truth's combatants, if they lay new Foundations, if they form new arguments wherewith to establish the most probable methods, if they return to the principles which they had once forsaken, and if by a liberty permitted in the Schools, they invent new explications to disguise the sense of their adversaries meaning; they are rather governed by interest than the incitements of Justice, they seek not so much to instruct the World as to be admired of men, they labor more to glorifie their own fame, then to edifie their Disciples. When they declaim against the Reasons that support the Doctrin of their Predecessors, it is that they hope for reputation from the novelty of their opinions, or heighten their own credit by vanquishing the sentiments of their Teachers and Antagonists.

This truth appears evident in the Subject of *Passions*, and if we examin well the design of those that describe them, it must be owned that they are divided among themselves touching their number: those that find it their advantage to engage with *Aristotle*, and rather to leane upon his authority, then



then upon the strength of his arguments endeavor to perswade us that they are in number eleven, that nothing is to be added to or diminished from that division, and that they are not to be multiplied without mixture of superior *Species*, nor retrencht without wrong to their diversity. To ground their opinion, they seporate the Soul into two faculties, whereof one draws her name from *Desire*, and the other from *Anger*. In the first they place those *Passions* that are least violent, and in the other them that are never at rest. For they will have it that the six contained in the *Concupiscible appetite* are divided, that some are but little employed and others active, that some are sordid, and others generous, that some wander abroad, and the other satisfied with their domestick Entertainments.

In fine they tell you that Love follows the inclination of the Body which tendeth to his center, that desire is the moveing Orbe, and that Joy represents him a place of content and rest, that Hatred resembles that aversion which he discovers, when he is placed in an uneasy condition; that Flight imitates those earnest endeavors used to get out of trouble and danger, and that Sadness respects the dislike that appears upon a violent detention therein. But they inform us that the five *Passions* that are placed in the *Iracible powers*, are all impetuous, resembling the Heavens, ever in motion, that they create combats and scorn to retreat, and that as they look upon good and evil as difficult, they can delight in nothing but agitation, nor love any thing less then rest. The truth is Dispair is wretched, Anger is out rageous, Hope  
is

is negligent of the things she possesseth in aspiring to what she expects, Fear runs to meet the evil, afflicts it self before it come, and Audacity finds its divertisement in peril and dangers.

They divide all these different qualities, and establish their number according to the diversity of their objects. For say they when the Soul moves she has generally good or evil for her object, and that begets Love or Hatred: she either considereth them particularly as absent, and that's Desire or present, and that's Joy or pleasure. When the evil she hates, makes her already feel his incommodities, they commonly call it *Dolor*, or else vexation: and when he's absent and though remote enough yet producing horror, they change his name into that of Flight. Then if good be her object and she find it uneasy to acquire, and that maugre all the difficulties that surround it, she promise her self the possession, they name it Hope, when she sincks under the evils that attack her, they give it a contrary title, and call it despair. When the mischief she judgeth hard to repulse, torments her, and when she bustles to overcome it, they call it Anger; and when it barely threatens and the Soul employs her dexterity to prevent or give it Battel, it assumes the name of Fear or Audacity.

Some others who are indebted to vain glory for their Eloquence, or to the affection they bear *St. Austin* for straying from the common opinion of Philosophers acknowledg but one *Passion*, they assure us that Love only is the disturber of our quiet, and that our pleasures our paines, our fears and wishes, our hopes and despaires, are but so many

many different shapes which love assumes when he feels an evil or swims in content; when he pursues what delights him, or fears what is contrary to him, and when he promiseth himself some felicity, or looseth the fancy of obtaining it. Although I have a venerable value for the favourers of this opinion, and that the Reasons wherewith they lay their foundation be sufficiently solid to command my esteem, yet it seemeth to me as if they had not thoroughly examined the nature of Love, when they make him the Author of Despair and Hatred, when they imagin that the most generous of our *Passions* should become the Fountain of the most timorous and violent: and that how ever they cannot make Flight and anger bear the name of Love, without confounding the cause with its effects. For as Love is a disposition of the Soul, residing in the will, and as Sorrow and Fear, Desire and Hope are *Passions* of the inferior part of the Soul, that immediately or mediately are loves attendants; I think according to the rigor of Reasoning we ought not to give them the same name, and that it is to injure the most noble of our *Passions*, to bestow his characters upon those wild and savage effects that have no coherence with his nature.

But without staying to contend this opinion, and to shun the uncertainties that arise from Peripatetick divisions and to avoid the incumbrances that enclose the unity of other modern instructors, I conclude with St. *Hierom*, that there are but four principal *Passions* which comprehend all the rest, of which some have respect unto good and evil as present, to wit Pleasure and Grief, and the two other

other as absent, namely Fear and Desire. This distinction is not hard for them to prove who place aversion and despair under fears, and who for avoyding multiplication in unnecessary matters, reduce Hope Audacity and Anger under Desire.

All the difficulty that can arise from this division, is that it seemeth lame, that it comprehends not all the motions of the Soul; and that by the distribution thereof made by this Doctrin, the two fountains Love and Hatred, have no share in those great agitations. This objection that in *Aristotle's* judgment hath so much seeming weight, concludes nothing in the opinion of *Seneca*, and it may suffice them that hold too violently with *Aristotle*, to know that Love and Hatred are not so much *Passions* of our Soul, as natural inclinations and averfions which we have for good and evil in General. These sentiments are so powerfully ingrafted in our Soul; that it is not possible to divorce them; we are carried to what is good by motion of nature alone, and we abhor what is evil, without being thrust from it otherwise then by the inclination we naturally have to preserve

*Natura intellectualis, scilicet Voluntas, habet naturalem inclinationem ad suam perfectionem: Nec est magis in Voluntate, quam in lapide. Scotus 4. dist. 49.*

our selves. The will it self, as much a Sovereign as she is in her operations, works according to nature when she tends to her own perfection; she ceaseth to be indifferent when she regards her chiefeft good, and in the opinion of the witty

Doctor when she respects her felicity, she is no more at liberty then a heavy Body that runs to its Center, or then Beasts that hasten to the springs of Water

Water when they are thirsty. It is true that she indeed is absolute in her Dominion, she can suspend her motion when the imagination offers her a pleasing object, and she can shun or embrace a thing for which the mind hath conceived an aversion.

But then this good which she seeks must be peculiar, and rather her divertisement than her felicity: for if her glory consist in it, she steers to that by a natural motion, she approves it without choice, and she loves it without having it in her power to make Election. Thus may we exercise Reason upon the Subjects of Love and Hatred, and assert that they are not so much *Passions* of the Soul as impulsions of nature, which engage us to pursue that which is good, and fly from its contrary.

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Discourse

## Discourse III.

*That Passions are not Natural  
to Man.*

**P***Lato*, who seeks Truth among poetical Fables, and draws the strongest of his Arguments from the most wild Fancies of the Ancients, doth, in my opinion, at no time more dexterously oppose the Impiety or Sordidness of that age, than when he renders Vertue a Stranger to Mankind, engaging *Socrates* to dispute her Advantages with his *Jupiter*, and proves that she is not so much the Portion of Heaven or of Nature, as the Daughter of the Mind and the Will. His Discourse is shaped according to the ordinary proceedings of the World, and the same Maxims that preserve Kingdoms and States, justify his Reasons, and confirm his Doctrine: For if Vertue, saith he, be natural, and the Country where we are born, or the Climate under which we live, be sufficient to make us vertuous, Rewards in Common-wealths are idle things, the Commendations given to them that deserve them are unjust, and all the Laurels and Crowns wherewith the Heads of Conquerours and Kings are adorned, will not be so much the Testimonials of their Justice or Valour, as the Marks of their Nature and good Fortune. From whence he concludes,  
that

that Vertues are voluntary, that they owe their Birth to Practice, and that Perseverance which endureth Grief, and laughs at Fortune, is the chief Principle.

Though Passions be opposed to Vertues, and their humour rather contrary than different, though some are insolent, and others modest, some irregular, and others innocent, some contend to subject the Soul to the Body, and others to make the Body servant to the Mind; yet they proceed from one and the same Spring. Vertues and Passions have one common Mother, and though they have different Objects when they are agitated, their birth is nevertheless from one and the same Faculty of the Soul: For to joyn the strength of Reason to the Authority of this great Philosopher, and not to undervalue the ingenuity of his Logick for proof of a moral Conclusion, if Passions were born with us, and if Nature taught us to desire and fear, to grieve and to rejoyce, we must of necessity infer, that all these motions are good, that we may follow them wheresoever they lead us, and that we cannot err in treading the steps of a Guide, who instructs us no less in particular than in our general Actions.

Now the Peripateticks confess that they are neither good nor bad, that they are capable of good or evil, and that they may serve as well to Vice as Vertue: it must be then concluded that they are not ingrafted upon our Soul, since they violently oppose the Works of Nature, since they make war upon her Inclinations, and seldom form any enterprise

*Si affectus a Natura  
essent, boni essent.  
Lips. 3. Manud. ad  
Stoic. Philos.*

but to corrupt or destroy her.

Nature is so regular in all her Productions, that she brings forth nothing superfluous, she abhors

*Nihil est naturale,  
quod nimium esse pos-  
sit. Cic. 4. Tusc.*

Monsters no less than Excesses, and when her Prodigies come to light, which cause so much astonishment in the

minds of men, it may be said that she is rather passive than active; indeed where shall we find any thing of excess in the Creation? this sage Mother is determined in her Operations, she produceth nothing but by limitations as just as necessary, and if we often find inventions, or take up customs to exceed, it is when we become tyrannical or rebellious. But Passions delight in excess, the bounds prescribed us by Reason irritate them; foreign aids must be called in to stay their disorders, and if Virtue be not employed to vanquish or tame them, we should see nothing in the world more monstrous and frightful than a man possessed by those evil spirits.

*Lex communis esse debet, ut auctoritatem habeat. Bald. F. de Leg.*

As the *Juris periti* account that Law unjust which is not common, that a Prince would offend against Equity if he made not his Edicts universal,

and that those commands are to be had in jealousy wherein the Legislator doth not indifferently tie all his subjects. Philosophers hold that Nature ought to be common, that she ought to be equally distributed to all men, and that as the reasonable Soul is intire in all the Body, and undivided in each part, she ought also to communicate her perfections and infirmities to all the Nations upon



upon Earth: mean while we find some persons subject to Passions which others know nothing of, and of so many men as are contained in a Province or State, few shall we see that are agitated by one and the same motions. Ambition which tyraanizeth over Conquerours is not the Plague of all mankind; if some are found to aspire to Grands, we see others that despise them; if some hunt after Honours, others have them in derision; and if some will reign over their fellow creatures, others find their content in obedience: the Hunger of Wealth is not the Passion of a whole City; some Citizens fill their Coffers, but there are others that draw vanity from Expence: Gain renders not every man avaritious, and if some amongst them build all their hopes upon their Treasures, we find others of them that take pride in their disdain. Envy is not so much a contagion as a peculiar evil; if some persons have been observed to make war upon Vertue, we have seen whole Nations that have built her Temples, and Orators that have presented her with Elogies. As powerful as Love is, he hath not yet been able to subdue an intire Kingdom, the most perfect Beauties have gained but few Lovers, and those Faces that have thrown so many flames into the hearts of Generals of Armies, were not able to touch the affections of their Souldiers. Now if all these perturbations of the Soul were natural, they would be found equally in all men; the Objects and the Sense would not make a different impression upon their imagination, as these two causes are necessarily active, they would every where propuce the same effects.

'Tis then an error, saith *Seneca*, to imagine that Passions are born with us, and that these Children of opinion proceed from the marriage of the Soul with the Body. Nature hath not allyed us to Vice, she may boast of having brought us forth virtuous, though we were conceived in sin, the greatest part of our disorders ow birth to our Education; and when Passions seduce our Judgments or deprave our Will, it must be said that

*Omnes nostris vitiis favemus; & quod propria facimus voluntate, ad Naturæ necessitatem referimus. Hieron.*

they follow not so much her inclinations as our evil manners. We impute them to Nature because we despair of Cure, and fancy them to be necessary in as much as they

favour our crimes, excuse our errors, and authorize our injustice.

To support all these truths it's needless to make Pillars of *Seneca's* Inductions, or to draw Maxims from *Aristotles* Reasons which confirm them, it is sufficient only to consider man in himself, to judg that Passions are forreigners, and to teach us from the generosity of his Nature how great an enemy he is to them. For what is there of a more quiet Nature than Man, and what more furious than Love? This famous Tyrant takes force from all things that oppose his designs, difficulties

*An ira secundum Naturam sit, manifestum erit, si hominem inspexerimus: quo quid est mitius, dum in recto animi habitu est? quid ira crudelius, &c. Sen. 10. de ira cap. 5.*

encourage him, impossibilities encrease his impatience, that modesty which preserves the Chastity of Women redoubles his strength, and that Council or Reason which ought to regulate or allay his

fury,

fury, renders him obstinate in his pursuit. Man is a lover of Rest, and Audacity finds its Contentment in turbulence; the one submits to the conduct of Prudence, and the other is governed by Temerity, the one seeks to avoid Enmity, and the other takes pride in creating of Adversaries, and the one delights in things facile to acquire, and the other engageth in nothing but matters difficult or impossible to compass. Nothing upon earth is more affable than Man, and nothing do we observe more savage than Anger; it is a fury that breaths nothing but vengeance, a plague that throws division among friends, and a monster, who more cruel than the Tyger and Panther turns his weapons upon himself, when he cannot force satisfaction for injuries done him. Compassion, which seems so sutable to mans disposition, is not less troublesom to his rest than Anger, she afflicts him with evils that touch him not, she makes the Chastisements of the vicious his punishment; she looks upon the Suffering, and considers not the Crime, and more unjust than hatred, she would bribe Justice (if possible) to deliver the guilty person and the murtherer from his Sword. In fine, Passions are mans domestick enemies, and unfaithful souldiers, who, undertaking to defend him and keep him in action, trouble his Government, abolish his Empire, corrupt his Reason, disorder his Will, and throw confusion into all the powers of his Soul.

It's true, we meet with some men in the world whom Nature seemeth to have produced to give the lye to this opinion, and whose inclinations constrain us to believe that Passions are grafted in

the Soul; for we see some so effeminate that a word puts them into a rage, a sincere reprehension irritates them, and in what method soever you deal with them their anger or indignation is not to be avoided. Some from their youth are fordid, they affect Wealth almost before they know what it is, and it would be more easie to change the face of a Negro into the colour of his Teeth, than to pull out of their hearts the desire of heaping up Riches. Others are naturally bashful, as often as they speak in publick they blush, and what art soever is used to make them confident in company they cannot hinder shamefacedness from altering their Countenance. It is not hard to answer these Objections, and whoever is at the trouble to examine the Nature of Passions, will be constrained to acknowledg that nothing is proved though much be said. For, to proceed in order, Anger is not that first motion that arises at the appearance of an evil, and which oweth its original rather to the Infirmary of the Body than to the Strength of the Mind, but that fury of the Soul which by *Aristotle* is stiled rational, that motion which hurries us to take vengeance, and invites us to contrive the ruine of him that hath offended us. All those other emotions that prevent the Judgment cannot properly be called Passions, and when they trouble or seize the Soul, it may be said that she resents but produceth them not, and that she rather suffers than operates. Generals of Armies have been seen to swoon at the approach of Battel, Commanders to grow pale at the sight of an Enemy, Souldiers to tremble in putting

*Affectus non est oblatas rerum species movere, sed se illis Idem 2. de ira cap. 3.*

ting on their Armour or their Head-piece, and all that Valour wherewith they were animated could not hinder them from beginning their Victories with quaking, and their Triumphs with signs that brought their Courage into question. The most eloquent of Orators found himself often taken with these surprizes, and he was astonisht that his Discourses should chase Fear from the minds of his Auditors, and that his Reason should not be strong enough to drive apprehension from the possession of his heart, to hinder Fear from be-reaving him of his Strength, to prevent his hairs from standing on end, and to oppose his tongues cleaving to the roof of his mouth when he was to speak. But all these sudden changes are but corporal, and surprizes which borrow their aids from the temper and constitution of the body. If Riches make some men covetous, it is after the Judgment is seduced: Nature hath produced nothing in the whole universe that is able to stir their desires, she hides the Gold in the entrals of the Earth, she leaves us nothing but the sight of the Heaven and the Stars, and knowing that this mettle might corrupt them if she discovered it in its splendor, she caused it to grow among the Sands and the Dirt, to the end they might despise it.

True it is that Bashfulness seemeth more natural to man than Avarice and Anger, and that he is become impudent and insolent that altereth not his countenance after the commission of a fault or an incivility: But this timorous Passion is only the daughter of the Body, the Mind hath no share in her Production, and if the novelty of a thing occasion it, the cause thereof is the leaping of the blood

about the Heart: hence old men rarely blush, the furrows in their front seldom receive a foreign colour, and when heat declines their heart, it ceaseth to send into the Face that innocent Vermilion that makes the Countenance of Children so amiable. As this motion is a pure effect of the Bodies temperature, our Players could never yet get her to appear upon the Stage, and the most ingenious of them despair at this day of adorning the Countenance of their Actors with this curious colour. They represent us Sadness with all her shagrine humors, and as silent as she is, they find inventions to counterfeit her follies. They shew us Fear upon a pale Face, and imitate all her actions so well, that they seem to tremble, grow wān and fall into a swoon. Love is the ordinary subject wherewith they entertain their Spectators, and the smallest Apes-face of the Society can act the Gallant, the Suitor and the mad Lover; but none of them have yet been seen that could act the Shame-faced person, and if some few have learned to stoop the Head, abase the Voice, and to look downwards; we hardly observe any that have been able to call for Blushes to testify that the Applauses given to them, or the Reproches thrown at them, were displeasing. But as Passions depend on us, it must not be wondered, if they be counterfeited with so much ease, if they can become sad and angry, audacious and desperate, when they please; and that consulting the mind and opinion of which they are formed, they represent all those outward signs which Passions discover upon the Bodies of such as are possessed by them.

Discourse

Discourse I V.

*That the Senses and opinion are the two Principles of Passions.*

**A**Mong all the advantages which man disputeth with other Creatures, and which beget him so much reverence in them of his own *Species*, Philosophy owneth none more glorious then that of knowledg, and although she be interressed when she pleads her cause, she believes not that the praises given her are any thing but due debt, she styles her the only felicity of them that possess her, she makes her the image of the Diety, maintains that it is she that lifteth man into Heaven to contemplate there the perfections of her Author: and though she know that her Body have need of health to preserve her, she is assured that her Soul wants nothing but knowledg to participate of his Eternity. By these mens discourse this quality is as immense as absolute present every where, including all differences of time, coexistent with all Ages; and having regard to the original, nature and end of every being, she finds nothing in the Univers that can confine her but Eternity, and he only that is infinite. Man is a lover only of what is good, and as free an Agent as he is, he suffers evil with violence, the senses that seduce his imagination reverence his will,

will, they cease to provoke him when the understanding hath shewed him that the thing she seeks is not suitable to him; and if sometimes she discover a displeasure, it is because she hath suffered her self to be deceived by the senses, or disordered by false opinions.

But nothing escapes mans Curiosity, he will not be a stranger to any thing in nature, the most hidden things stir him to make diligent search after them, and if he find that the avoiding of evil is the beginning of his felicity, Philosophy perswades him that knowledg is a part of his chiefeft happiness. By knowledg indeed he imitateth the immensity of the Creator, by his mind he is present in all places of the World, he flies into Heaven, and descends into the depths of the Earth, without leaving his Closet, and drawing an universal notion from all particular things he comprehends all Creatures, and becomes a true *Microcosme* by the multitude of his *Idea's*. To conclude, in knowledg consisteth all his glory, she is the most useful of his perfections, and if Physicians learn of her to cure diseases, States-men to govern, and Judges to distinguish the innocent from the guilty, wisemen confels that to her they owe all their prudence, Soldiers their Conduct, Monarchs their Justice, and Philosophers the Conquest of their *Passions*.

Happy should we be if we were instructed by no other guide then this, and more fortunate then Conquerors, we should not need to give Battel to gain the victory of our *Passions*. All their disorderly motions would be submissive to us, we should prevent their fury by the knowledg of the



the benefits they hunt after, and the evils they abhor : and having no traffick with the People for their opinion in this matter, they would obey Reasons orders. But the greatest of our misfortunes is that we go to the ignorant for Counsel, we rely upon unfaithful sentinels, and against our own Judgments, give credit to the senses who cheat and abuse us. For generally their reports are false, and though they be obtained by knowledg, it is very rare if they do not ingage us in Error. They are blind guides that carry us a stray from truth, under colour of leading us to her, windows by which falshood gets into our understanding, and interrested Counsellors who always plead the cause of the objects which please them most. As the Soul becomes often a Slave to the flesh, takes the noise of sounds for realities, and judges by their reports of things without her, it must not be wondred if she be cheated in her distinctions, if she make blind and precipitate Judgments, and if forgetting her own Grandeur, she fight under the Banner of her Slave. For seeing these treacherous Ministers of her Government deal falsely with her, plead always in favor of the Body, and slighting her Counsels, follow the inclinations of their fleshly Companion, she sides with them, she lets her self loose at their instigations, and solicited by their importunities who present her the objects, she pronounces her *fiat* to all that they Judg useful and pleasant.

From this unjust disorder arise our *Passions*, and of so many motions as ipterrupt the quiet of our Souls, we find not any, that taketh not his original from some one of our senses, Love is the Son  
of

of the sight, the Eye conceives him before the Heart, and though he terminate his Conquest by the will, yet he always gives Battel by the look. The *Poets* were assuredly mistaken when they represented him as blind; and they rather had regard to the effects than to the original, when they cover his Eyes with a Muffler. For those lights which nature hath given us for our conduct, are the common Messengers of this furious *Passion*, that which ought to discover the defects of a face hides its imperfections: and by an unpardonable ingratitude the most splendid members of the Body darken the Soul, from whom they receive their light. Desire ever begins by the Eyes or the Eares, wealth corrupts not our minds but after infection of the senses, and man would seldom form any wishes, if he were born deaf and blind. Hope owes his original to them, the advantages wherewith he is flattered are not so much principles as accidents, and the imagination could never dazle our understanding with their splendor without the intermediation of those Organs. These are they who conceive Envy, who make him consider the goods of his Neighbour with Grief, who cause his Joy to arise from other mens misfortunes, and make them confess that their felicity is able to create their torment. In fine, these faithless Ministers are the Fountaines of all our disquiet, and Love which is the most common of our *Passions* would want Slaves, Hope would be without Lovers; and Envy without Martyrs, if these blind guides did not prevent our imagination, seduce our Judgment, and deprave our will.

If sense begin our *Passions*, opinion gives them perfection, and if those give us the objects disguisedly, these always deceive us in their choice. For opinion being but the Picture of Reason, and a common noise that gathers Authority from the encrease of those that approve it, she deceives us by semblance of Judgment, and without Examination of her Reasons she would have us to esteem all for just that is approved by many. As she is concerned for Priviledges of the Body, she is always of that party, and as she is of an Earthly Original all her motions and inclinations partake thereof. We are not then to think it strange if they which follow such a guide never arrive at generous things, if they stray from the truth in the greater part of their sentiments and if discerning things no otherwise then through that false Glas; they embrace an Error for its contrary. For as the Multitude are not so happy in their

opinions as to know how to judg favourably of Vertue or Reason; and although all the men of whom they are composed have the same thoughts, it hinders them not from falling into extravagance and Error, the more to be lamented for being common. They affect only such things as are vain or useless, they reject good and embrace evil, they applaud what they ought to shun, and condemn what they ought to love.

*Non tam bene cum rebus humanis agitur, ut meliora pluribus placeant: argumentum pessimi turba est. Senec. de vit. beat. cap. 20.*

Also with much Reason in my opinion doth *Seneca* compare the case of the vulgar to the condition of Fools, or Mad-men, saying, that the greatest

greatest part of mankind were not less extravagant than they which have lost their senses, and that there was but this difference

*Inter insaniam publicam, & hanc quæ medicis traditur, nihil interest, nisi quod hæc morbo laborat, illa opinionibus falsis. Sen. Ep. 94.*

between the Phrenetick and the Vulgar, they were actuated by folly or madness, and these by false opinions, that the disease of the one was a corporal effect, and the distemper of the other an In-

firmity of the mind, that the one arose from the abundance of Blood or Gall, and the other from the weakness of Judgment, and that the one came from a disordered temperature, and the other from an ill governed Reason.

Indeed, What is there more extravagant than a man who rejects the truth to embrace the noise of a biassed and interessed multitude? Who departs from his own Reason to be guided by their Example? And who despiseth all the Counsels of Reason to take the advice of one that is blind and ignorant? For from this corruption proceeds all our faults: hence we take the objects to be other than they are, hence we are deceived in our choice, and abused by the value, or disesteem that others have of it, we call for our *Passions* to effect or avoid it. To shun then all these disorders, and to hinder these turbulent motions from acting without our leave, the mind must reign as Sovereign, he must prevent the seditions that may arise in the sensitive appetite, he must command the imagination to act nothing in his Government without his Warrant, and that she take care that false opinions seduce not his Reason, or abuse his Authority.

In

In fine the mind must imitate those oppressed People who deliver themselves from Tyranny by the destruction of the Authors, he must prevent the Birth of *Passions* by the overthrow of false opinions, which are the causes and Originals thereof.

Discourse V.

*That Passions cannot be of use to Vertue.*

**A**Lthough superstition be an Enemy to Religion as well as to Impiety, though the one condemn God, and the other own him not aright, and though one make vanity of his Error, and the other be cheated in his Election, yet have there been Orators that have given her Commendations, some Philosophers have pleaded her cause, and some Kings who (by a Policy altogether extraordinary) have received her into their Government. *Titus Livius* labored to perswade Posterity that she was of use in a common-Wealth, that she was serviceable to Monarchs in the conduct of their Subjects, and that to keep under a rebellious or insolent People, it was often sufficient to get them inspired with the

*Numa omnium primum  
(rem, ad Multitudinem  
imperitam, & illis  
temporibus rudem, ef-  
ficacissimam) Deorum  
metum iniecit. Liv.  
lib. 10.*

the fear of the Gods, and the apprehensions of Chastisements. That she it was that procured them faithful Ministers, that kept the Nobility in awe, that allayed the wild humors of the Body politick, that brought the factious to Reason, and caused their persons throughout their Dominions to be revered as the Gods of the Earth. In fine, that it was she that supported *Rome* in its minority, and that the Worlds first common wealth was more beholding to the superstitions of *Numa* for her preservation, then to the wisdom of her Counselors or the Valor of her Captains.

Although *Passions* be almost as direful to man as Vice, and that there is but this difference between these two Enemies of his rest, the one makes him guilty and the other depraves him, the one infects his will, and the other disorders his Reason, yet the whole Body of modern Philosophy sticks not to approve them with Elogies, and of so many sects into which it is divided, we find only the *Stoicks* that declare War against them. All *Aristotles* Disciples applaud them, they make them the Exercise of Vertue, and call them the aides of nature, they will have them the common favors bestowed upon all man-kind, and they think they do not well prove the necessity of them unless they

seek them in the person of the Son of God. They say that man would be without motion if without *Passion*, that it is necessary he should love and hate to avoid being as insensible as Rocks, that he cannot be active but by their Motion: and that all his

*Affectus velut ubertas est naturalis, ad quam cum verus cultor accesserit, statim cedentibus Vitiis, fruges Virtutis oriuntur. Lact.*  
6. Cap. 15.

his advantages would be of no use to him, if he called not these domestick Soulders to undertake his Conquests, and to preserve him from Enemy's that both threaten and assault him. That it were to deprive him of Life, to spoil him of his affections, that they are a part of himself, and that, as we see no man but loves fertility in his Fields, we can find none that would prefer the sterility of his Soul before the most generous of his productions. That all our Vertues pine away if they be not animated by their fire, and that the best ordered Enterprizes would prove fruitless, if these faithful Souldiers undertooke not the charge of their execution.

For they affirm that Fortitude without Anger is weak, and that she that laughs at Tortures, brags of assaulting death, and makes little of all the terrible things of this World, becomes spiritless if this *Passion* do not warm and give her courage. Prudence borrows the greatest part of her Lights from Fear, and he that should rob her of this succour would acknowledg her to be left as blind as feeble. Temperance is letted in governing her desires, in moderateing pleasure, in appeasing the seditions of Hope, in allaying Grief, and in swallowing up Fear.

In fine, that it is to destroy all our Vertues to deprive them of their Employments, and to condemn them to perpetual Idleness, to strip them of the Subject of their Combats and Triumphs. Where, say they, will be their Victory if they have no Enemy to vanquish or tame? And with what Justice shall they compel so many commendations from our Mouths, if they must always wallow in

rest? For if it be a Vertue to restrain Anger, to submit affection to Reason, to limit our desires, to be moderate in Hope and Sadness, how can he be vertuous that is without *Passion*? Victorious without Enemys to Conquer? And how should Reason be a Sovereign in her Kingdom if she have no Subjects to Command?

Some men are so much the Enemys of their own happiness, that they boast of their Torments, they invent curious words to make them necessary; and by an obstinacy so much the more unjust as it is universal, they will have us esteem that as the principle of all our generous actions, which is the Fountain of all our disorders. They are not unlike men troubled with the Itch, who delight in scratching the Sore that infects their fingers, they cherish Ulcers which poison them, they abet the faction of Tyrants that oppress them, and by a kind of superstition, they excuse their defects, and allow them benefits which they have not.

I know that among the Lawiers a common erroneous custom passeth for a Law, and that an opinion received of many is often a sufficient warrant to make it run for a currant truth among the vulgar Spirits, yet am I not afraid to oppose it, and supported by *Senecas* Authority, I shall endeavor to demonstrate that *Passions* are not of more use to Vertue then poisons and venomous things to our Health. For to shun all the bumbast of Orators and to set forth nothing unworthy of that Roman Philosopher; Who shall perswade himself that man must necessarily be the vassal of his Slaves? That he cannot be active without their help? That all his Enterprises must depend upon  
their



their advices? And that he must hold his Authority over a number of Rebels that despise his Sovereignty? Who shall believe that a wise man cannot be valiant, unless he be possess of Anger? And that to give his Enemy Battel or rout his Adversaries he must be heated by the most furious of his *Passions*? That he cannot be prudent except he be fearful, and that he must of necessity borrow aid of the most cowardly of his attendants wherewith to establish his good Fortune, and to guard himself against future Evils? That he cannot be provident for his Family without being avaricious, nor govern his Children, command his Subjects, nor put his House in order without tormenting himself about that

which may happen in the future? *Passions* are not so submissive as to obey the Authority of Reason, and they are of too ambitious an humor to quit an usurped Empire: they

*Nihil rationis est, ubi semel affectus inductus est, jusque illi aliquod voluntate nostrâ datum est. Sen. 10. de ira Cap. 9.*

resemble those Conquerors that rarely loose the Appetite of Dominion. They do also disguise their Tyranny, they employ Artifices to render themselves acceptable, they oppress us under colour of succours, and never cease to humor us till after they have violated the Laws of Reason and abused his Power.

For when the Soul has once admitted them, and that of strangers she permits them to be her domesticks, she is no longer able to set them bounds, they condemn her Government, they seize her Throne, they become obstinate in Rebellion; and, by an injustice not easy to express, they oblige

their Sovereign to take Laws of them. Therefore to preserve the liberty of the mind, and maintain the rights of Reason, these seditious intruders must be allowed no entrance, and we must imitate those prudent Governors that suffer not their Enemies to approach their Borders under pretence of

*Affectus quidem tam  
mali Ministri quam  
duces Sunt. Idem.  
Cap. 9.*

friendship and assistance. For if the Soul permit them a share in her Authority and mistrusting her own strength, she call in these Forreign

Troops to oppose or defend her against her adversaries, she then ceaseth to be an absolute Monarch, these pretended friends turn traitors, become Revolters, they stir up parties to bereave her of her Scepter, they disturb her Judgment and her Rest, and having stript her of her Lights, they constrain her to take them for Counsellors and to follow their inclinations.

This Tyranny would be tolerable if it lasted but a few moments, and we might draw this comfort from our misery to learn from their ill usage the difference between liberty and slavery. But these Rebels have so many artifices, that they cause their Martyrs to love them, the torments wherewith they afflict them cannot procure their hatred, they will entertain them although they know they are abused by them, and, by an humour which they would hardly wish to their Enemies, they take delight in the conversation of Executioners that torment them.

For though *Passions* be fickle yet are they obstinate, they resemble those accidents that are not to be destroyed without ruining the Subject wherein

wherein they reside, they are like ungrateful Guests that take possession where they are entertained, and are of so malignant a nature that they never leave those men that permit them to be their Counsellors. They are Souldiers that will not be disbanded but by Death, ivy of which the duration is equal with the Wall that supports it, and diseases, against which Physicians have yet found no remedy. What can then be more irrationally said then to affirm that man who is at liberty in all his actions, had need of so many monstrous Beasts? That he cannot perform generous things without their assistance? And that those which ought to obey him must prescribe him Laws? A man must have lost his judgment to run to his ruin for safety, and believe that his weakness can afford him strength, that treachery will bring him ayds, truth a lie, and health a multitude of diseases. *Passions* are too mutinous to render us any good service, and they are too much mans Enemy to labour for his felicity.

I will admit that they sometimes disguise their malice, that they raise a kind of contentment in his soul, that the most generous stir up the courage of the more sordid, and that the more modest do curb the insolence of such as are most savage: but all these good effects are produced by the war that is among themselves, from their different inclinations, from a conspiracy of some against others: and, by a quite different method of working, some become charitable to their Companions because their humors agree not.

But you will say, do we not see that they are often of use to us? That they sometimes fight

Vertues battels, and employ endeavors for her defence which beget admiration? Truly that which seemeth to be the Reason of their necessity gives us the suspicion of their imperfection, their good offices create a jealousy ; and who so knows well their nature will confess them to be Hypocrites, and that they force their own inclinations so often as they take up Armes in Vertues quarrel. They resemble that famous Murtherer that preserved the life of a Tyrant in designing to take it from him, and who breaking an Impostume that threatned him with death, became his Cure, intending to be his Executioner.

For if they oppose vice, if they side with vertue, and if they employ their arts to preserve the rights of Reason, they betray their own disposition, they commit good without premeditation, and, like unto stormes that accidentally conduct the Ship into her Port, they guide us to Vertue intending to turn us into a contrary Path. No man in his right mind will conclude venims to be wholesome for having removed a sick-mans distemper ; and he that would be an approver of Tyranny in a Kingdom because it hath suppressed seditions reduced the People to subjection, united different Interests, and banished rebellion and disorder from the bowels of the State, would no less contradict the rules of Policy then the dictates of Reason. We see some Physicians who expel one evil by another, who Cure an Ague with Poison, and dissipate the Pestilence by sweating which often procures it, and who allay the smarting pain of the Gout with medicaments more proper to augment the torment.

A Fever did once so inflame the brain of a General that it made him undertake the Conquest of a Kingdom, which in his sober mind he durst not have thought on ; and in the late Wars with *Flanders*, *France* had a Marshal who was seldom in action without first having liquored his resolutions either for life or death. But who shall believe that these several sorts of cures or undertakings can turn us to accompt ; and that it is not more advantageous to man to bannish then entertain such methods for his Conduct ? It is a great unhappiness to find no cure but in distempers & to be obliged for the recovery of health, to have recourse to destructive remedies.

That man would be suspected of folly that should counsel the Mariners to set sail in a hurry-Cane, and go about to perswade them that to make a prosperous Voiage, they must stay for Storms and Tempests. But they that would render *Passions* so necessary to man are not more unreasonable, they furnish him with rebellious Aids, who violently oppose his Authority, Ministers of State who contemn his Power, and treacherous guides that prove as bad Commanders as common Souldiers.

Nature has sufficiently armed us in giving us the weapon of Reason, and I know not that we can call *Passions* to our assistance without equally accusing her of imbecillity and blindness: for which way so ever we consider our selves we must be deemed miserable Creatures, if we cannot be safe without the help of our adversaries, and if we must undertake no enterprize but with Squadrons of Mutineers who dare to dispute all our

Commands. For to judg of their malignity by their effects, and to learn from their operations the confusion of their nature, if we be willing to succour our friends in their streights and if we know by what we learn in natures School that we

*Scis pro patria pugnandum, dissuadebit timor: Scis pro amicis desudandum esse, sed deliciae retabunt. Sen. Ep. 95.*

are bound to relieve our Parents in want, and our Allies under oppression, covetousness will forbid it; if we know that we ought to arm our selves in defence of our Coun-

try, fear dissuades us from it; if we remember that we have vowed fidelity to the companion of our life, and that we cannot frequent dissolute Women without offending our Conscience or our Honor, lust will authorize this sensuality. If we know that Tyranny is odious, that usurpation is unjust, and that we cannot seize the Territories of our Neighbours without breath of reputation, Ambition will furnish us with excuses. So that all the succours that some would assign us for our defence are the sources of all our disorders, and man would hardly ever commit an injustice if *Passions* were not his Tempters.

This discourse runs the Peripateticks into despair, and the strength of *Senecas* arguments is to them so irresistible that they are constrained to have recourse to Logical distinctions, to arm themselves against his assaults. For though they agree with us that the excess of *Passions* is dangerous, that they cannot be employed without loss of liberty, and, that we cease to act as men when they get possession, yet they affirm them to be useful if moderated, that they may be formed into

Vertues

Vertues if we know how to manage their humors, and that it is sufficient to render them profitable to us, if we do but correct that fury which accompanies their violent comportment, that Physicians prepare poisons and venims, and as nature qualifies the disposition of the Elements, it is the work of morality to reduce *Passions* to a mediocrity, and stripping them of their extravagant temper to convert them into wholsom motions fit for our service.

What have you said ignorant Philosophers? In what School have you been taught that nature is impotent, if she take not

*Passions* to her assistance? With what confidence dare you render my wise man a dependant of his Slaves? What advantage do you give him above

*Facilius est excludere perniciosam quam regere, & non admittere quam moderari. Senec. 10. de ira. Cap. 8.*

other men, if he have but a little more courage then the greatest Cowards? If he be but somewhat more chaste then the most unclean? Something more temperate then Drunkards? A little more modest then the Ambitious? And but somewhat a better Governour in his Family then the Prodigal and Avaricious persons? A man is not to be accounted healthy because he is only subject to extraordinary diseases, to be deemed a sound person because his maladies are but small, and he not able to exercise the functions of life but by helps that destroy it.

A wise man must as well be without *Passions* as free from Vices, and exempt from that which may render him miserable, as from that which may  
make

make him guilty. If small offences disturb his Conscience, *Passions*, how much soever moderated, interrupt his rest; if inflammations hurt his sight defluxions weaken it, if the Lethargy stupify his Senses, the fumes which assault his Brain disorder him, and if extravagancy succeed the height of Feavers, weakness is always left behind when their fits are abated. So that as to Judg of a sound body all infirmities must be removed from it, likewise all *Passions* must be banisht from the Soul to make Judgment of her Tranquillity.

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Discourse

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Discourse V I.

*That no Man is more miserable, than he  
that is subject to Passions.*

**I** Never well apprehended how human Policy could lawfully authorize subjection, seeing she is so irksome; and how *Aristotle* could render her natural, since all men so much detest her. Those that first laboured to introduce her into the world saw their designs opposed by all the Nations of the earth, and they were taught to their cost, that Subjects were not to be acquired without becoming their Tyrants or their Slaves: The *Romans* could not endure her in their government, they sought out all imaginable methods to preserve their freedom, and although they equally made glory of subjecting both friends and foes, they would not consent to the choice of a Sovereign to command themselves. They invented a new mode of Government to secure them from servitude, they made their Empire elective, they annually created two Emperors, and, to avoid the vexatious name of Subject, they ordained that those to whom they committed the management of their affairs should take upon them

*Libertati à majoribus  
tantum impensum est,  
ut patribus quibus jus  
vitæ & necis in libe-  
ros datum erat, non ta-  
men licebat eripere li-  
bertatem. L. ult. C. de  
pat.*

them the Title of Consuls and not of Lords and Monarchs. Man hath in him (I know not what to call it) something so sublime that he cannot endure violence, he imagineth Servitude to be the greatest of his evils, and he is so great a lover of Liberty that he often prefers a dishonourable freedom to an advantageous bondage. That human prudence that regulates things present by the knowledge of things past, teacheth Monarchs to stand upon their guard with Subjects, and lets them know that they are to make the calculation of their enemies by the number of their vassals; as she cautioneth Kings against the treachery of new conquered Countries, she bids them be jealous of all that serve them, she shews us men in History that have steeped their hands in their Masters blood for a remedy against their Slavery, and others that have set Kingdoms on fire with a pretence of freeing them from Tyranny. In fine, Liberty hath so many Charms that so often as we are deprived of it, we deem our selves unhappy, and its contrary is so burthensom, that believing our selves free-born, and therein equal to the most mighty Princes of the earth, we are sufficiently stirred up to be delivered from it. Indeed this latter condition is very odious, and it's not without cause that the greatest number of men would rather die free under an apparent Slavery, than live as bondmen under a visible Liberty. Nevertheless it must be owned that this evil comes not near the miseries that we endure from *Passions*, and the Empire of these insolent Usurpers is less supportable to man than the hatred of the envious, the rage of Tyrants and the violence of his Enemies:

Enemies : For if these torment or persecute him, they exercise their fury but on his body, they cannot with all their malicious cruelty ravish the liberty of the most noble part of himself: if they assault his innocence, if they deprive him of his friends, if they cast him into irons, and if they attempt upon his very life by injurious usage, his Soul preserves her authority, the fetters that restrain her slave touch her not, and she acts with so much facility, that it may be affirmed she is never more ingenious than in affliction. But *Passions* disorder both, they extend their oppressions beyond the Body, they deal with the Soul as Men with their Slaves, and without regard to Grandeur, they exercise their violence upon all her faculties. They puff out the light of his Understanding, they corrupt his Will, they seduce his Judgment; and, by a power not much inferiour to Magick Art, they throw illusions into his Spirit to trouble his mind. If men account Exile cruel because it separates us from all the delights of our own Countrey, who will not own that the Tyranny of our *Passions* is the most severe of our torments, since they violently take us from our selves, deprive us of the power of Reason, and rob us of that liberty which the most unfortunate retain under a load of Irons? Fortune, which hath set up that unjust distinction amongst men, and created Lords and Vassals, hath no influence upon *Passions*; as she abandons great men to the fidelity of their Servants, she commits the meaner sort to the discretion of their Superiours, and she is so little absolute in her Government, that we often see the Slaves give Laws to them that command: some find ways to be their  
Masters

Masters Companions by the assiduity of their services, and others have been made free for their fidelity: some others are comforted in their bondage that they have but one Master to satisfy, and do easily persuade themselves that an ordinary ingenuity will serve to please a mans humor with whom we daily converse. But the passionate are subject to so many Tyrants as they have *Passions*, the agreement we hold with them provokes their displeasure, our submission renders them insolent, our fidelity augments their fury, and they are never more cruel than when we observe their orders, or obey their commands. Sometimes Bondage is rather to be chosen than Liberty, and there be some slaves that would not change conditions with their Masters: for though these impose upon their Liberty, and permit them not the disposing of their goods, or their persons, yet must they be charged with the care of providing for them, they are responsible for their miscarriages, they must take an account of their actions, and buy with money that authority which they exercise upon their Wills; so that their pretended dominion amounts to a specious subjection, and they ought not so much to be stiled their Lords as their Attorneys and their Stewards. But *Passions* are ever savage, they form nought but evil designs against their subjects, they increase their wounds instead of giving ease, they violently over-run Vertue and Liberty together, and abusing all their faculties, they make their conditions equal with the damned: sometimes they give them looks so frightful that the Earth hath nothing more terrible or more insolent, and anon they leave in the  
Soul

Soul such a Fear and Grief that nothing is more unhappy. Their evil entertainments have procured them the hatred of all Philosophers, and even they who out of respect have countenanced the vice of their wise man, would not permit that he should be subject to *Passions*.

Those to whom servitude is irksom may apply themselves to flight for their deliverance, and forsaking the Masters whom they serve, betake themselves to Countries where their pursuits cannot reach them : if the persons with whom they live be difficult, or if the Law of the place admit no Affranchizement, they may remove into another, and seek that liberty in foreign Dominions which they could not obtain in the Land of their nativity. But they who serve *Passions* carry always their masters with them, into what part of the world soever they travel they cannot hide themselves from them, and so unhappy is their condition, that they cannot sheer clear of them without danger of sinking their Vessel. If they abandon their habitations, if they throw themselves into the arms of Princes for protection, and if all the Provinces they pass thorough, be so many Sanctuaries and places of freedom, yet are they shackled, they carry their fetters with them, they remain slaves even in the very bosom of Liberty, and the Tyrants under whose command they are listed are so outrageous, that they spare them as little abroad as at home. All that pleases the sense stir up their Grief, and that which would cure a sick man, is matter of their punishment. For if in their Travels they observe spacious Countries, if they measure the height of Hills, if they fix the  
eye

Eye upon the current of Rivers, if they contemplate the Flowers of pleasant Meadows, and meet nothing in their way but what imployes or diverts their Fancy, they rather charm than heal their Torments, and do not so much deceive their thoughts as their eyes and ears. By an unhappiness that shews the misery of their condition, they often convert their Remedies into Poisons, and change the Objects of their diversilements into subjects of their Grief. The sight of remote Lands puts them in mind of their own Countreys, the Cities through which they pass represent them the places where they began to suffer, the Inhabitants seem to discourse of the passages of their former life, the things and beauties they find there awaken their desires; and although they are far removed from all that can anoy them, they forbear not to conceive Love, Hatred, Joy and Grief.

*Servit quicumque vel metu frangitur, vel delectatione, vel cupiditatibus ducitur, vel indignatione exasperatur, vel mœvere deficitur: servilis est omnis coactio. Amb. de Vit. beat. lib. 2.*

What greater Punishments can be inflicted upon Criminals than to expose them to the Will of so many Tormentors? And what more cruel Vengeance can be drawn from an Enemy, than to see him a slave in places of the greatest freedom? Tormented in the

arms of Rest? And unhappy amidst all that which ought to deliver him from it? Who is not toucht with compassion to behold *Alexander* when he cuts the Ocean, when he traverseth all the parts of the world, when he enters the *Indies*, when he makes war upon the *Persians*, when he had conquered

conquered *Asia*, when he turns Kingdoms upside down, and makes the limits of the Ocean the Frontiers of his Empire? For if he command his Army, he obeys a multitude of his *Passions* which act the Tyrant with him, if he vanquish his enemies by the Sword he is overcome of his vices, and if he be the only Monarch of the Earth, he is the subject of Ambition, Anger and Impudicity. One while he bewailes the death of a Favourite whom his own hand had massacred, another while he laments the loss of a Captain which he lost in the heat of the Battel; one while he retires into solitude to entertain his misfortunes, another while deceiving his enemies he is contriving the Conquest of a new World, and he whom flattery persuaded to be the God of the Earth, tacitly confesseth that he is the most miserable of all men. Who judgeth not *Hannibal* very unhappy, when he forsakes the Command of his Souldiers to be made obedient to his Love? and when in the midst of a victorious Army brought back from *Thrasymene*, he could not defend himself from the allurements of a Strumpet? All that warlike glory which he had acquired in Battel could not divert his Affection, and the thought of Triumphs that were preparing for him is not powerful enough to dissuade him from laying his Arms at the feet of his captive Slave; her Beauty ravisheth his Soul, and stops in a Passage where a hundred thousand men durst not have attended his approach without terror.

From these two Examples it is not hard to conclude, that *Passions* debase us, that we cannot treat with them without becoming their slaves,

and that we must of necessity renounce our liberty when we obey such insolent Masters. To prevent then this shameful servitude, a wise man must take Reason into his Counsel, he must stay till she has examined the Nature of the Objects that present themselves before he let in Love or Hatred ; and he must conclude nothing touching their perfections or defects, till this Sun have inlightned his Will, and have approved or forbidden the pursuite.

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Discourse.

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Discourse VII.

*That a Wise man may live without  
Passions.*

**I** Wonder not that man should be so miserable; since he himself is a Conspirator against his own Felicity, since he makes vanity of augmenting natures defects, since he takes pride in his own miseries, and emploies all her benefits to make himself unhappy or guilty. Those that have exercised their Eloquence in deciphering corrupted nature, thought it sufficient to be the Sons of *Adam* to render us disobedient, that the sin of that first revolter against his God, was the spring of all our evils, whereof *Passions* became the Children after they had been the Mother, and that man never committed an unjust act but by the instigation of concupiscence, which becomes the chastisement thereof.

*Estimatio rerum non sumitur ab affectione singulorum, Sed secundum quod communiter venditur. L. 33. F. ad L. Acquil.*

Although the Authors of this Doctrine be to me very venerable, and though the opinion which they maintain be approved by all Christians; nevertheless, I perswade my self that they will not absolutely deny to allow me, that we derive not all our defects from his crime, that we may as well

bewaile the perfections which we still retain as those we have lost, and that we find orderly motions in our Bodies which are rather arguments of the Excellency of the Soul then the defection of nature. Some men would be innocent if Heaven had not honoured them with favors, their rare qualities occasion their misery, they are poor because they are too rich, they run themselves into dangers by being too much enlightened, and they engage not in Error but by being more perfect then others. What ever renders a wise man accomplished makes them miserable. they anticipate misfortune by their foresight, their memories call to mind the injuries done them, their wits are busied about useles or hazardous things, and all their qualifications become pernicious or disadvantageous.

To augment their own miseries and add to natures defects voluntary errors, they take counsel from the noise of the People, they regulate their lives by their reports, they act but by their example, and they approve all for reasonable that hath many Approbators, and not that wherein truth most consisteth. Likewise they who have made so many invectives against the sin of our first Father, have almost depraved the whole stock of man-kind, by endeavouring to explain the most difficult Principle of our Religion; and have taught them undesignedly, to justify their defects and to form excuses for their lewdness. For if that inhumane Father, say they, have bequeathed us death with our being, if he have made us Slaves by the loss of his innocence, if the *Passions* which arise in our Soul be the effects of his Rebellion,

if

if they be as inseparable as our members, and if we cannot shun their Surprizals but by the aids of grace ; who shall resolve to labour their Conquest, seeing they are born with us, and proceed from the conjunction of the Soul with the Body, since the seeds thereof are in us, and that that grace to which they have recourse, is a bounty which God only bestows upon his Favorites ? To avoid then all these complaints it must be owned that human nature is not so depraved as they describe her, that she yet retains some remains of her purity, and that man hath still a power to combat vice, follow vertue, and conquer his *Passions*.

When those famous men that laid the foundation of *Romes* Empire, would instruct their Subjects by their precepts or reform them by their Laws, they rather disordered then settled them, they taught them crimes of which before they were ignorant, and they made many guilty persons in designing to keep men innocent.

*Parricide cum lege ceperunt, & illis facinus pœna monstravit : pessimo loco fuit pietas postquam culeas sœpius vidimus quàm cruces.*  
*Sen. de clem. lib. 10. cap. 23.*

*Parricides*, saith *Seneca*, first began in *Rome* by the prohibition thereof, the punishment threatned to those that should be found so monstrous inspired them with cruelty ; men became barbarians when they were forbidden to be inhumane, and they feared not to murder them from whom they had received life, after the Law had informed them that such a sin might be committed. So that those men must be Enemies to nature who throw all their faults upon her infirmities, and we must deny that we often employ our perfections to procure

our own unhappiness. This truth appears evidently in the Subject of this discourse. We render *Passions* which are but the pure effects of opinion and the will, to be the productions of nature, we fancy that they are born with us, and we conclude from our weakness, that a wise man cannot defend himself from them but by a Miracle. In fine, we deem all things difficult which we fear to undertake, and judging of other mens strength by our own, we take all for impossibilities which we our selves cannot perform.

Also I am of *Senecas* judgment, and do maintain with him, that there is as much difference be-

*Tantum inter Stoicos  
& ceteros Sapientiam  
professos interesse, quan-  
tum inter feminas &  
mares merito dixerim;  
cum utraque turba ad  
vitae societatem tan-  
tundem conferat, sed  
altera pars ad obsequen-  
dum, altera imperio  
nata sit Sen. lib. Const.  
cap. 10.*

tween the *Stoicks* and other Philosophers as between men and women: and as these two sex are necessary for the building of Families and States, the one is born to command and the other to obey. For let *Epicurus* be commended, let his Disciples protect him, and let them ransack the Body of Morality to shape excuses

for his opinions, yet it must be owned that he has made no Scholars but Slaves, and that when he designed to create Philosophers, he innocently formed vicious and impious persons. *Aristotle* Father of the *Academia*, is not more vertuous then *Epicurus*, though he seem more reasonable, for he makes but Battard wise men, he moderates the violence of their inclinations to render their conduct easy, and allowing them ordinary distempers he hath taught them that they cannot be healthy unless

unless they have infirmities, that they cannot become liberal without covetousness, that to be valiant they must have the help of ambition, and that vertue would be of no use to them, if they had not *Passions* to execute what she projects. This opinion seems so little generous to *Zeno's* Disciples, that they cannot forbear vigorously to oppose it, and *Seneca* has condemned it for so unreasonable a tenet, that he thinks he pleads virtues cause so often as he is engaged in the Combat.

Where, replies he, is the freedom of the wise man, if he may not act but by the intermediation of his *Passions*? If he be obliged to fly to their Counsels, and if he must borrow of them all the forms of his Government? Reason is unthroned so soon as she admits an alliance with them, and their Communication is so pernicious to her, that she cannot lend them an Eare without insensibly mixing with their Party. For when she hath once admitted them, they do what they will, and not what she permits them, they follow their own inclinations, though she contend for the Conquest, and they become in the end so insolent or so wild, that they violently constrain their Sovereign to yeild to their discretion. For this cause he judgeth that the only means to be delivered from them, is to prevent their assaults, and attack them before they threaten, and according to the Rules of Policy, provide that those who are yet but foreign Enemies, become not our domestick Tyrants.

It avails not his Adversaries to fly to natures imperfections for a reply, and to say that Reason

is become blind and weak, since she suffered her self to be seduced by the Serpent. This reply, though true, proves nothing in morality, and whatsoever foundations they draw from Divines to support it, yet must they confess that it makes not so much for Reason as for Faith. For again saith this wise *Roman*, if Reason be not strong enough to hinder *Passions* from making excursions into her Dominions, how will they have her to keep them in order when they have entred her Territories? If she sink under their violence when she is disposed to expect them, how shall she be able to give them Laws when she is become their Captive? And if she cannot repulse Enemies at the Gate, how shall she repel their fury when they have gotten possession? We must then infer either that a wise man may prevent their assaults or that he cannot moderate their inclinations, that he can hinder their sudden swellings, or that he cannot stay their disorders when they have made Head.

Tranquillity is one of the qualifications of a wise man; men cannot rob him of it till he change his condition, and he may boast of happiness so long as he preserves it: but *Passions* violently bereave him of it in every of their assaults, and he ceaseth to be his own when he has any thing of dispute with them. He is their Slave without being conquered he mourns in opposing them, and he is constrained to part with the most precious of his Benefits, so often as he takes resolution to fight them.

For

For be they never so well moderated they cease not to disturb his quiet, they throw dissention among the Parties that compose it, and they so much occupy his mind, that nothing is left him but a weak and languishing liberty. The *Peripateticks* are not so just as to abate him any of his evils for the elevation of his Grandeur:

*Quid si sanum voces  
leviter febricitantem?  
Non est bona valetudo  
mediocritas morbi: quo-  
modo oculos major &  
perfecta suffusio exacer-  
cat, sic modica turbat.  
Sen. Ep. 85.*

they render him subject to all the maladies of the Soul, they allot him all *Passions*, to vanquish or tame: and without considering that many times one violent evil is preferable to a multitude of wasting diseases, they will that he have fear, but it must be moderated, that he be spurred by ambition but it must be restrained, that he form desires and hopes, but they must be limited, that he be moved by Anger, but it must be easy to recal, and that he have Love and Audacity, but they must not run into folly and fury. But who doth not easily see that this Tyranny strikes directly at his Liberty, that these motions howsoever moderated annoy his Peace? And that it would be more easy to conquer one powerful Enemy then give Battel to a multitude of smaller adversaries at one and the same time.

Vertue is so delicate in this point, that she could never yet suffer *Passions* to be assigned her for Companions, as she knows that they hold intelligence with vice, she rejects all their proffered services, she believes that he unjustly-Triumphs  
that

*Non quia difficilia sunt,  
non audemus, sed quia  
non audemus difficilia  
sunt. Sen. Ep. 104.*

that owes Victory to any thing but his Valor; that he is unworthy the name of Conqueror, if he may be reproached that in the combat he mixt Cowardize with his Courage, and did not overthrow his Enemy, but because he was somewhat fearful and imprudent. She is jealous of all their Labors, she will have no Souldiers that esteem their own Counsels more then her Commands, and she would think it injurious to her own Grandeur to make use of their Services.

Truely what art soever hath been used by humane prudence to allay their fury the method of reducing them to Reasons obedience is yet to seek, and which way soever they be considered it wants Dexterity to subject them to her Empire. As we find no Animals that yeild obedience to this Sovereign, and as the tamed hearken as little to her Counsels as the wild; so, man hath no *Passions* that will obey his Commands, they make head to oppose his decrees, they conspire to lessen his Authority, and by a faction as unjust as insolent, they dispute the Government he pretendeth to have over them. Their nature resembles that of the *Tygre* and *Lyon*, which never forsake their savage humor, which are as ravenous in the House as in the Forest, and can never be so well tamed, but they return to their first fury when least suspected. In fine, *Passions* are faithless subjects, and domestick Enemies, with whom a Peace is no less to be feared then War and persecution.

But to return to my matter, if *Passions* be inevitable, and if all our prudence be too weak to prevent the assaults of fear, the attacks of grief, the snares of Love, and the surprizals of Anger  
upon



upon our will, who can assure himself of staying their Carreer, and of obliging them that prepare for Battel without our leave to proceed no farther then we shall direct? One of these two extreems must be chosen, either to stifle them in the Cradle, or resolve to become their Slaves; to give them Battel before they make head, or resolve to surrender our liberty: to deprive them of means to gather their forces, or take up a resolution to submit to their violence. For as those things which stir them up are without us, and the good and evil which they respect are not in our power, they imitate the nature of the objects that employ them, they encrease according to the causes whereof they partake, and they become more violent or moderate, according as things seem pleasant or dissatisfactory; desire redoubles his strength when hope appears of his Party, and flatters him with the possession of the benefit he hunts after. Fear is augmented when the apprehended evil shews it self with more then ordinary horrors, or when working her own misery, she describes it more terrible then it is.

What I have said of desire and fear may be applyed to all our *Passions*, and as they arm without our command, and the objects that support them depend not of us, it must be confessed that it's not in our power to bring them to Reason, to moderate their fury, or hinder their running into excess. It's a sort of folly to think that we have an Enemy at our command whose insolence we may suppress, and to imagine that that Governor is able to keep Rebels in awe, who was not prudent enough to prevent their taking up of Armes,  
putting

putting into the Field, and forming an Army to offer him open Battel.

Although this arguing be bold yet it is unanswerable even in *Aristotles* opinion, and they that would enervate it must have recourse to their own weakneses to lessen its force. They say it is very difficult for a man to gain so absolute a power over himself, as to command all his inclinations, to see beautiful Faces, and to be insensible of love, to look upon a threatening evil, and not to fear its arrival, to have Treasures laid before him, and to have no desire to them, to be injuriously and despitefully used, and not to let Anger arise, to have his pleasant Edifices destroyed, his Lands violently foraged, and his goods plundered, and he not afflicted. Such favors are only bestowed upon beatified persons, we must be separated from humane commerce to obtain them, and we must mount the Heavenly mansions to consider the glories of this World with indifference, and to behold all the revolutions that are wrought in it without disturbance.

If this Objection be the chief foundation of the contrary opinion, yet is it not very strong but in shew, it reproves our practice, but diminisheth nothing of our abillity, it declares the faults of fools, and hides the perfections of wisemen, and without surveying mans nature, it excuseth his sordidness and considereth not his advantages. Man is naturally generous, he hath not yet attempted any thing but what his industry hath overcome, and all those difficulties which the *Academia* opposed to his undertakings, have only served to augment his glory and admire his courage.

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The most wild and savage *Passions* have yeilded to his power, and all that fury wherewith they were animated, could not hinder his constraining them to the obedience of his Laws; his power is equal to his will in this point, from his own courage he obtains what ever he desires to execute, and all his faculties are so subservient, that he hath often drawn services from them, that seemed impossible to nature. Some humorists have refrained smiling, and pursuing their resolution have banisht from their countenance that pleasant property which distinguisheth us from other Creatures. Temperance hath taught others to suppress their appetites, and hath so much forced their own inclinations as never to tast Wine. Some have defended themselves against the violent assaults of love, have had in derision all those pleasant Faces that have made so many Idolaters in the World; and have so much conquered themselves as to become Masters of a *Passion* that hath all men for Slaves. There have been others that have so far commanded themselves as to live without sleep, and have made watching so familiar to them as that they have not been seen to close their eye-lids. In fine, man is absolute in his Government, he hath not undertaken any thing which he brought not to perfection, difficulties have discovered his strength; and we have seen nothing so irksom which he hath not surmounted when he joyned perseverance to his courage.

The labors then which he ought to imploy to gain this perfection, ought not to divert him from so glorious a design, and without hunting for many reasons to prompt him to it, it will suffice that he  
reflect

reflect upon his own life to be taught, that it is as easy to Conquer as to moderate his *Passions*. The greater part of his actions are real punishments, all that he does is mixt with disquiet; and I know not but it might be more easy for him to live without *Passions*, then to act what he daily performs. For what is more delightful then a vertuous vacation, and what is more toilsom then Anger? What is more tranquil then clemency, and what more turmoiling then cruelty? Continnence begets content, but Love is unsatiabie, modesty loves to be at quiet, but desire delights in trouble, humanity is quiet, but confidence is ever busied.

In fine, Vertue is treatable with satisfaction, but *Passions* are not conversable without hazard of Conscience rest or liberty. From all these discourses it's not difficult to conclude, that a wise man may be without *Passions*, since they are not natural to him; since sense and opinion are their springs, since their services are dangerous, and that he cannot employ them in his necessities, without injury to his liberty or courage.

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**SECOND**

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THE  
SECOND PART,  
OF  
PASSIONS in particular.

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THE  
FIRST TREATISE.

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Discourse I.

*Of the Nature of Joy.*

**P**Leasure hath made so deep an impression on the Minds of men, that few there are that plead not her Cause; the Philosophers that condemn her in their Writings pursue her in their Studies, and in private they make love to her whom publicly they persecute; the severest of them court her, they are easily overcome of an enemy that entertains them with nothing but Delights; and they confess they are not valiant enough to resist the Charms of a Mistress whose Perfections are proclaimed by so many famous Authors, and who adorn her with so many Reasons to invite men to seek her. *Epicurus*

*curus* whom we may call the Panegyrist of Pleasure hath so beautified her in all his Works, that men have not scrupled to declare themselves her Lovers, being informed of her Advantages, and

*Virtus voluptatis ancilla & locum famulae obtinet. Athen. lib. 12. de fin.*

they thought they might lawfully consecrate their affections to her in whose service all virtues are employed, and to whom all *Passions* are slaves.

If we give credit to the most eloquent of Orators, that Philosopher never made any thing so glorious in all his Writings, and he discovered himself much captivated by her Love, when he permitted his Pen such ridiculous extravagancies, so disadvantageous to his honor. For he creates her the Queen of Vertues, he sets her on a Throne so glorious as he can hardly afford his Gods to be equal to her; he places all those noble habitudes at her footstool, he gives them in charge to observe all her Commands, he forbids them to undertake any thing without her order, and he fancies that Vertues are sufficiently honoured when he assigns them employments in her service; he directs Prudence to be careful of her preservation, to prevent all things that may annoy her tranquillity, and to use her utmost skill to strengthen her Power. He commands Justice to be liberal in her favor, to divide Estates with Discretion, not to let her suffer an injury, and to make all men her friends by doing good to every one. Fortitude must defend the Body against Grief, she must not suffer that choice Companion with whom she commonly makes her abode, to be assaulted by sickness; and if she cannot totally hinder it, she must,

at

at least, endeavour to moderate the rigors thereof by the remembrance of past delights. Temperance must regulate her inclinations, prescribe the seasons, quantity and quality of her Meat and Drink; and must so use her to Sobriety, that she must abhor debaucheries, and love nothing but what is easie to acquire. But above all, care must be taken so to correct the qualities of the Elements of which she is composed, that one entrench not upon the other, that Grief or Anger discompose not the constitution, and that health, in which her greatest happiness consisteth, be no way interrupted by diseases.

The erection of so unreasonable an Empire alarm'd all Philosophers. They that had before allowed Pleasure a seat in their Schools, could not now suffer so unjust an usurpation; and judging it to be the most insolent act of a shameless man to put Vertue under the subjection of her enemy, they all made head against the Author; and although they had no other weapons but Tongue or Pen wherewith to assault him, yet did they charge him with so many reproaches, that his Disciples are at this day in despair of procuring his justification. True it is that *Aristotle* makes an excuse for him, when he mixeth delight with human actions, when he makes Joy the companion of our occupations, and assures us that Pleasure is not less useful to the Body than necessary to the Mind. That Joy sweetens our toys, recruits our tyred vigor, administers comfort to the miserable, and gives us all those advantages which other *Passions* promise us. That Nature stands in need of refreshments, that she becomes weary by con-

tinued labours, and that she must be comforted by divertisements, if we expect renewed services from her. He adds, that the enjoyment of a benefit becomes irksom if it be not attended with Delight, and that it is an abuse of our Faculties and Sense not to employ those aids that Nature hath given us to bring our Travels to perfection. In fine, that Joy is natural to us, that she is nourished with us from the Cradle, that she is mixt with all the actions of Life, and that it is a self-cruelty to employ her otherwise than that common Mother intended.

I know that this Doctrine is not to be condemned without being accounted stupid or savage in the Peripatetick Opinion, and that it is a kind of temerity to attempt the destruction of a *Passion* whose Lovers are all the Poets, whose Panegyristis are all Orators, and whose Advocates are most of the Philosophers. Yet must we declare that in *Seneca's* Principles she is of no use to Vertue, that Vertue is too generous to seek her satisfaction out of her self, that she is happy in her own deserts, and esteems it even a dishonour to look upon Pleasure as her end, and to use her as a means to accomplish it: likewise those that make love to her pretend to no other Rewards but the enjoyment of her self; they esteem themselves happy enough when they can obtain her; and though Death or Envy be sometimes the price of their fidelity, they cannot be perswaded to forsake her. But then their motive is unlike that of other men; for besides that these undertake nothing but what they are hurried to by their self-interests, setting up Pleasures for the recompense of their Labors, and  
love



love not Vertue but because they hope to find Delights among her attendants; they lay hold on benefits that are but such in show; and, abused by common opinion, they seek their felicity amongst things that are the causes of their sorrow. Some imagine that Wealth is able to procure their happiness, and leaning upon the *esteem* that most men make thereof, they promise themselves Pleasure by the acquisition of Riches. Others are pleased with Honors, and perswading themselves that praises are often the fruits of Vertue, they place their felicity in airy Titles. Some are so sensual and effeminate as they affect only infamous or superfluous things, those Feasts that were invented for their recreations become their whole imployment: they take delight in the conversation of dissolute women, and they would deem their lives miserable if they should be deprived of those objects that flatter their Taste or their Lust. Some others more generous aspire to Grandeurs, they draw vanity from the multitude of Subjects, and as if their felicity encreased by the number of their Slaves, they please themselves only in the sacking of Towns, in the ruine of Countries, and in the conquest of Kingdoms. Others there are that vainly boast of their Learning, they employ the fairest part of their life in contemplating Natures wonders, they think there is nothing more noble than the knowledg of their Essence; and although they cannot but know that such skill will not render them more vertuous, yet cease they not to lodg their felicity in it.

But all these delights have so little coherence with Innocence and Tranquillity, that we cannot

engage with them without losing the one and hazarding the other ; their brevity is an evident mark of their fallacy, and *Seneca* said most truly that as intemperance charmed the misery of Drunkards by a delightful madness that lasted for a moment, so those objects afford divertisement only to make men the more sensible of Sorrow when the vanity that attends them is discovered. To make judgment of a mans happiness we must know if he be of an even temper in all his actions, if his Joy be as constant as the Vertue from whence it proceeds, if he change not his resolution with the variety of objects, and if he preserve the same measures in time of prosperity as in the state of adversity. A wise man ought to imitate the stars fixt by God Almighty in the firmament, he ought to consider the sublunary revolutions without alteration, and the evil that assaults him ought no more to discompose him, then the splendid favors of fortune to swell his mind.

It must not then be wondered if the Stoicks maintain so fierce a war against Pleasure, since they find it void of Reason ; if they condemn the use thereof since it runs always to excess ; and if they banish it from the Court of their wise man, since it most commonly proceeds from causes as unjust as imaginary. For, to speak properly, Opinion is the Fountain, this Fantastick which seduceth our understanding, corrupts our Will, and disguising the nature of the objects, leads us into delights that either abuse or make us guilty. For which cause *Zeno* thought it no offence against Truth, to describe Joy, An inclination of the Soul against Nature, occasioned by the opinion of a  
delightful

delightful thing, that seemed to afford us Content: for what advantages soever *Aristotle* invents to feed our Delights, it must be said that opinion is their Mother, that the objects are the Authors, that the principle, and their use would never please us if we were not perverted by the report that opinion delivers of them. From thence it comes that a sick man takes delight in things hurtful, that a vicious man rejoyceth in Debauchery, that a Lover takes pride in his Servitude, that Princes build their Glory upon the Honors given to them by their Subjects, and that the vainly curious make Idols of Flowers, Pictures and Images.

Likewise we see that when the mind becomes disabused, that truth succeeds the outward shews, and that Reason discovers all these Pleasures to be but the effects of opinion, and the employments of sick or idle persons, they soon alter their minds; that which before flattered their sense, they now despise, those Grandeurs that limited their pretensions become void of Charms to stay their desires, they cease to admire dangerous Beauties, and they finally turn Persecutors of them whom before they adored. Saint *Austin* in his Confessions is astonisht that God should be satisfied with his own felicity, that his Will should be unchangeable, and that one and the same Essence should always be the cause of his happiness: that the Angels should be eternal in their Affections, that their Love should be as constant as their Knowledg, that they should be inseparably knit to the Subject of their Glory, and that man only should delight in Change, that the

injoyment of benefits which he hath violently pursued should become nauseous to him, and that he should so much love Novelty, as often to convert his greatest Pleasures into Torments. Some Philosophers thought they had satisfied this doubt, by alleadging that man drew his inconstancy from the Heavens, and that being composed of a mixt body, which is always in agitation, he cannot but partake of its qualities. Some others have thrown this defect upon Nature, they say that his condition is incompatible with Rest, that his greatest content is in variety, and that as he is seldom in one and the same mind, it ought not to seem strange that his temper so often differs. But what Reasons soever they assign, we must conclude with *Seneca*, that Opinion is the only cause of this inconstancy, that it is she that alters his Resolutions, that runs his Understanding into error, that makes him approve what himself condemns, and perswades him that without sinning against his own Judgment, he may prefer a greater before a smaller benefit.

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Discourse

## Discourse II.

*That the Love of Beauty is an Enemy  
to Reason, and that it is not so  
much an effect of Nature  
as Opinion.*

**B**E silent lascivious *Poets*, profane no more  
our Altars with your false Divinities, this  
God to whom you sacrifice is but the  
work of your own frothy imagination,  
and this Monarch whom ye make to have so great  
a dominion upon Earth is but a Chymera by you  
formed, to lead us into the Paths of vice, or to  
Authorize your own Extravagancies. Forbear the  
abatement of your own Grandeur to magnify the  
power of an imaginary Tyrant. Forsake your  
excellent art of Rhyming, if you cannot make  
Verses but to seduce us; and finally learn from  
Reason that that Love whose frequent Victories  
you proclaim is but the dystemper of Mad-men,  
and the *Passion* of indiscreet  
persons. It will henceforth  
avail you nothing to dedicate  
Temples to this false God, to  
make all the Kings of the Earth  
his Slaves, to Subject all your  
Gods to his Government, and

*Quid aliud est vitia  
incendere, quam au-  
thores illis inscribere,  
& dare morbo, exem-  
plo Divinitatis, excu-  
satam licentiam? Sen.  
de brev. Vit. cap. 16.*

to load him with all the Titles which the extravagancies of Antiquity invented to distinguish the immortal Diety whom they worshipped. All those delightful lies are now out of credit, it belongeth no more to the impious to speak your Language, and it must be the loss of Conscience and Reason to become either your Disciple or Protector. What is there in fact more ridiculous then for an idle prattler to make Heaven a partner in his debaucheries, to excuse his crimes by the Example of his Gods, to give in their Incests for Bail to his Adulteries, and setting up Love as superior to his *Jupiter*, perswades us that he is transmitted into a Swan to enjoy *Callisto*, that he is changed into a *Bull* to ravish *Clytemnestra*, and that he is tempted to assume the form of a *Satyre*, the better to act the part of a *Buffoon*. We may say that malice is arrived to an extrem, when infamous things do not only divertize us, but delight us, when vices become our manners, and that we increase our miseries by the remedies that should be their cure.

Love is not so pleasing a *Passion* as to invite men to erect him Altars, and they have plainly discovered that they knew but the meanest part of his nature, when they went about to make him the glory and delight of Lovers. For although the other motions of the Soul be irksom, that their violence quarrels Reason, and that their humor be not less opposite to Justice then Temperance, yet have they this advantage upon Love, that they allow us respite, and that after having made us feel their fury, they leave us in a condition wherein we tast a kind of rest. Desire doth not always torment

ment us, and so soon as Hope makes but shew of leaving him, he falls a sleep. Sorrow doth not always throw us into despair, and by giving her but the least assistance you may draw her from her abasement.

Anger, that wild and untreatable *Passion*, is not always in the pursuit of vengeance, she will take her ease when she hath troubled us a while, and when she has gnawn the Bit she is at quiet. But Love will grant us no cessation, he persecuteth his Slaves at all times, his favors are as fatal as his disgraces, and it is not easy to judg whether his scorns or his carresses be most dangerous. Those Beauties for which men languish, are the cause of all their miseries, if they flatter their Hopes they encrease their flaming desires, and they tumble headlong into insolence and extravagance if they answer not their expectations. The liberty which that glorious sex vouchsafeth to man to approach their persons proves as pernicious as their commands not to presume to come into their presence, they fight against the one and are vanquisht by the other; and our condition is so miserable, that we cannot practise them without being their Slaves, nor endure difficulty to obtain their favors, without becoming their Martyrs. What greater torment can an Enemy be condemned unto, then to love a Creature that derides or makes her Triumphs of his liberty? What greater cruelty can be invented then to make Men idolize a Mistress that either maintains her rigor, or perseveres in her kindness? Both one and the other are as dangerous as dishonorable: and if a man be unjust to bestow his affection upon a person that disdains his addresses,

addresses, he is mean spirited when he submits to her who ought to obey him. Likewise they that discourse most solidly of loves essence, are in doubt to believe that it is natural to man, they assure us that there is another Principle in him which the art of Physick hath not yet discovered, and that

*Si naturalis amor esset,  
& amarent omnes, &  
semper amarent, &  
idem amarent; Neque  
alium pudor, alium co-  
gitatio, alium satietas  
deterreret. Petr. dial.  
69.*

a *Passion* which overthrows the order of nature cannot be of her production: for, say they, If love be born with us, it must be common to all men; that the Objects by which some are insnared ought to make impression on the minds of

others, that the shame and infamy that attends it ought not to divert them, and that by a necessary conclusion, one Woman should have all men for Suitors, or one Man should have all Women for Mistresses.

But because the inclinations of Men are different, that one and the same object procures Love and Hatred to divers persons, and that one views with indifference what another beholds not but with Admiration. They infer that love is not natural, that opinion is the Mother of this diversity of wills, who represents us things other then indeed they are, and makes us conceive a Love for that which is unworthy of it. Those Faces to whom Heaven hath not been liberal in favors, are not altogether freed from suspicion, some men fall in Love with *Baboons* in feminine habits. Uncleanneſs is sometimes as ugly as shameful, and it is not more ordinary for the deformed to love, then common for the beautiful to be courted.

All



All the parts of the Body unite when they are employed in the work of Nature, the senses that are incapable of conduct, constrain their assistance to succor or enlighten her, and the faculties of the Soul are so subserviant to her, that they always abandon their private differences to execute her orders.

But Love dispiseth all her Precepts, weakens her vigor, corrupts her inclinations, opposeth her dictates and by a fury as blind as unjust poureth confusion into all her Dominions. Never is man less reasonable then when he is seized by this *Passion*, and he never appears more indiscreet then when he gives ear to his Counsels or admits his suggestions. The most noble of his habitudes vanish at the appearance of this Tyrant, his courage flags, his Counsels are uncertain, his strength transmutes into Temerity, and having no thought for any thing but the Subject of his *Passion*, he becomes as useless to his friends as burthensome to himself.

The *Poets* had some Reason to feign that their *Jupiter* intermitted his own felicity when he descended from Heaven to be a companion of women, that the conversation of Creatures so little valuable, debased his condition,

*Amare simul, & sapere ipsi Jovi non datur.*

that the Empire of Love was incompatible with his Person, and that he did necessarily cease to be a God so often as he subjected himself to his Slaves. Although these wise Prattlers might think that their God was unchangable, and that they had more in design to publish the power of Love, then to make him a Sovereign of the

Diety

Diety to whom they paid Divine adorations; yet may it be said that this fable is become a real truth upon Earth, and that the *Passion* which they feigned to prescribe Laws to their Gods, swallows up mankind, and guides the inclinations contrary to their Nature. He is so powerful upon their minds that he changeth all their faculties, he makes the fearful audacious, he inspires the Niggard with liberality, he engageth the most generous to serve in vile and ridiculous actions, he abaseth the proud, he makes wise men carry Fools baubles, and by a new *Metamorphosis* he turns *Dunces* into *Poets* and *Orators*.

But as these are strained disguises, which ought to be rather attributed to the force of *Fancy*, then to the power of the thing loved, they easily return to their first inclinations, they renounce their *Amours* to pursue what is more suitable to their humors, they become at last the Persecutors of those Beauties which before had made them Idolaters: for as soon as the Sun of Reason begins to dart forth his Lights, that the judgment examines his first decrees, and that the will acknowledgeth his Errors, then he learns without much preaching, that Love is imperious, that he cannot be obeyed without hazard of liberty, that a man is a Slave so soon as he becomes subject to his Laws, and that Kings ought to think of laying down their Crowns from the hower that they become Amorous.

Let *Plato* exercise his Oratory in favor of Love as much as he will, let him make it the Governor of Arts and Sciences, and let him give it, if he please, the glory of having submitted the whole Earth

Earth to his Empire, he shall be constrained to acknowledg that it is the most sordid and the most blind of our *Passions*, and that he must have lost both his sense and his Reason that becomes his advocate. For what can be shewed us more unworthy of a Man, then to subject him to a Woman, to make him forsake his understanding to follow her fantastick humor, and to creep so far into her Dominion, as to have no desires but what are hers, no resolutions but what proceed from her lips, nor any Authority but what is confirmed by her decrees. Sometimes, as if the Beauty he adores were a Diety, he grows pale in approaching her Person, he trembles as often as he sees her, his Tongue gets the Cramp, when he would speak to her, and his Soul distracted with excess of the *Passion*, can form nothing but nonsensical and imperfect words. We must truly say that Love is an Enemy to nature, since it violates all her Laws, changeth the constitution of the most noble part of her Workmanship, and that leaving him in a condition where he hath no more the command of himself, he can undertake nothing that is not ridiculous or irregular.

To avoid then all these disorders, and to defend our Selves from the Tyranny of so malignant a *Passion*, Reason must timely prevent his assaults, and we must consider before we engage with such an Enemy, that the object to which he would draw us is not in our Power, that it is a benefit that cannot contribute to our felicity, and that the greatest Beauties are Heavenly presents placed upon Womnes faces, only to punish the folly of indiscreet and curious Persons. That this delightful

ful proportion of parts is an advantage of as small continuance as of great danger, that it's a flower that fades in few days, and a favor of Nature, to which all the accidents of life may prove injurious.

In fine, that Beauty is but a Sun that borrows all his Vertue from our opinion, and which would be void of light if it drew not it's splendor from our blindness. Indeed, if Love had not found the way to put out mens eyes he had long since been a King without Subjects, we should have been no more Souldiers list'd under his command, those who fight under his Banners would become his greatest Enemies, and they would disdain to prostitute their affections to a Mistress whose chiefest excellence is nothing but what she hath borrowed from the vain esteem of foolish men. But Love knows so well how to disguise her defects, that he sees not any thing in her of which he raiseth not the price, he makes her apparent blemishes to pass for currant perfections, and though she be often endued but with ordinary Charms, he forbears not to give her excessive praises. He ravisheth the Lilly of her whiteness to colour her face, he steals the Blush of Roses to embellish her Cheeks, he dims the glistering of the stars to increase the brightness of her eyes; and to hear him speak of her, Nature hath nothing wonderful in the Creation which is not summed up in her Person. He resembles those Idols that have eyes and see not, he sees notable defects, but observes them not, and although his sight be continually fixt upon her Face, yet can he not discern her spots from her perfections.

Mans condition were very deplorable if this *Passion* were without remedy, and if the Fountain whence it springs were as necessary as common. But as it draws its original from opinion its duration is equal to that which supports it: the same cause from which it hath its original stifles it, and Lovers most commonly find the Cure of their distemper in the cause that procured it. Some have Conquered their *Amours* by seeing their Mistress in a morning undrest; those whom they beheld in the day time as Goddesses, seemed Monsters at the escaping from their Beds, they could no more consider their aspects without disdain, and they began to learn without the consultation of Philosophers, that Women owe their glory to the splendor of Ornaments, and the greatest proportion of their Beauty to the opinion of their Slaves. Others have prevented the love of this Sex by that of Arts and Sciences; they have withdrawn their senses from pleasure to employ them in the contemplation of Nature, and, charmed by the attractions of truth, they preferred the study thereof before the possession of the greatest Beauties of the Earth.

*Plato amore contemplationis abstinuit ab omni delectatione Venerèa. D. Thom. 22. q. 152. Artic. ad 3.*

The consideration of the shortness of the Pleasure has made others treacherous to their own affections, and they became the Enemies thereof by the remembrance of the Pains which they caused them to suffer: they could not resolve any longer to cherish a Mistress whose conversation furnisht them with nothing but shame and Repentance; and who after a moment of divertisement plunged

plunged them into a condition equally shameful and unhappy. *Alexander* the Great was cured of this evil disease by Ambition, the desire of fame begat him the Title of Continent, as his Valor did that of Conqueror of the World, and in *St. Austins* sentiments, it's not easy to decide whether he was prouder when he fought against himself or when he gave Battle to his Enemies.

But every one sees that Reason is more effectual then these several ways of curing this distemper, that she is more absolute in man then Ambition, that her Power is beyond that of Curiosity, and that she that regulates all his Actions may more easily become the Sovereign of Love, then opinion and covetousness. For as mans will is free he may cease to love when himself pleaseth, he may recover his liberty as often as he looseth it, and even as to love a thing he need but will it, so to chase away the desire of it, it is sufficient not to will it.

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Discourse

## Discourse III.

*That Learning is vexatious and the Pleasures of Knowledg are mixt with Grief, Danger and Vanity.*

**P**hilosophy owns nothing in Nature more glorious than her self, all her Participants take share in her Grandeur, and although she suffers not her Suitors to draw vanity from their applications, she dares commend her self without fear of offending against the good manners she makes profession to teach them. The Delights she promileth to such as court her, seem to her too innocent not to attract their Love, and she concludes that a man must be without Courage or without Reason to refuse her his affection, when he has discovered her merit. She is so noble in her pursuits that she is busied only in the contemplation of the chiefest Good, and she is so delightful in her employments that her conversation is never without satisfaction; for besides that she is the Companion of Vertue, that she shews us the secrets of Nature, that she lifts us up into Heaven to inform us of her Wonders, and that she anticipates our felicity by the knowledg she gives us of our future happy estate, she fills the Soul with content, she unites our spirit to the object which it seeks after, and opening

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ing wide the Gates of Truth, and disclosing all her Charms, she seemeth to transport us from darkness to light, and from Bondage to a glorious Liberty. The contentment which man receiveth from the enjoyment of other things is always imperfect, the frailty of their nature threatens him with their deprivation, the crimes that usually follow it make him doubt their possession, and the difficulty he meets with to preserve them leave him but a mixt satisfaction of fear and grief. But understanding is a benefit which fortune cannot reach, the oppressors that rob him of his Wealth cannot touch it, it remains with him when his goods and honors are fled away, and a wise man may boast of being happy so long as he preserves it.

The utility of wisdom gives place in nothing to the contentments she promises, and if she have attractions to draw our Love, she hath benefits to satisfy the hopes of her Suitors. The Prince of Orators is not deceived when he styles her the Nurse of young men; the stay of the aged, the succour of the afflicted, and the Protector of the vertuous. He assures us that Religion would be doubtful if she were not enlightened by knowledge, and that necessarily the Spirit must disunite from the senses by understanding, to conceive her mysteries; that there is nothing more dangerous in a state then an *Ignoramus* who employes himself in explicating that Doctrine that is above his reach, and that a Kingdom looks towards it's ruin when Philosophers cease to command, and the people to obey them.

But



But though Antiquity make so high an esteem of knowledg, and that the honors she bestowed upon the Ancients obliged them to give her such glorious Titles, yet the Professors of Divinity make her the most rigorous of their Torments, and the most ingenious among them have confest that her pains surpass her pleasures; and the labours that must be undergon for her, do much exceed the delights she affords us. Her greatest business is to entertain us with matters as vain as useles, all her instructions are little more then eloquent words invented by subtilty to amuse us, and doubtless, a man is not much wronged, if he be denied that learning which he may be ignorant of to his advantage, and which he cannot know without danger.

Truth is so gentle that she permits all that court her to take her by the hand; not to despise her, is sufficient to be admitted into her presence, and as the Sun imparts his light liberally to all men, she communicates freely to all those that seek her: she is obscure only where science hath bemisted her. Those Tracts which art hath beaten to come at her have made her inaccessible, that which ought to conduct us to her, has turned us out of the way, and man is assured to miss her so often as he employs learning to find her. Nature has endewed us with more ready helps to become better; she hath fixt our felicity to our will, as she condemns all those habitudes which fill our heads with wind, she approves no skills that direct us not to vertue, she rejects all that sublime knowledg whereof the learned make their boast. She esteems them the inventions of ease, and delights which after having

a while entertained our fancy leave us in despair of finding her.

Those arts which we stile liberal, are but the pass time of youth, School-boys must learn them, and a man is not to converse with them any longer then while he is uncapable of more excellent knowledg. For if they be the beginning they are not the end of his studies, if they make part of our Apprentiship, they are not to be our employment: and if they help to make us knowing, they contribute nothing to our vertue. Also *Seneca* acknowledgeth but one science that leads us to wisdom, that teacheth us modesty with the art of good Expression, and that putting us into a state of liberty, at once inspireth us with the Prudence of Politicians, the Valor of Conquerors, and the constancy of Philosophers.

But she is so excellent that she admits no rival, she endures not inferior Allies, and she would think it a Treason against her own Grandeur if she should vouchsafe them her company. As the designs of Princes are not formed from the wild opinions of their People, and as Commanders banish from their Counsels those advices which conduce not to the end proposed, vertue rejects all that is not for her purpose, she retains but what is necessary; and as she esteems it an injustice in a covetous man to wish for superfluous Riches, she concludes that it would be a kind of intemperance in a wiseman to desire the knowledg of more then he needeth.

We must not judg of the wisdom of a man by the multitude of things he hath learned; Religion takes offence when we study her Mysteries rather for knowledg than re-

*Admitti non debet quis ad probandum id, quod probatum non prodest.*  
Lib. 10. Cod. de probat.

verence, she commands that practice should be the end of our Travels, and she permits us not to be of the number of them who spend their whole lives in the search without the love of Truth. When God placed man in the terrestrial Paradise, he inspired him only with the knowledg of things needful for him, although the favors wherewith he honoured him were excessive, He limited his Science, He would not he should learn what could not profit him; and, in the opinion of *Tostatus*, he sent him not the Animals made of Corruption to give Names unto, but for that the knowledg thereof was not of use to him, too much Learning is always insolent, and edifieth not; as we find no Conquerors that are not proud, we see no learned men that are not puffed up, Divines can tell us that the proud Angels strayed not from their Duty but by having too much knowledg.

*Aristotle* was of opinion that the famous men of old were often guilty of fantastical actions, that they made small sallies which were little different from great follies, that their Extasies surpast the strength of their Reason, and that they could bring forth nothing above ordinary men which was not akin to fury. Those great Wits which Antiquity puts amongst the number of Prodigies, have not always been the wisest men, their Works are not irreproveable no more than their Lives, if they

have written some things worthy of honor, they have left us others as ridiculous, and their Disciples confess they had intervals in which they were not more reasonable than mad men. Although this Language be opposite to the common opinion of the people, and that the benefits of knowledge oblige men to give it reverence where ever they find it, yet I think it not hard to draw them to the contrary sentiment, and to obtain their assent, that the knowing men at this day are but delightful dotards who act the fool by authority, and teach impertinencies with approbation. For what is it that our Professors of Learning do when they instruct us to define all things by their chiefest attributes, to separate their nature from their properties, and, by the aid of propositions infer that Vertue is a Gender, that Justice and Prudence are the Species, and that Vertue is separable from Temperance, but that Temperance is not to be divided from Vertue? What profit do we reap from these formalities? Of what use is it to know how to compose a formal Discourse? to reduce an Argument to an impossibility? to frame Sophisms to ensnare the unlearned? and to use *Dilemma's* and *Inductions* to surprize the unskilful? What advantage can we hope from the knowledge of Natural Philosophy, to be informed that the Earth is solid, that God by his Power can separate the form from the matter, that he unites at his pleasure two substantial forms into one compound, and directs the substance to produce a third by the intermediation of accidents, to which he communicates his efficacy? What serves it us to discover the Influences of the Heavens, to know that the Planets  
are

are corruptible, that the Sun is a mixt not a pure Element, that the Stars are void of Life, and that the whole Earth is but a Point compared with the Firmament that surrounds it? In fine, what advantage do we acquire when we are taught by Divines that God is infinit? that the Unity of his Nature agrees with the Trinity of his Persons? that the Father begets the Son from all eternity? and that the holy Spirit proceeding from the Father and the Son hath the communication of their Perfections? Were it not better that all the Arts were banished the Schools, than that they should entertain us with so many unedifying things, that they should teach us to regulate our Wills rather than our Fancies, and how to live vertuously, rather than to dispute well? Were it not to be wisht that Logick, by which we flourish our Harangues, by which we examine the property of Speech, and which boasteth of laying open Truth by the subtilty of Arguments, taught us to reform our Manners and to reject all these vain amusements of the mind, which benefit a wise man as little as they are troublesome and insignificant to the simple.

Were it not better that Geometry, taught the rich to bound his Desires, to divide a proportion of his Revenues amongst the poor, than to shew him the Art of taking the contents of his Parks, the height of his Palaces, and the extent of his Lands? Were it not to be desired that the Professors of Divinity would discover to us the way to love rather than define the Creator, and instead of informing us of his Essence, and labouring to make us conceive the mysterious Trinity of his

Persons by the Unity of his Nature, to teach us the awful adoration of Him whom we are not able to comprehend, and to make us forgo all that is dearest to us in the world, to be united to him, who alone ought to possess all our affections. But the delight of all Arts is the pleasure of discourse, they are swallowed up of the words that compose them, they are the minds diversion, and not the employment of the Will, they polish our Speech, and our Actions remain unrectified, and all the witty things they propose are but to divertize their Lovers; so that the greatest part of our Sciences are properly but specious trifling imaginations, and I do not think that he could offend the learned, who should define Knowledge to be the Dreames of them that watch, and Dreams to be the Knowledge of them that sleep. These defects in Knowledge would be tolerable, if other more dangerous consequences did not follow them, and that after having held their Martyrs in hand with things that fall out to be of little use, they did not make them impious or insolent. For as she is of an imperious humor, suffers no opposition, pretends to understand all things, and would no less be thought to dive into the mysteries of Faith than into the secrets of Nature; she is made use of to uphold Vice, and is conversant about what has most of shew, and not about what hath most of Truth, and, by an injustice contrary to that of Idolatry, she employs the most sublime part of her skill, to bring in question or to overthrow the Maxims and Principles of Religion.

But

But not to discredit Knowledge without authority, is it not she that hath so often changed the face of Christendom? Did not Philosophers become the first Hereticks? Did not the ages of the greatest Learning lean more to Atheism than to Religion? And was the Church ever more dismembred than when Ecclesiasticks undertook to raise Arguments upon her Dignity and Decrees. The diversity of their Opinions stifled that Charity which ought to have united her, and they ceased to be Christians when they were become learned men, the Desire that possess them of out-arguing their Antagonists made their designs scandalous even to the Heathen; and those men of Darkness were sufficiently enlightened to see that they who were looked upon as the Pillars of the Church, robbed her Faith of Assurance, her Doctrine of Evidence, and her Councils of Authority. Doth not all Europe complain at this day of the Art of Physick? Are not her Remedies as cruel as hazardous? The Disputes of her Doctors, have they not been the destruction of the greatest number of them that are gone down to the Chambers of Death? Do not Physicians make traffick of human Bodies without being arraigned at the Tribunals of Justice, when forgoing the Instructions of their Masters, they try the experience of new Medicines at the price of our Lives? And see we not daily that they send Death to their Patients with the  
Drinks

*Misera orbis Christiani  
facies sub Constantio,  
ob frequentes Ecclesi-  
asticorum disceptationes  
& conventus. Am-  
mian, lib. 21.*

*Mutatur ars quotidie,  
toties interpolles & ut  
quisque loquendo pol-  
let, imperator illico  
Vite & necis fit. Plin.  
lib. 29.*

Drinks that ought to cure them? The Churches and Church-yards are full of their victims; the Marbles that cover them publish nothing but their injustice; and if the Stones, under which they lie were not insensible, they would openly accuse them of Temerity and Ambition: they would proclaim to all the world that they are deprived of Life by using too much means to preserve it, that Art hastened their Sepulture, and that the multitude of Medicaments was the only cause of their Death. So that Science which was invented to divert or comfort us, is turned into our chastisement, and it were to be wisht for the common good, that as she is banisht from amongst the *Turks* and *Barbarians*, she were also unknown to *Christians*. For as she maintains that the Cause from whence she proceeds is infallible, she becomes obstinate in her determinations, she approves of no waters but what are drawn from her own fountain, and building upon the certainty of her own Authority, she from thence formeth Consequences no less dangerous than to her they seem evident. In fine, Knowledg is an immortal evil, her fury is without bounds, her malice exceeds the limits of time, and she is not less pernicious to man in the discovery of false Doctrine, than when she invents Reasons to intice him to defend or imbrace it.

Discourse.



## Discourse I V.

*That the Buildings and Gardens of  
Grandees are not so much the In-  
ventions of Necessity as  
Vanity.*

**A**Lthough in the precedent discourse, I declare war against Philosophy, and by Arguments drawn from *Senecas* Authority do discover plain enough the vanity and deceit thereof, yet should I think it an offence against that Justice so religiously observed in the Schools, if I permitted not her adherents to stand up in her defence, and to make their appeals from that condemnation, to plead her cause, and bringing their bill of review, to set forth her perfections to cover her defects. Her advantages are so considerable that we must be ignorant of her merit if we slight her too much, and Reason must forsake us if we esteem not the most noble and most delightful of her rational productions. Some have thought that we owe all our felicity to the observation of her maxims, that our glory consisted in her enjoyment, and that if our life were sustained by the aids of the Gods, we became vertuous by the help of Philosophy. In fine, they were not afraid to declare that we were more  
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obliged to her then to nature which gave us being. That if we received this from Heaven, we obtained vertue from that, and that a vertuous life being much above that which we hold in common with the Beasts, we were more beholding to her instructions then to the bounty of the Gods, if they were not as well the Authors of knowledg as of life.

It is easie to confirm this discourse by the Grandeur of her Employments, and to judg of the excellency of her nature by the different effects of her operations in the World. For although the most glorious of her exercises tend to the discovery of Truth by her lights, to teach us the adoration of God as our Sovereign, and to respect our Neighbours as members of our selves. Though she take upon her the care of instructing Princes, of leading their Subjects in the paths of obedience, of shewing Fathers how to educate their Children, and of furnishing States-men with those excellent rules by which to retain the people within the lemits of respect, and to make themselves dreaded of their Enemies: Yet would she think her labours ineffectual to their purpose, if she had not first allured them from their Caves and Forests, to give them the discipline of good manners; and preserving to every one their right, taught them to erect Houses, Castles and Citadells. Indeed it's she that invented Architecture, that contrived the first *Mansions*, and who raised sumptuous Palaces for Kings after she had built Huts and Cottages. Tis she, saith an illustrious *Stoick*, who taught our forefathers to mix sand and lime, to square Marbles with *Iron*, to hew *Timber* with *Steel*, to erect walls

walls by aid of Lime and Plummet, and to spread *Lead* and *Copper* upon our Houses. The proud Buildings which at this day we behold with so much applause are the operations of Philosophy, the Architects that raised them are but the Ministers, and what industry soever they have employed to polish them, they stood in need of her rules both to begin and to finish them.

We must be ingrateful not to honor her for so many good offices, her use binds us to esteem her, and it would be a kind of obstinacy to remain her Opponent after having learnt how necessary she is. Nevertheless by the principles of *Seneca* we must say that she was not more successful when she found out the art of Building, then when she formed the figures of *Sillogismes*, and that she was not less fatal to man when she taught him to build Palaces, then when she instructed the *Logicians* to deceive the simple by sophistries, the Physicians to commit Homicides without punishment, and the Lawyers to rob men of their Estates and good name without fear of chastisement. Indeed the *Mansions* of great men are not always the retirements of innocence; Vice there reigneth commonly by Authority, and what care soever the superintendant takes to preserve them from disorder they cannot in such families hinder the commission of those Crimes which in Huts and Cottages are unknown. Thieves take the advantage of their Woods and Coverts to surprize the harmless unguarded Traveller, the domesticks lead a disorderly life, the Masters spend their time in Play and Riot their servants become lazie, their Stewards grow rich, and their Lords poor, and the frequenters  
of

of such Houses, insensibly become vain and insolent. It is with families as with Cities, the greatest are commonly the most vicious; because men live in Palaces more at their ease, they do not therefore lead more vertuous lives, vice attends plentiful Tables, and be it that liberty or abundance facilitates the way to sin, experience sheweth that they who enjoy them seldom escape undepraved.

But we likewise see, that Divine Justice gives Commission to the works of great men to become their tormentors, they tremble in the midst of their Palaces, they are afraid of death under the covert of their gilded Ceelings, the cleft of a wall puts them into a fright, the clattering of a shutter drives their courage to a *Non-plus*, and they fear their days to be at an end every time the wind breaks a pane of their Windows, or puffs up a Tile from their Roof. The places of safety are not secure to them, and they are as much amazed to see the tapistry slip from the wall as if an Earthquake had violently thrown up the foundation of their Dwelling.

How much more happy do I esteem the condition of our forefathers, who neglecting the art of building, contented themselves with the Lodgings that nature had made them, those Chambers which she had indented in the Rocks served them for places of retreat, the open Fields were their floores, a large heap of Earth cased with Moss, was their Bed, and as Vanity had not yet taught them the art of adorning their Dwellings, they retired to the Caves of the Earth as to the places of their recreation. If they found a necessity of  
building

building Houses, art had no share therein, the Earth without opening her Bowels, served them for foundations, mud mixt with straw was the matter, the spoiles of Trees furnisht the Roofs and Covering, and two forked poles interlaced on each side supported the whole structure. The small accomodations that secured them from the outrageous influences of the weather, were also their defence against ravenous Beasts, and they lived more happily in those their Huts, then Princes do at this day in their glorious Palaces. For they were free under straw and moss, and these are Bondmen upon Thrones of Gold and Ivory; they found the contentment of happy men in their poverty, and these meet with the miseries of the damned in their Plenty. Though they possess all things, yet are they never satisfied, and it seemeth as if Heaven had granted them the temporal blessing of abundance, only to render them eternally miserable.

Those men that were ignorant of the use of Noble structures, who lived in woods and forrests, who built not but to defend themselves against the intemperatures of the Air, past their time with content, their nights were not interrupted with vexatious thoughts, they awakened as chearful in the morning as they contentedly laid themselves down to rest over night. Our cares commenced with the art of Building, the Edifices that enclose us ravish our rest, and it may be said we became unhappy, when knowledg perswaded us to forsake our Dales and Cottages to inhabit Palaces and Lordlike Houses.

A wise man that knows the vanity of our structures, despiseth them, he useth Houses as places of refuge, not as apartments to dwell in; he looks upon them as fortresses invented by necessity to warrant him from injurious seasons, and without being concerned for the matter whereof they are composed, he lodgeth his felicity in his virtues and in his conscience; he esteems his habitation sumptuous enough, when he hath virtue for his Guest, he considers the mansions of Noble men as the Sepulchres of the living,

*Illud humile tugurium  
nempe virtutes recipit,  
jam omnibus templis  
formosius erit. Sen.  
Cens. ad Helu. cap. 9.*

ing, he calls them the retreats of men that know how to hide themselves but not how to live, and whose spirits are mean enough to love their Prisons, but wanting courage to despise them.

They who delight in Gardens are not more excusable; and what pretext soever they lay hold on to authorise their practice, they cannot escape the censure of Philosophers. The pleasures which these men boast of tasting in such exercises, seem not to them sufficiently pure and innocent to rob them of their time; and though they have promised to themselves great advantages by their fruits or beauty, yet could they never intice those reasonable men to approve such employments. They pass the sentence of blame upon them for that they conclude them unserviceable to wisdom, and they inveigh against their Authors, because they entertain us only with things vain and forreign. *Socrates*, who so perfectly understood the injustice and sordidness of our divertisements, banisheth this employment from his School, he prefers the  
City

City before the Country, he adviseth his Scholars to be Citizens and not Peasants; and well knowing flowers and Trees are speechless things, he persuades them by his own Example not to consult those Tutors, who if they be able to recreate their Eyes, cannot satisfy their Ears.

I know that the *Romans* made esteem of Gardens, that the most famous amongst them made such their abode, that they disingaged themselves from the care of the Empire to exercise a Gardening life, and that a great number of their wise men retired to such places, the better to apply themselves to the study of Philosophy. I know that the curious walks and plots of Gardens, are friends to the Muses, that the refined wits take pleasure in them, that the greatest part of those works we admire at this day, had their conception there, and that their shady retirements have often been of more use to the learned than the Schools and conferences. There I know that the *Poets* composed those verses that animated many men to glorious Actions, that the Orators there made their *Panegyricks* in vertues favor, and that Philosophers there taught us quietly to attend our change, to resist misfortunes with a resolution, and to expect death without fear.

But I also know that Gardens were made but for diversion, that they are the ordinary employments of insignificant men, and that the greatest number of such spend their time therein but for recreation. Some are so linckt to them that they make it their whole business; they pass away all their life in the observation of party coloured flowers, they form and contrive spacious walks only for delight, they

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invent

invent mazes and labyrinths only to have the pleasure of being at a loss; and if they adorn them with murmuring Rivers, and reflecting Fountains, it is but to renew their Pleasures, to be charmed into a sleep by the noise of the waters that run from them. They spend a proportion of their revenues to buy Onions, they turn Merchants of forraign Plants, they value nothing but what was unknown in the Gardens of their Ancestors, and they would never be content if they thought they had not comprehended in their ground all the rarities that the Earth produceth.

What an extasie of joy are they in, when their Garden has brought them forth a new flower, when a Tulip is curiously streaked, when an Emony is finely doubled, and that a Pinck hath delightfully coloured her leaves with the mixture of bloud and milk? But then again how are they distasted when the Worms have got into their onion Beds, when the Sun hath withered a Plant which they had carefully cherished in a curious Pot, when the wind or the cold has kill'd a young wall Tree? We shall see some as much afflicted for these losses as others for a Kingdom, and I cannot tell whether they would not better bear the death of the dearest of their friends, then the miscarriage of a fine Tulip, or a curious Emony. What more vexatious occupation could curiosity have invented to torment us, then to affect us with the art of Gardening, to exercise a mans care to preserve flowers, and to convert the most innocent of recreations into matters of grief and vanity?



If then Heaven have permitted us the delight of Gardens, let us use them as places of refreshment, and not as retreats for idleness, let their shady beds and seats serve to unweary us, not to sleep in, let their obscure Arbors put us in mind of the habitations of the dead, and not serve to act our private debaucheries in, and let all that we there meet with serve modestly to divert, not to employ us. Let us not bid more for things then they are worth, let us judg of the beauty of our Gardens by the report of wise not of curious men, and let us learn of them that all these odoriferous flars which we so much esteem, are but party colored knots of Grass: and, to use the words of a Greek-Poet, *Zephyrus* breaths, that last a few days and flatter our sight the better to make us bewail their loss, when they have changed their glory into corruption.

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## Discourse V.

*That the gaudiness of Apparel discovereth the impudicity or pride of them that use it.*

**M**AN hath so great an affection for that which is good, that he cannot forgo the desire of it, the impious seek it, in their dissolute actions, the damned who live altogether in despair, wish for it, and they cannot forbear to hope the enjoyment of that which is not possible for them to possess. As the presence of good is the cause of happiness, the absence thereof procures their Torment. The impossibility of obtaining abates not their desires, they are constant to it in the midst of their punishments, and what pains soever they take to loose the love of it, they cannot banish it from their will, without the extremity of Violence. They love God though they be his Enemies, and they reverence his Excellence in the person of his Children, though they are not any more in a condition to communicate with him. This violent *Passion* is an evident proof of their wants; they affect what is good because they are indigent, and they desire not their Creator but because he only is able to supply their necessities.

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Although the love we have for beauty be not so natural as that which we bear to goodness, that the one be affixt to our substance and the other attend upon our will, that the one be an inclination of nature; and the other but an effect of opinion, it is therefore not less universal, and I know not if there be any Nation under Heaven that have not therewith been attained. The *Meridionals* who banish formal courts and reveling from their assemblies, despise not gay cloathing, they put on rich apparel so oft as they desire to be seen in publick; and deeming that their vestures set off the beauty of the Body, they array it with their choicest ornaments. They set tufts of Feathers on their heads, they fix Diamonds and Pearls to their Ears, they dress the skins of Beasts to cover them, they set off the blackness of their Bodies by the whiteness of fish bones, and as if the Pomp of their apparel made their Persons more honorable, they draw vanity from the costliness of their attire. This *Passion*, though guilty, is not by them condemned as criminal, she hath some qualities that make her glorious, her manner of operating is a Copy of that of the Diety, and adding to the Body a beauty which before it had not, she gives us to understand that our seeking to her is not so much the mark of our indigence as of her liberality. She beautifies the Body as the Temple of God, and she is of opinion that she pays respect to the Divine Power within it, so often as she bedecks it with forraign Ornaments.

The Politicians who boast of state conduct, imitate nature in this point, and as she distinguisheth the Animals male from female by exterior marks, they beget a difference of Persons by the diversity of Garments. They array Kings in Purple that they may seem the more Majestical to their Subjects, they give Robes to

*Auratas vestes aut murice tinctas nulli licet ferre, & gravi animadversione plectitur, quisquis vetito se, & indebito, non abdicaverit Vestimento. Cod. de vest.*

Senators as tokens of their Employments, they separate the Nobles from the Yeomandry by the fleece and the garter, and they will have it that ornaments shall be as well the rewards as the signs of valour, but this judicious manner of cloathing is at present out of use, opinion hath abolished the motive.

At this day we apparel our selves only for shew, the noble men wear their ornaments only out of vanity, and as the low Estate is despicable, so the common people put on Genteel habits only to dissemble their condition. It is hard now adays to distinguish a Merchant from a Gentleman by his Apparel, one cloath covers them both, and if it were lawful to judg of the quality of a man by his Garb, I know not whether ordinary persons would not often prefer a Citizen before a Knight. The Citizens Wives are as exquisitely drest as our Ladies, the Pearls and Rubies which were formerly the ornaments of Princeesses, now magnify their necks and fingers; the *Indies* have nothing precious but it's to be seen about their Bodies: and some amongst them are such flebergebits that their attire must not be inferior to the Rings and Jewels

of

of Dames of the greatest quality. But as the one and the other are inexcusable they will not be angry if I place them together, if I make it appear that they cannot adorn themselves without sinning, and that they become not less suspected of impudicity then Pride, so often as they bedeck themselves to Excess.

Nature doth so much resemble truth, that nothing upon Earth can corrupt her: Art which brags of being her Ape, could never debauch her works, that Purple which makes a King and the Cowl that makes a Hermite, alters not his Face, and what artifice soever industry emploies to raise or abase it's beauty, she is not able to disguise the Air and lineaments thereof. We see some Women so charming that they dart love into men in despite of the Rags that cover them; and some are by nature so ill proportioned, that all our Court inventions cannot render them pleasing, the splendor of their Attire encreaseth their defects, and they are never more deformed then when they are best accoutred, all that should set them off makes them ugly, and they cause their beholders to confess, that if ornaments do sometimes diminish the graces of the beautiful, they always augment the imperfections of the unhandsome. Ladies, if this Principle be true, and if experience constrain you to own it, though with some difficulty; wherefore waste you so much time in your attire? What is that Spanish red with which you force your Cheeks and Lips to blush good for? And of what use are all those Jewels which rattle at your Ears? If you are deformed all these ornaments increase your defects, your faults are more visible when  
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they approach the glory of your attire, and you carry nothing of less use about you then that which

*Deles picturam a Deo  
datam mulier, si vultum  
tuum materiali candore  
oblinas, si acquisito ru-  
bore perfundas : illa  
pictura Vitii non deco-  
ris est, fraudis non  
simplicitatis. Amb.  
Exam. lib. 6.*

you employ to hide your un-  
handsomness. I know that  
you will fancy your selves to  
be beautiful, and that it would  
be an offence against that civi-  
lity which you imagin to be  
due to your sex; not to think  
as you do. But if you believe  
it, why do you betray your

own judgment by your practice? Why seek you  
after ornaments to adorn you, and thereby silently  
confess that ye are unhandsome, seeing ye have  
need of a forreign beauty to set off your own:  
innocence and purity are Enemies to disguises,  
impurity and unworthyness seek Coverts and off-  
sets: things decent suffer not concealment, and a  
Woman becomes doubtful of her own perfections  
when once she calls to her Jewels and her Silks  
for their assistance to purchase the vain Title of  
beautiful.

It's true that what some of the most witty of  
the sex have to say for themselves is ingenious;  
For they plead that it is to please their Husbands,  
and as their happiness consisteth in the enjoyment  
of their good graces, they ought to employ their  
utmost skill to obtain and preserve them. But they  
forget that in designing to preserve the love of a  
man, they loose the favor of God, that in con-  
tenting their Husbands, they beget impudicity in  
others; and these committing Adulteries upon their  
Faces, they are the cause of unlawful desires.  
What a folly is it for a Woman to prefer a bastard

com-

complexion to her own? To drive nature from her Cheeks by Vermillion, and forfeit her own judgment for fear of her Husbands censure? It must be concluded that they esteem themselves deformed, since they falsify their own faces, and that they are first unpleasant in their own Eyes, since they seek matter out of themselves wherewith to delight others.

*Quanta hæc amentia,  
effigiem mutare nature,  
picturam quærere; &  
dum verentur, maritale  
judicium perdere suum?  
Aug. lib. 4. de Doct.  
Christ.*

In fine, All that they alleadg for their excuse, tends to their condemnation, and without a formal Philosophical Proceſs they may easily be found guilty by their own Arguments. For if they be handsom, wherefore do they disguise themselves under so many different forms? And if they be unhandsom, why do they betray their defects by smug pots and ornaments? This *Dilemma* puts the less extravagant to a *Nonplus*, those that are not become shameless do own that they cannot adorn themselves without sinning, that their attires offend their Conscience, as well as their honor, and that if Adultery be odious because it is a violation of Chastity, the Luxury of apparel ought to be abominated, for that it corrupteth our Nature.

Those Christian Ladies that lived in the Primitive Church, were far from this vain humor of Apparel; they despised outward ornaments because they were the Testimonials of sin, they never clothed themselves without consideration of their Mothers nakedness, and as they were chaste and penitent,

penitent, they would not make use of attires that should not put them in mind of her disobedience. They thought they were going to their own funerals, so often as they were obliged to dress themselves; and making judgment of the misery of their condition by the greatness of the punishments inflicted on them they believed themselves condemned to dye, because they were constrained to carry about them the marks of their crime. Being the daughters of *Eve*, they were content if their shame were but covered, a peece of Cloath served for that; they thought it a sin against Justice to be more richly clad then their Parent, and glorying in the meanest of their Apparel, they taught the Dames of our days that there is no beauty but that of vertue, no comely white but that of purity, no lovely red but that of shamefacedness, no handsome or graceful behaviour but that of modesty.

If the Women of the World would take the pains to consult their guides upon this Subject, and if these had candor enough to lay open their injustice, as they have sordid flattery to hide it, they would long since have learned that they cannot have recourse to artifices without fowling their Conscience, and that they become guilty so

*Quantum a nostris disciplinis aliena sunt, quam indigna nomine Christiano, faciem fictam gestare, quibus simplicitas omnis inducitur? Turtul. lib. 16. de cult. fem. cap. 7.*

often as they make use of gaudy attire and painting to set out their Earthen Vessels, and to imbellish their complexions. 'Tis not to be a Christian, saith the learned *Tertullian*, to falsify the Work of that God whom we pretend to adore, to pre-

fer



prefer fraud or art before that simplicity which he teacheth us, to cheat a man under pretence of pleasing him, and to disguise the face with design to ensnare him.

Doubtless our vain Women must have given themselves up to the Tempter, since he hath so much power over their will, since he draws services from them so disadvantageous to their own Salvation, and hath so much the ascendant of their understanding, as to induce them to break the Oath which they made in the day of their Baptism. For if they will look back into that, they shall find there that they dedicated their liberty to the Son of God, they promised to be his spouses, they protested the renunciation of all worldly vanities, and to have respect unto his Commandments at the hazard of their lives. Yet as if the corruption of the times gave them a dispensation from that Oath of fidelity, they despise his Laws, they oppose their own wills against his commands, and making a mock of the simplicity of his Doctrine, they walk in all the Paths that are contrary to it. We permit not our servants to hold correspondence with them against whom we stand at defiance, that Souldier is chastized that keeps intelligence with the Enemy, and it is a punishable crime in an Army, to go out of the Camp to parly with an adversary. And yet our Christian Women are not afraid to consult the Devil, who is their common Enemy, they take pride in being his Disciples, they prefer his advices before the Counsels of Jesus Christs, and without being sensible of the hazard they run of their Salvation in following so dangerous and malicious a guid, they are content

content with a Tutor that instructs them in impudence, vanity and prostitution.

Let those that Idolize them bring what Reasons they can for their excuse, they are not able to acquit them of sin, their intentions cannot be innocent, they are sufficiently guilty when they begin to delight in gaudy attire ; the aversion they have against keeping at home renders them suspected, those Courtships and Revels with which they are pleased, bring their pudicity in question ; and I might say that they cease to be vertuous from the time that they desire the company of men to see and to be seen ; beauty is exposed to Temptation, it is an advantage as dangerous to them that enjoy it, as to them that behold it, and it sufficeth to know that she is of no use to the Angels, that she brought a scandal into Heaven, that she caused the second sin in the World, to perswade Women to neglect, and men to disesteem it.

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THE

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THE  
SECOND TREATISE.  

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OF  
DESIRE.  

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Discourse I.

*Of the Nature of Desire.*

**A**S a wise mans content is from within, he finds his felicity in his own Breast, he draws his confidence from the sincerity of his Conscience, and discovers nothing upon Earth that is able to satisfy him but his own Vertue, it ought not to be wondered if he reject his *Passions*, and if after he hath examined their nature and properties, he finds them as disadvantageous to his rest as useles in his conduct. Their ill usage has procured his hatred, and he drives them not from his soul, but because they breed seditions and disorders. The discourses which the Peripateticks have formed to undeceive *Seneca* in that belief, could not perswade him to receive them into his service, and what excessive commendations soever their Writings have afforded them they could not bribe this generous *Spaniard*, they hinder him not from declaring war against them;

them; and he considers them as the evil spirits that set themselves in opposition to Vertue, as Tyrants that conspire her ruine, and insolent Subjects who brave her Authority and despise her Government.

*Pesidonius*, who was not famous amongst the Ancients but because he sided with the Stoicks, thought he pleaded the Cause of his Gods as often as he opposed their Adversaries, when he exhorted his Disciples to scorn their assistance, and when he proved, by Reasons drawn from Morality, that *Passions* were but the diseases of mad men, and the opinions of the ignorant. To hear this Philosopher's discourse, the Earth bears nothing more miserable than a passionate man, and, in his opinion, to restore Vertue to her Dominion, we need but banish her Enemies which are our *Passions*. This sentiment for being somewhat severe, is no opponent to Reason, we find Philosophers at this day who maintain it in the Schools, and are not afraid to incur the censure of some Divines by defending the Doctrine of Infidels. *Seneca* blameth Love for that he is always interess'd, because he seeks his own advantage in the object he hunts after, because he respects fortune and not the person, and for that his duration is no longer than while he is fed by pleasure or profit. He condemneth Fear because she is umbragious, she hastens our misfortunes by her foresight, she is tormented before the afflictions touch us, and unites the present with the future to make us unhappy. He opposeth Sadness because she is injurious to mankind, she wounds his Body, she troubles his Understanding, and is not less offensive to one and the

the other in her moderation than in her excesses.

But he is never more animated against *Passions* than when *Desire* would be admitted into employment, and he demonstrates by *Reasons* as evident as efficacious, that he cannot lawfully act any thing for us: and that that man must not give him any business who will not hazard his liberty and rest. To apprehend this *Doctrine* well, we must suppose with *Zeno*, that no action can be good which is not agreeable to Nature:

in the *Morals* of this great *Philosopher*, whatsoever strays from this universal *Law* is vicious, and a man cannot boast of being virtuous any longer than he governs himself by her rules. For as all her *In-*

*Omne quod contra naturam est, monstri meretur notam penes omnes; penes nos vero etiam elogium Sacrilégii in Deum naturæ & authorem Tertul. lib. de coron. milit.*

structions are divine, she ordains nothing but what is equitable, and every man ought to obey her, that will not set himself to overthrow the purpose of her Author. *Kings*, who are the *Gods* of their People, are subject to her *Laws*; among *Christians* we accuse them of *Sacriledg* against *God*, who transgresses her *Ordinances*; and no man becomes guilty of their violation, but he is deemed a monster in the judgment of all men. The justice of her *Laws* renders such as offend against them more guilty; as she is the *Disciple* of *Truth*, we cannot violate her *Commands* without offending her Master. What ever issues not from this spring is vicious, and we may be assured of falling headlong into danger every time we shut our Eyes against this Light.

From

From hence it comes that Philosophers maintain so bloody a War against Desire, because he flights her precepts, he is insatiable in his pursuits, and contrary to Nature, who is content with little, nothing but infinity must be his bounds ; Philosophy, as ingenious as she is, hath not yet found the way to give him satisfaction, he is insolent notwithstanding her precautions, the remedies which she hath composed to heal him, have only served to enflame his feaver, and she is not cleared of the imputation of having taught him to long for excessive things, by permitting him to seek after supposed necessaries. For as he is ambitious he always meditates new Conquests, the Riches he already enjoys content him not, he aspires to them that are out of his reach ; and as if he were immortal and infinite, he gains new strength from that which one should think should stifle him. A man who thinks of nothing but what yet is to be received, easily forgets what he hath already obtained, he ceaseth to take pleasure in present enjoyments, and having all his thoughts bent upon the future, he confesseth that he is needy in the midst of his Wealth.

*Quisquis de accipiendo cogitat, oblitus accepti est, nec ullum habet malum cupiditas majus, quam quod ingratum est Sen. Ep. 73.*

But his poverty proceeds from his ingratitude, he is indigent because he is unthankful, and he is not miserable but because he flighteth the benefits he hath received, to hunt after the things which he expects.

An ambitious man was never seen to be content with his condition, he languisheth under the hopes

hopes of renewed Grandeurs, those which he already enjoys are but the Ladder by which he climbs, he looks upon them which are above him and not upon those of a meaner state; and he hath less pleasure to see many behind him, then disquiet to behold one before him. His Desire encreaseth with his Power, and as he considers not from whence he came, but whither he tends, it permits him not to stop in that to which he had imprudently aspired. A lascivious person loves diversity, he stays not long upon one Beauty, one and the same object delights and displeases him in a few days, and as if his Love made him lose her allurements, he forsakes her to seek another. A covetous man is never satisfied, he resembles the bottomless pit which swallows all; the wealth which he gathers augments his appetite, and who so could sound the depth of his thoughts would see that he wisheth for the death of all men, that he might become Master of their Treasures. The study of our own inclinations is sufficient to confirm these Truths: We never lose the desire of augmenting our Estates, we can hardly believe that we have wealth enough, our fortunes displease us when we make comparison with our neighbours. Sometimes, by a strange humour, we deem the favours that are done us to be injuries, and, suffering our selves to be surprized with suspicion, we think our selves offended, when the things given us are not correspondent to our expectations. This disorderly Passion caused the death of the first Emperors; that valiant Prince was massacred

*Divum Julium plures  
amici consecerunt quam  
inimici, quorum non ex-  
pleverat spes inexplebi-  
les. Sen. 3. de ira c. 30.*

N

for

for not being able to satisfy the Desires of his adherents; the Pride and Covetousness of his friends were more fatal to him than the Rage of his Enemies, and he saw himself pierced thorough the sides in the midst of the Senate, by those whom he had obliged but was not able to satiate. Although he managed his Conquests liberally, and reserved nothing to himself but the power of dividing the spoils amongst his Souldiers, he could not render them content because they altogether demanded that which one could but wish for.

If a man who desireth be insatiable, he is not less inconstant; and though he covet all yet is he irresolute in his designs. He changes his wishes according to the objects that present, he abandons a real good, to choose one that is but such in shew; and as he is at liberty in his Will, he expatiates himself upon all that he fancies to be of use or delight to him. The Hope of a fresh advantage stirs up his faculties, and raising diversity of Desires in the reasonable appetite, he is so much the more inflamed as he meets with difficulties in the obtaining. The Good of another appears to him attended with more charms than those which himself possesseth; and it sufficeth him to apprehend that a thing is out of his power to make him affect it. For as he is unlucky in his choice, and seldom finds that benefit that fully contents him, he esteems what he hath not, he doubts of the reality of what he enjoys; and, being not much taken with it, he easily forsakes an ordinary benefit to aspire after a better. Our Desires have so much coherence with the things we covet, that they follow all their motions, they alter their

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humors when these change their faces, they abate of their violence when these lose any thing of their advantage; and, by a contrary faculty, they encrease their eagerness when these put on new Beauties.

From thence it cometh that we commonly differ from our selves, that our last resolutions make war upon our first designs, that we aspire to the things which we despised, that Repentance succeeds our Vows, and that we are as little satisfied in Prosperity as in a low estate.

But although that the objects feed our Desires, that they are the first causes of their agitation, and that they may bear the imputation of our disquiet and disorder, yet have they need of opinion to procure the esteem of men; their

*Nihil habet ita magnificum, quo mentes in se nostras trahat, præter hoc quod mirari illa consuevimus: non quia concupiscenda sunt, laudantur, sed concupiscuntur, quia laudata sunt.*  
Sen. Ep. 18.

charmes are not powerful enough to seduce the understanding without our own approbation; and they would make but light impressions upon us, if that fickle Counsellour were not retained for them. All those advantages which we so much prize have nothing praise-worthy but our own admiration, they are not valuable but because we esteem them so: wealth and honours are not in vogue but because they are revered of the common people, and men would never become proud and covetous, if they hearkened not rather to the bruit of the World than to the instructions of Nature. In most of our sentiments we are unjust, we measure the worth of things by other mens reports, we seek them because they are esteemed; and, to say all in few words, we commend them

not to love them, but we love them because they are commended. Also the Stoicks define Desire to be an eruption of the Soul towards an absent Good, upon which Opinion hath set a price, and which she hunts after contrary to the Laws of Nature. For what dexterity soever Morality makes use of to keep him in order, he is equally blind and insolent. He is inexorable to Vertue, he despiseth her maxims, and is so much an enemy to Reason, that he always forsakes her Party to joyn with her Adversaries. Though hope be the succour of the miserable, she is nevertheless unjust; she abandons solid benefits to seek after perishable advantages, she promiseth what she cannot perform, and against Natures œconomie she affords nothing more delightful than perpetual agitation. Audacity which is a desire of combat, is not more reasonable, she undertakes things above her strength, she attacketh danger and knoweth it not, and she often precipitates her self into destruction, designing it for her enemy. Anger is a Pestilence to Nature, she maintains enmity amongst men, she looks upon the offender and not the offence, and as she is as savage as proud, she torments her guests before she gives them vengeance for the outrage they have received. But as the calamities which these three *Passions* bring us into are too great to be comprehended in this Discourse I, have assigned them the three last of this Treatise after I have shewed in the two following the injustice of Desire in Ambition and Covetousness.

Discourse II.

*That the Desire of Greatness and  
Wealth, plungeth men into  
Misery and Sin.*

**S**overaignty is so ancient and her Conduct so necessary to Government, that she is not to be dissolved without sending nature back to the *Chaos*, she is the only pillar of human affairs, the line that unites all the parts of the Common-wealth, and the vital Spirits which animate all the members that compose it. For, as man is a friend to Society, and that Society cannot subsist without Peace, as Peace followes union, as union is inseparable from good order, and as good order cannot be without dependance nor dependance without Authority: Policy hath happily invented Government, she got the people to be subject to Magistrates, she placed Princes at the head of the Nobles, and according to that instinct that is common to all men, she made servitude necessary to us, and obedience delightful. *Isaac*, who is lookt upon in Scripture as the model of Politicks, thought he did *Esau* no wrong when he commanded him to obey his younger Brother: this preference according to

the words of *Philo* was not so much a maladiſtion as a testimony of his love, he ſatisfied the Divine Juſtice by hearkening to the ſolicitations of his wife; and knowing that a man that lives by his weapon is ſubject to many *Paſſions*, he judged he might appoint *Jacob* to be his Governor without injury to his primogeniture. It was with this

*ut domiti ſe melius haberent, quum indomiti ſe deterius habuerant*  
Aug. 19. de civit. cap. 21.

Reason that the *Roman* Commonwealth juſtified her uſurpations; that ſhe perſwaded the World that her Conqueſts were lawful, ſince their Empire became beneficial to the people whom they overcame, and that giving them Philoſophers to inſtruct them in virtues, they made their ſubjection of greater advantage to them then their liberty. That as the Body obeys the mind, and Reason commands our *Paſſions*, they alleadg that the weaker ought to ſubmit to the ſtronger, Cowards to Valiant Men, and the leſs perfect to the more accompliſht.

This feeble argument hath made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on the Spirits of ambitious men, that they thought they might lawfully aſpire to greatness, that the deſire of honors was not ſo much a mark of Pride, as of generoſity; and that the moſt excellent thing in this World might be ſought after without ſcruple. They affirmed, with much Reason, that man was born to command, that nature had given him extraordinary parts for that purpoſe, and that as ſhe had granted ſtrength to wild Beaſts to offend or defend, policy to ſome to avoid the Hunters, and ſwiftnels to others to fly from their Enemies; ſhe had placed in man a  
generous

generous Spirit fit to command, which delighted in Dignities, and which esteemed all things below himself but Government and Empire: In fine, that the *Passion* that made him affect greatness was natural to him, that Sovereignty was approved of all Nations, that the Son of God proposed it to his Disciples, when he promised they should sit upon Thrones judging the Tribes of *Israel*. But what colourable Reasons soever are formed by Historians and Orators to excuse the desire of greatness, they cannot deny but that it is fatal to the ambitious; and that if it be not always sufficiently unjust to render them guilty, it is too extravagant not to make them unhappy.

For besides that they aim at that which is out of their power, that they are enclosed with Enemies that oppose their designs, that they see themselves often deceived

*Magna servitus magnæ fortune est. Sen. consol. ad Polib.*

in their hopes, that their friends forsake them; and that they are forced to confess, by the Travels that attend their Projects, that it is no less difficult to arrive at dignity than to preserve it. Besides that, envy is inseparable from their condition, that men often conspire against their Persons; that their Subjects hate them, and that their equals suspect them: they endure miseries that give the lye to the opinion of the World, the honors they hunted after with so much earnestness, procure their disquiet; and, by an inevitable misfortune, they meet with grief amongst those things from which they expected their joy and felicity.

Fear assaults them at every turn, they suspect the countenance of their friends as well as the looks

of their Enemies, all that approach them create their jealousies; and, by a suspicion that discovers their Calamities; they have often an apprehension of the Valour or vertuous comportments of their successors. They are afraid that they which are one day to sit on their Throne should contrive their ruin; and as they know that the people delight in novelty they fear least their Children should become their Sovereigns.

*Rato quam justus quisquam fuit, ut non maior populo successor foret. Petr. de remed, utriusq. fort.*

Indeed, goodness is not the object of the love of all men, if some reverence it in the person of their Prince, others grow weary of it, or despoise

it. What integrity soever Kings bring to the Throne, they become guilty enough by reigning long; and it's sufficient to know that they have successors, to render them odious to their Subjects. The vulgar are so fantastical in their affections, that their greatest constancy lasts but a moment; they hate the blessing which they enjoy, they desire it when it's expected, and never truly esteem it but when they have lost it.

What contentment can a man have amidst so many apprehensions? What felicity can he taste in the Government of an ungrateful people, who are never satisfied with his Conduct, who expect his death every time he is indisposed, who wish it under the shadow of enlarging their liberty; who find fault with the favors they have obtained from him, and magnify them only which they expect from his heirs?

Without doubt these Reasons made *Augustus* think so often of a Retreat, and which inspired him with

with the despicable thoughts of an Empire, which exposed his actions to censure, his safety to hazard and his life to perils. For although he gave Laws to the greatest part of the world, held the *Roman* fortune in his hands, and saw the wisest Senat upon earth pay reverence to his Commands, yet he sighed after retirement, he ceased not to request the Senat for leave to surrender; his most serious Speeches ended with these pleasant expectations, and he filed that his happy Day that should strip him of his Dignities. He had learned, by a long experience, how toilsom a publick Charge is, how many hazards were to be undergone to obtain it, and how many cares were required to preserve it; having been often obliged to arm himself to tame his Subjects, give Battels to supplant his Competitors, and bring Armies into the Field to warrant him from the surprizes even of his friends. How often was he seen constrained to abandon his Frontiers, to march into *Sicilia*, travel into *Egypt*, carry Armies (yet covered with *Roman* Blood) into *Asia*, to bring the factious to obedience? When he is busied in reconciling the *Alpes*, when he is drawing the Rebels to their Duty, when he is making Slaves of his Enemies, and is projecting new Conquests, beyond the *Rhine* and *Euphrates*, even then they contrive plots against his Person, they prepare Weapons in the City of *Vannbe*, for his Assassination: and, he that was coming triumphant from the subduing of all the Rebels of his State, finds himself designed for death by a Band of seditious men. Hardly had he escaped these Ambuscades but his own Daughter, attended by a company of young

young Gallants whom she had gained by her Prostitutions, renewed his fears, and by alarms that seldom gave him rest, threatened to send death to him, through the thickest of his Guards that surrounded him. Thus being wearyed with the Dignities of an Empire, and tired with a load that exposed him to so many dangers, he seeks for rest, and charmed his misfortunes with that hope: he conjures the Senat to discharge him of this burthen, and, by an imbecillity affix to the condition of Kings, he supplicates that of others, which himself could vouchsafe to all the Slaves of Rome. He shunned the Court as the Enemy of innocence, and sought for solitude as the habitation of rest, and the mansion of Vertue. He knew that men could not reign without being unhappy or guilty, that the hatred of the people or the displeasure of God were the ordinary portions of Monarchs; and that as they could not command well without the dissatisfaction of men, they could not govern unjustly without attracting the Anger of God. With what Authority soever Kings are flattered, they never can be said to be absolute in their Governments,

*Funes ceciderunt mihi  
in præclaris. Psal. 15.*

they are obliged by the Civil Right as well as their Subjects; and if they have Power to establish Laws, they are not

*Quod quisque juris in  
alterum statuerit, ipse  
eodem jure utatur.*

permitted to violate them. Their Liberty is an illustrious Bondage, they can do but one half of what they desire, though they pretend their Power to be equal to their Will, they can scarce do any thing for being able to command all things: and



an Orator told *Trajan* excellent well, that if it were a mark of great felicity in his person to be able to do what he desired, it was an act of Grandeur to command no more than what was just. Authority destroys not Justice, and a Prince renders himself incapable of governing his Subjects, from the time that he discredits his Laws by his own actions.

Though it be easie to conclude from all this Discourse that Greatness is a state of Servitude, and that that Puissance that attends it is as deficient as dangerous, yet are there but few men that do not seek it, and who care not for becoming guilty or miserable, provided they may but appear to be great. The Ages past, have shewed us some so degenerated as to violate all Laws for the obtaining of Government; who have mounted the Throne by Murders, who were not afraid to commit a homicide to acquire a Kingdom, and who held it for truth that if it were in any case lawful to pervert Justice, it was to be done in matters of State, and to arrive at Command. The Poets who in their fables have so wittily described the inclinations of men, observe well that an ambitious man must needs be insolent, since he spared not the blood of his nearest Relations, that a Kingdom was dearer to him than his Gods and his Children, and that he often sacrificed the one and the other to the flames, to bring his designs to pass. *Polinices*, whose tragical

*Sceptra Thebarum fuit  
impune nulla gerere.  
Sen. in Thebaide.*

Story we read of, was of this humor, although his mother assured him that he could never arrive at the Command of others without renouncing of his own liberty, that a Kingdom was a laborious Bondage,

dage, that a Scepter was not so much a heavenly favour, as a mark of Gods anger; and that it was sufficient to inform him that *Cadmus* and his Heirs had been unhappy, to purge him of so evil a Distemper as the desire of Sovereignty: he made her this answer, that he was resolved to be superiour, that the misfortunes of his Ancestors frightened him not, that death was no terror to a man that despised it, and that he was not careful what his end should be, provided he might but die possessed of a Scepter and Diadem.

That Divine spake wittily, who said that Ambition was Charity's Ape, that the most insolent of our *Passions* imitated the most excellent of our Vertues, and that their manner of acting had much resemblance, though their motives were different. Charity, saith that eminent Doctor, is patient, and suffereth generously the injuries done her for the love of things eternal, and Ambition passeth by affronts to arrive at the Honors of the Earth; Charity is merciful, and distributeth liberally of the Riches she possesseth; Ambition slights them, and esteems only those she aspires after; Charity endureth pain and death in defence of the Truth, and Ambition shuns no Combat for the establishment of her own Glory. Both believe and hope all things; and amongst all their resemblances this difference only is discernable, that the one pursues that which is good, and the other hunts after that which is evil; that the one makes her Lovers to become the Disciples of *Jesus Christ*, and the other causeth her Martyrs to be the Slaves of Satan. Indeed who shall believe that a man who makes war upon his Neighbours, who  
breaks

breaks into the Frontiers of his Allies, who violates the sacred bounds of Nature, and tramples under foot those Alliances which that wise Mother hath made among the Nations of the Earth, to arrive at the accomplishment of his designs, is not posselt of an evil spirit? Who shall think that a Prince, who is never content with his Fortune, who drives the blessing of Peace out of his Territories, who prescribes no limits to his Desires, who esteems nothing unjust but what he cannot compass, is not a Slave to the Devil and a Martyr of Vanity? Who shall judg that a man who descends into the Seas, who traverset all parts of the terrestrial Globe to gain a piece of Earth, can be in his right mind, and can be other than his own enemy, and the Tyrant of the people whom he hath conquered? Pride hath nothing of Justice but her own miseries, and without the invention of Punishments to chastise her, to leave her to her self is sufficient to make her unhappy: For although all the *Passions* strive to afflict her, Hope to seduce her, Fear to perplex her, Grief to distract her, and Anger to throw her into precipitous Battels; she cannot obtain what she desires from the vanquished. If she make them her Vassals she cannot procure their Love, and what Art soever she employ, she cannot oblige those freeborn men to give her their Affections or Venerations. The desire of Riches for being more common amongst men than that of Honors, is not more reasonable: for if that be insolent, this is impatient, if Ambition render men arrogant, Covetousness makes them sordid; if Pride make impious Proselytes, Avarice begets Idolaters: and in *Seneca's*  
Morals

Morals it is difficult to resolve, whether we become more guilty by pretending to be above our equals, or when we make a God of that metal, which we ought to place among things of the meanest consideration.

It must be confest that this *Passion* is in some sort natural to us, that our Parents taught us the use of it from our infancy, and that recommending to us the acquisition of Gold and Silver, they have

*Admiracionem nobis  
parentes auri argenti-  
que fecerunt: & tene-  
ris infusa cupiditas al-  
tius sedit, crevitque  
nobiscum. Sen. Ep. 16.*

left us the desire thereof for our inheritance. For although men are seldom in one mind, that novelty robs us of that happiness, and that we change our opinions as often as the objects vary; yet is it certain

in this point that Gold is profitable to man, that it assists him in his wants, that it opens him the Gates of publique employment, and that he raiseth his fortunes by honorable Alliances. Private men who are governed by publique Example, pay it respect, they wish it to their Children; and as if Heaven comprehended nothing more precious then Gold, they convert it into presents and offerings for their Gods. In fine, the possession of Wealth is so advantageous, and want is accompanied with so many calamities, that she is become the scorn and fear of all men: the poor hate her as well as the rich; and without seeking for a mans greater faults, it is enough to know that fortune hath used him ill, to make him odious to such as frequent him.

If all the Nations upon Earth have entertained these opinions, they are not therefore the more

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reasonable, and nothing makes them more suspected of deceit, then the great number of their approbators. For as the people are equally blind and of interessed judgments; they commend wealth as the only ornament of life, and in their fancy Heaven cannot make a better demonstration of favor towards them then by tumbling Treasures into their laps. But truly, it were to be wisht that they who seek them with so much eager affection, would consult with the rich; and that they would insinuate themselves into the conversation of these splendid Slaves, to be taught by them the disquiet and restless torments which they find inseparable from their Possessions. Without doubt they would soon change their desires; and I know not if they would not make vows to hinder the obtaining of any part of that which they had so earnestly sought after. All those benefits they so much admire are good but in shew, the comforts they promise are more faulty then specious; if they promise honors they make payment in torments; and they resemble those savage Beasts which can neither be caught nor kept without hazard. Likewise, when they come to themselves and consider the deplorable state of their condition, they cannot retain their teares, they complain that their affection hath been the cause of their chastisement, that they find more trouble to preserve their Treasure then to get it, and that they are become miserable by having obtained what they demanded.

But that which increaseth yet more their punishment is, they dare not disclose their miseries, they hide what they cannot discover without shame

shame or danger : and be it the remorse of unjust gotten goods, or the trouble they find in their enjoyment which tyrannizeth them , they grow pale at the sight of Gods judgments, they tremble at the thought of the threatening evil Spirits, of the accusing Angel, of friends to whom their deeds are detestable, and of the rigorous judg who is to condemn them.

It is then without cause, avaricious men ! that you take so much Pride in your Riches, since they procure you so much torment, and that by the aid thereof you promise to your selves the accomplishment of all your designs ; since you cannot enjoy them without becoming their Slaves : you would be your own Masters, if they were not yours, you might make use of your own advantages, if they were not in your power ; and, to say all in few words, you might be freemen if you were not laden with abundance. Learn, from the travels you suffer your own infelicity, that you serve, in stead of commanding your own covetous appetite ; and that as saith the Scripture ye are men that can desire but know not how to possess Riches.

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Discourse

## Discourse I I I.

*That Audacity is of no use to Wise  
men in assaulting or defending  
of Evils.*

**N**Ever do Orators appear more splendid then when they describe the Lives of Conquerors, when they give renown to their Valor, when they admire their Conduct, when they represent them in combat with their Enemies, and when they render them triumphant over fortune and death. It seemeth as if they exceeded themselves every time they recount their Battells and Victories, and that they design their own commendations in magnifying their victorious Souldiers. For of all the advantages they find in their persons, none so much flirts their eloquence as their courage, they pass by all their other qualities to render this valuable; and if sometimes they find a necessity of bestowing some praise upon them also, it is with so much faintness, as is easie to conjecture that the notice they take thereof is but because they would not be reproached with being ignorant of any of their endowments; when they speak of their Justice they cloath it in such ordinary language as puts the Reader in doubt, whether they ever knew the  
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merit thereof, they discourse of their clemency as if it were always mixt with meanness of Spirit and inconsiderateness; and although Science be the most excellent ornament of Monarchs, yet amongst them it is accompted but as the exercise of Cowards, and the employment of idle persons. A man must have nothing but valor to make him the subject of their Elogies, he must be guilty of Murthers to merit their esteem, and must be as little sparing of his own, as of the life of his Enemies to deserve the honor of their commendations.

As audacity is the cause of all these effects, she draws admiration from all men; Historians never mention her but with veneration, Philosophers recommend her to their Disciples; and *Poets* are so much concerned for her honor, as to assure us that if Kings be indebted to fortune for the happy successes of their Armies, they owe the original of their victories to the bold attempts of their Captains. In fine, they affirm that without her aid we become faint hearted; that all our actions borrow their splendor from her strength, and that a man is no longer to be esteemed then whilst he is hardy and adventurous.

The mind of man is so depraved, and the vulgar opinion hath so much corrupted him, that he values nothing but those things which procure him worldly glory, he finds nothing delightful but what is beyond the common achievement, ordinary virtues affect him not, and by an obstinacy full of imbecillity, he considers not so much the prudence of a General as the defeat of the Enemy, he speaks of a victorious Captain with admiration, he



he swells his praises into Volumes ; and as if the honor of a Commander consisted in seeking Battells, in routing Armies, in razing Cities, in desolating Countries, he strains his industry to the highest pin to compose his *Panegyrick*.

But surely he doth not in any thing discover his blindness more then in this Subject, the badness of his cause disparageth his judgment: and to proceed to condemnation without a formal examination of his intentions or motives, let it suffice to know, that all the employments of audacity tend to the ruin of our fellow Creatures ; that undauntedness which invented or procures them is too much defective in justice to make them warrantable, and she whom we adore as the mother of Noble attempts, is too fatal to the sons of men to be obeyed without danger. For what did she ever do in the World that turned not to the dishonor of the Conqueror, or the disadvantage of the vanquished ? Was she ever seen to be moderate in combat or modest in Victory ? Was she ever merciful to the innocent in assaulting the guilty ? Do not all Kingdoms complain of her injustice ? And had we ever heard of Revolts and Treasons, Murders and Parricides, if audacity had not therein inspired the rash and Cowardly ? Vice would at this day be covered with darkness, if this *Passion* had not taught us to bring it to the Light ; infamy would be a stranger to Society if it were not mixt with unclean persons ; no uncomely action would appear there, revenge would be as little practiced as homicide ; and with reason we may doubt whether sin had ever been publicly acted if audacity had not opened the way.

All the crimes which we read of in History, and which we yet detest in our Age, had no other Author but this *Passion*: all Philosophers assign her to be their mother, to her they attribute all their malice; and although they own man to be sufficiently inabled, to contrive evil designs; yet they assure us that he would want resolution to execute them, without being animated by her incitements. If we believe a certain Orator, 'tis she that throws division amongst States, that inspires the ambitious with Tyranny, that prompts lascivious persons to acts of violation, that incites covetous men to theft and rapine, that desolates Kingdoms; and that making small account of whole Armies, causeth Monarchs to loose their Kingdoms, and Subjects their Liberty.

For who shall believe that *Julius Cesar* had ever attempted the *Roman* Government, if he had not been as hardy as ambitious? Who shall think that *Alexander* had ever aspired to the universal Sovereignty, if he had not been ridden and spurred as well by his courage as ambition? The one and the other are guilty before men for unwarrantable undertakings; and they are not looked upon as Monsters in History, but for that they suffered themselves to be commanded by the violence of a *Passion* that overturns all natures Laws. They likewise became the terror of all mortals, dreaded they were by all forreign Nations, the arrival of their Armies hath often caused their Enemies to fly, their progression put the whole World to a stand, their own Souldiers were afraid of them as well as their adversaries, and *Seneca* doubted whether their valor were more fatal to their Enemies or to them

them of their own party : the one had vowed the ruin of his Neighbours, and the other the destruction of his own Country; the one caused *Greece* to groan, and the other threw horror into the City of *Rome*, the one trampled upon Kings, and the other made breach upon the Rights of the most famous common wealth of the World. But all those disorders own no other principle then audacity; if ambition were the occasion, boldness was the principal cause, and that desire of vain glory in *Alexander* and *Cesar*, had remained unknown or ineffectual, if it had not called this complice to its assistance. But for fear of being deemed partial in this Subject, and that I be not blamed for daring to condemn a *Passion* that hath received so much commendations in the Writings of Philosophers, I agree with them, that her undertakings are sometimes generous, she assaults death without fear, she is the only *Passion* which beholds evil with stedfastness, and which dares undertake to oppose and overcome it. For, though fear be prudent, she is not couragious, she looks not upon evil so much to meet, as to avoid it, she draws her confidence from her amazement, and if she sometimes admit Reason of her Counsel, it is rather to prevent then to expect it's arrival. Anger is ever concerned, she doth not so much consider the affront as the vengeance, and the hope she hath of obtaining satisfaction alays her grief, and affords her content. But audacity seeks the evil directly, she offers him Battle in all places, and, without regard to the hazards that surround her, she thinks her self sufficiently honored when she obtains Commission to assault and fight him.

Although this discourse be true, and not easily rejected without being ignorant of the advantages which this *Passion* is Master of above his companions ; yet doth it not prove any thing in the *Stoick* Doctrin, and it's easie in their opinion to demonstrate that her enterprizes are as useles to the wise as her attempts and combats.

For as they acknowledg no evil but Vice ; and that which the vulgar do so much dread, passing with them for an indifferent thing, they have no need of other helps to surmount it then Reason, this Enemy is always in their Power, the will which formeth can stifle it, and even as a man, to be innocent, need but will good, so it is sufficient to willevil, to make him guilty or vicious.

It is not then without cause if I banish audacity from my wise man, since she is so insolent, and if I permit him no use of her upon any occasion, since she is so unjust, and if I judg her of no use to his Government, since he owns

*Temperatus sit sapiens  
& ad res fortius agen-  
das non iram, sed vim  
adhibeat. Sen. 2. de ira  
cap. 17.*

no Enemies he hath to fight with but himself, nor other Monsters to assault but Vice. A true Philosopher must be valiant, but neither rash nor fearful ; let him be as little under the command of *Passion* as of Fortune, let him judg of things according to Reason, and let him not fear danger as a Coward, nor seek it as an audacious person.

## Discourse I V.

*That Hope is ungrateful, fearful and uncertain.*

**T**Here is nothing in the World more hid, nor any thing more evident then time, it is the Labyrinth of the learned. Astrologers, who from the motion of the stars on which they gaze, calculate their duration, are at this day in a laborious sweat to express what time is ; and if there be some Philosophers in our age that disagree not touching it's subsistence, we shall hardly find any that differ not about it's nature. If they allow it to be the measure of all human things, the rule of rest as well as of action, and that the Sun and the Moon were ordained by the Creator for the division of days, years and Ages, yet they differ in describing their property, or defining their essence ; and do consider them with formalities so remote the one from the other, that they put us in doubt whether they be not void of other reality then the witty concepts of the describers. The most ingenious of our Divines wittily confounds time with that

*Firmiter existimo tempus non docere aliam rem absolutam, ultra motum, sicut qualitas dicit aliam rem a quantitate, sed eandem rem simpliciter. Scotus. q. 18. de rerum Princip.*

motion that measures it, he asserts that nothing is to be discovered in the one, that is not to be observed in the other, that the imagination or the mind begets all the difference, and if Natural Philosophers give them divers names, they cease not to be one and the same thing. From hence it comes to pass that his Disciples separate it from *Aristotles* Reports, look upon it as a bastard extension, banish it from the number of things subsisting in nature, and render it so much dependant on the Body, be it in action or at rest, that they confess it hath no dilatation without it.

Some cannot imagin that it hath any real parts, since those of which it is composed admit it not, that the past is irrecoverable; that it ceaseth to have any substance in nature when the present succeeds it, that the memory must be employed to fetch it back, and that when we have made her use all her skill, all she can do is but to entertain us with an imaginary time. Neither can they conceive how the present can compose it, since it is but an individual point, an instant that separates the *præter* from the *future*, and a moment that flies from us as often as we think we have it, for it runs so swift that nothing can retard it, the Sun standing still stayeth not it's course, it goes on when the course of the stars is arrested; and, as if it were fatal to it self, it cannot gain but by it's own loss, and it increaseth only by it's own diminution. But, with much more reason do they doubt whether the future can make any part of time since that is yet to come; since the first motions thereof are concealed from us; since its coming is uncertain, and since  
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(in proper terms) it is but an *Idea* in the mind of the Creator.

Yet this latter part of time is the only object of Hope, which we judge so necessary for the execution of our designs, she feeds us only with the expectation of benefits that are hid from our Eyes, she considers things to come, and not them which are past; and, by an ungrateful injustice, disposeth of those good things which she hath obtained, and thinks only on the favors which she promiseth to her self shall yet be received. She slightes the past and values only the future; and aspiring to all things out of her possession, she cares not for being stiled ungrateful, provided she can but merit the title of Provident. Indeed let an ambitious man look never so well upon his Benefactors, and what submission soever he renders them in assurance of his gratitude, he considers not so much what he hath received as what he expects from them, he easily steps over the obligations received, and remembers only what he hopeth for, and, according to the nature of the *Passion* that possesseth him, he forgets all the Gracurs that have raised him friends, to contemplate only the advantages that may render him equal to Kings and Potentates. As lasciviousness is a lazy Vice, and the slavery that bears it company strips it of the power of any generous action; she also quickly looseth the remembrance of past pleasures, the charms of novelty drive away her fleeting joys, she deemeth them lost that have been; and although her present contentments may by accidents be interrupted, though they which are to come be as hidden as uncertain, and that no comforts

comforts are solid but those which cannot be taken from us, she causeth unclean persons to despise them, to feed upon the new delights which she holdeth forth to their expectation. The desire of Wealth, which ariseth as often from our indigence as from our infirmity, looks upon nothing but the time to come, it considers the future and reflects not on the past, it becomes the numerator of expected Treasures, but cares not to cast up what it hath in possession, it receives all and pays nothing: and without hunting for many Reasons to condemn it, it is sufficient to know that it is insatiable, to judge it unjust and ingrateful. Hope, which is the soul of all these *Passions*, hath inspired them with this odious quality; she teacheth them ingratitude, in shewing them to make excursions into the future; her forgetfulness causeth her shame, and as that man is accused of unthankfulness who disowns a benefit received, who dissembles it for fear of repayment, or who doth not requite it but when he is forced. He that forgets it ought with much more reason to be deemed ungrateful for suffering a favor to escape his memory which he ought to have retained to his last hour. But Hope is sufficiently odious since she is unthankful, and if we ought to hold her promises in suspicion, because she is faithless to her friends, and ungrateful to her Benefactors, the unquietness of mind which waits upon her doth not render her less to be rejected, and we need but learn of *Seneca*, that she is the Enemy of our rest to perswade us to shun all her employments.



For according to the words of that eloquent Philosopher, Fear pursueth Hope: although these two *Passions* be contrary, they rarely part company; a man must be fallen into despair to be void of fear, and as it often happeneth that one faculty perisheth by the ruin of another that is it's opposite, Fear never forsaketh us till we cease to Hope; from thence it comes that the Criminals that are lead to execution, are without apprehension, that they look death in the face without terror, that they are more confident on the Scaffold then at the Bar, and have no aversion for leaving the World because they have no expectation of life.

*Spes metum sequitur;  
nec miror ista utrum-  
que pendentis ani-  
mi esse, utrumque fu-  
turi expectatione solli-  
citi. Sen. Ep. 6.*

This truth is so constant, that a certain *Stoick* was of opinion that nothing could be more insupportable then a long suspence, that we suffered more easily the deprivation of Hope, then the deferring thereof; that an extended desire was a tedious torment, and that if in a wise mans judgment the loss of a benefit proved sometimes our advantage, the expectance was always attended with fear and grief.

But truly we ought not to wonder that he that hopeth should fear, since the benefits he waites for are doubtful, since the *Passion* by which he is lead is defective in her promises, since, for the most part she deceiveth all that rely upon her word; and often flatters them with the enjoyment of pleasures that have nothing more in them then a bare shew of truth. As man is not the cause of what is to come,

come, it is not to be expected that he should be able to dispose of the future; and what knowledge soever he have acquired in the conduct of Kingdoms or the œconomy of Families, he is not able to foretel the event of things: this part of

*Quis enim pollicetur  
serenti reventum, mili-  
tanti Victoriam, mari-  
to pudicam uxorem,  
patripios liberos? Se-  
quimur qua ratio non  
qua veritas trahit. Sen  
2. benef. cap. 5.*

time is equally uncertain and out of his ken; and he must have been of the Almighty's Council, who is able to render a perfect accompt thereof; for who is sufficiently enlightened to assure the Husbandman that his fields shall be

fruitful after a certain time, that the following year shall be more profitable to him, then the foregoing; and that after a barrenness of his Lands, a Harvest shall come in which he shall find the reward of his toiles? Who can assure the Mariners that their voyage shall be attended with smooth Seas, the winds favorable, and their Navigation prosperous? Who can warrant the Soldiers that their Arms shall be victorious, and assure them of the Rout of their Enemies? Who shall be able to promise a lover that the Marriage he designs shall be happy, that the Woman he courts will be faithful to him, that the Children she shall bring him, will be obedient, and that they shall honor him as their Father, and that she shall love him as her Husband? We reason according to outward appearances, and not according to that which shall happen; we look upon that which is profitable, but we examine not the difficulties that surround it.

Our arguments are rather grounded upon our Opinions then upon Reason, and according to the good liking we have to the objects, we easily promise our selves the possession, although it be sometimes impossible.

From thence cometh that we live always in instability, that our resolutions are various, that we add injustice to danger, and that we are but little afraid to become guilty, provided we can but obtain what we desire. But we see likewise that when fortune opposeth our designs, that the success of our affairs answereth not our Hopes, and that our toilsome labours have only served to increase our unhappiness, we fall into sadness, we leave the event to chance, we condemn our own easiness to hope, and we are troubled that the injustice of our enterprizes was not able to give us possession of the good we had in pursuit.

This caused *Seneca* to say, that our parts were fatal to us, and that our good qualities rendred us miserable or guilty. The ingenuity of our Spirits serves to discover the evils before they come, our memory calls them back when they are past, and the will often shuns them before they make shew of assaulting us. In fine, we convert all our faculties into torments; and, as if we had made a conspiracy against our selves, we turn all the distinctions of time to our own affliction.

*Omni vita pendent, &  
inhonesta se ac diffi-  
cilia docent coguntque  
& ubi sine premio labor  
est, torquet illos irritum  
dedecus, nec dolent pra-  
vas se frustra voluisse.  
Sen. de tranq. anim.  
cap. 2.*

But

But the wise man that is a friend to Tranquility, and whose felicity consisteth not so much in the calmness of his Spirit, as in an innocent assuredness, despiseth all the counsels of Hope, he laughs at her promises, he braveth Fortune, and, finding nothing out of vertue that is able to content him, he as little desireth her presents, as he feareth her disgraces. He considers indifferently all the advantages of the Earth, he builds all his glory or pleasure upon the innocence of his actions; and, satisfied with vertues merit, he avoids the delights of the unchaste, the Grandurs of the ambitious, and the treasures of covetous men.

*Nos venturo torquemur  
& preterito, nemo tantum  
presentibus miser  
est. Idem. Ep. 5.*

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Discourse

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## Discourse V.

*That Anger is blind in taking of Revenge, Rash in Quarrels, and insolent in Chastisement.*

**A**Lthough I were not obliged to follow *Seneca*, and betraying the opinion I have conceived of his Doctrin, I were disingenious enough to forsake his party, or so unfaithful as to side with his adversaries, yet would it be a repugnance to me to believe that Anger can be serviceable to Vertue; and that she must necessarily be employed by Commanders in giving of Battells, by judges in the condemnation of the guilty, and by Kings in the chastisement of the Rebels of their State. Her fury is too much suspected, to approve her Conduct, her manner of proceeding is too much void of equity to justify her decrees; and the punishments which she ordaineth, are too rigorous to clear her from the imputation of injustice, and cruelty. If our other *Passions* be sufficiently odious because they rebel against Reason, and that it is not for nothing that we so much apprehend their Tyranny, since they drive us from our selves to the subject of their fury, the benefits wherewith they keep us in hand, do alay their rigor: if their defects beget our hatred,

hatred, their fair proffers cause us to affect them, and all savage as they are, they have charms that tempt us to give them employment. Desire doth not at all times torment us; if it disturb our mind, it tickles our imagination; this languishing humor is mingled with delight; and if it sometimes ravish our rest, it labours to give us possession of the advantages we stand in need of. If love pitch his Tents in our Souls, if he break in upon our liberty, and if, by an injustice which gives the lye to his name, he give us our Slaves to be our Mistresses he unites us to the object we affect, and so much delights us with her perfections, that we prefer her enjoyment above all the Grandures of the Earth.

If Hope hold us in suspense, and by a too ingenious foresight, she redouble the measure of that time which we remain in expectation; she gives us with it the promise of fortunate success, she assures us that our Travels shall not be in vain, and our reward shall bear proportion to our patience. If fear darken our judgment, if it fling horror into our Spirits, and cause us to apprehend mischiefs contrary to our hopes; she teacheth us moderation in prosperity, she foretels us of our evils to come, and prepares us to bear them with constancy, when they have laid hold on us. So that all our disorders have some charms: if they persecute us, they do us good service; if they are violent, they abate sometimes of their cruelty, and give us intervals, that cause us the more to esteem our liberty, but anger is ever insolent, and take her which way you will, she is equally savage and precipitate. If she punish the guilty, her  
blind-

blindness causeth her to commit excess, if the force satisfaction for outrageous actions, she her self becomes guilty of the prophanation of all natures Laws; if she assault her Enemies, she often runs headlong into their ambushes, and like unto those tumbling ruins that throw down the houses on which they fall, she finds her own punishment in her revenge, her own defeat in her victory, and her own execution in her condemnations.

But that which yet better discovers her blindness, and makes her injustice less supportable is that she makes fuel of all wood, she proceeds from love as well as

*Tam ex amore nascitur  
quam inter lusus & jo-  
cos. Sen. Ep. 18.*

hatred, takes up Armes against friend and foe, and falls not less violently upon those that have obliged, then on those that have done her injury. Those pass times which heal or charm the other Passions, discompose this, she is as much displeased at play as at serious business, as much offended at a jest as an affront, and it matters but little whether the motives which excite her be considerable, if the person who has them in apprehension be but susceptible of her violence. For as the fire operates but according as it finds the disposition of the matter, and its activity is not always the measure of its working; as we find bodies that indure not its heat, and others that retain a spark till it amount to a flame, Anger waits upon cowardly Spirits, she burns them up in giving them courage, and seldom forsakes them, till she hath made them scornful, temerarious, and insolent.

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*Tam ex amore nascitur  
quam inter lusus & jo-  
cos. Sen. Ep. 18.*

To know well the ground of all these disorders it ought to be known that Anger is not of the nature of other *Passions*, which gently make their way into the soul by insinuations, which flatter the imagination at their entrance, and by less vigorous accesses disguise their violence. But Anger runs in with impetuosity, seizeth on all the faculties in a moment; and being at full strength from her very birth, she doth that at once which others do but by degrees. So that if these court us, she violently constrains us, if they make us stray from the paths of Reason, she leads us into the ways of madness, and if these be slow in their formations, this *Passion* takes growth all at once. In fine, nothing is more blind then she in her undertakings, more violent in revenge, proudly vain in Victory, nor more enraged in defeat. For which cause the most wholsom Philosophy banisheth her from the soul of the wise man, and she judges that a *Passion* so little subject to Reason, and which hath so much affinity with fury, cannot have any useful qualities.

Though injuries be vexatious to man, though they break in upon his reputation, and equally wound the innocent, and the guilty; though there be nothing less sufferable, though great Spirits hardly bear them, though the most ingenious feel them, and though the one and the other do often want strength to stand under them; nevertheless nothing so much demonstrates their cowardize as the resentment they shew of injuries, nor doth any thing more discover their pusillanimity, then the meditation of revenge. It belongeth, saith *Seneca*, to men of mean Spirits to avenge one affront by another,

another, to sharpen our teeth against them that have bit us, and to hurt our selves because an other would have hurt us ; they resemble Rats and Emmots who make head against such as only look as if they would hurt them ; and perswade themselves to be wounded every time they are toucht. But if the injury be excuseless, and if the person offering it had design to rob us of our honor, yet ought we to abstain from Anger, and take care of being carried away by a *Passion* which instead of abateing increaseth our grief: contests are ever dangerous or to no purpose : and as we cannot contend with them above us without deserving the Title of Mad men, nor with our inferiours without being fordid;

*Si vis ulcisci injurias;  
tace & ultus es. Chri-  
sost.*

we cannot hope to be avenged of our equals without the hazard of being worsted. Anger is too malignant or too precipitate to be employed in such an adventure : Reason must be our judg, we must receive her orders before any thing be undertaken ; and we must learn of her, that it is more glorious by silence to avoid an injury, then by words to overcome it.

When we feel our selves offended, let us lay our hand on our breast, let us examin whether the harm done us be just, and whether we drew it not upon our selves by our own indiscretion : if so, it is very reasonable that we should bear it patiently, and receive it as the chastisement of an evil which we our selves caused in the offender. But if the outrage be unjust, if we are wrongfully persecuted, and if our Conscience assures us of the innocence of our actions ; why are we con-

concerned, and afflict our selves for an act of injustice, which ought to make him that hath committed it to blush? Let us not always believe the

*Dandum est tempus,  
Veritatem enim dies  
aperit ne sint aures  
criminantibus faciles.  
Sen. 2. de ira. cap. 22.*

reports of men, let us set aside the circumstances that might help to prove them, let us mistrust our own conjectures; time will tell us the truth, and it may be, that which to day we take for certain, to morrow may be void of all likelihood. Let us raise our selves above the common sort; let us believe nothing of the unpleasant things that are told us, let us look upon injuries as things out of our power, and conclude that no man is offended but by his own consent.

To speak truly nothing puts us into so much agitation as opinion: it is she, saith *Seneca*, which

*Causa iracundiæ, opinio iniuriæ est. Idem.  
16.*

measures offences, which magnifies their injustice, and which seducing our judgments, renders them more hainous and sensible then they are. We see servants that endure blows with patience, but cannot bear a sharp word, that take a bastanade more willingly then a box of the Eare, and fancy that death would be less insupportable then a reproach or an abuse. It is not always the injury that torments us, but our imagination that we have received it; and therefore a man of a large Soul, and who knoweth his own innocence or desert, derides all the offences that can be offered him; he looks upon them as other mens extravagancies, he forgets the injury before it be received; he stifles the resentment before

before it touch him ; and as he feels it not, he is in no perplexity how to be revenged.

If Anger be dimfighted in revenge, she is unjust in chastisement ; and if she violently break the Laws of Charity in constraining reparation for an abuse, she sinneth against the rules of equity when she forceth satisfaction for the injury, all her proceedings are irregular, the punishments she ordains do always exceed the greatness of the crime, and without a formal process, it is easie to condemn her by the very sentences which she her self pronounceth against the guilty.

For as she is rash, and the flames which she throws into the Soul of a judg or a King, puts them into a fury ; she prompts them to punishment, she swells the crime to justify the penalty, she invents new torments for the punishment of offences ;

*Iraque ad penam qui accedit, nunquam mediocritatem illam tenebit quæ est inter nimium & parum. Cic. II. de offic.*

and causing them to act according to the greatness of their Authority, and not according to Justice, she puts it out of their power to keep within the bounds of that moderation which teacheth to distinguish between too much and too little. For she will have it, that all her proceedings are regularly equal, that the vengeance which she directs is necessary : and contrary to Reason, which esteemeth that only just which is agreeable to equity, she deemeth all that to be equitable which is suitable to her humor : she regards not so much the offence as the cause, she considers not so much the crime as the criminal ; and, by a fury as strange as common to her, she is

not less heated by the things which serve to the offenders advantage, then by the circumstances which make for his condemnation. She is angry both with the innocent and the guilty, she perverts the integrity of the one, and enlargeth the faults of the other, she is for nothing but punishment ; and, obstinate in her error, she thinks it more honorable to persist in evil then to shew any sorrow for it.

The example hereof produced by *Seneca* in his admirable Books of Anger, is an evident proof of this ; and without giving our selves the trouble of searching into History for any other, let it suffice to relate the particulars of this, to make known it's injustice. He saith that one of the *Piso's* being in Anger, espied a Souldier of his returning from a party Convoy without his companion : this return served him for a pretext to punish him, he thought it warrant enough to pass the sentence of death upon him, to have him but suspected of murder ; and to cause him to be led to Execution, for not having his fellow Souldier in his company. This unhappy condemned man, stoutly denies the crime, calls the Gods to be witnesses of his innocence, craveth some time to justify himself ; and assures him that by his diligence he would bring the man to light who he said was massacred. The General refuses him this favor, is angry at the request, and without farther delay, commands him to be put to death. He is carried out of the Trenches ; and the Heads-man had already hold on the sword to strike off his Head, when the Souldier who was supposed to be slain, appeared suddenly in the midst of the assembly :  
the

the Captain that attended this Execution, at the sight of this Souldier, directs a stop, commands the Executioner to unloose the Felon, and not to proceed without new orders from the General. He brings the Prisoner then back to *Piso*, to put into his hands an innocent man, whom error had caused him to condemn as guilty. The whole Camp concluded that this Prince would let himself be overcome of Justice, that clemency would succeed his rigor; and that being undeceived in his belief, he would make no difficulty of pardoning the man a crime, which he had not committed. But seeing the Souldier yet alive, and taking his return as a contempt of his Commands, he goes back to the Tribunal all in a fury, pronounceth sentence of death upon both the Souldiers; and that they should be Executed upon the place. What can be imagined more unjust then to condemn two innocent men because one of them was not guilty? Or to make too men

*Excogitavit quomodo  
tria crimina faceret  
quia nullum invenerat.  
Sen. 2. de ira. cap.  
16.*

Felons because one of them was found innocent? His *Passion* carried him yet farther, and violently throwing him from one Precipice to another, adds to these two a third, which was the Captain, that had brought back the Prisoner. His ingenious rage had furnisht him with Reasons to justify this proceeding, and examining their offences, helped him to raise from the diversity of their fortunes, the different causes of their punishment. I caused thee, said he to the Souldier, to be lead to Execution, because thou wast thereunto condemned, and thou, speaking to his Companion, for that

thou wast the cause thereof, and thou, looking upon the centurion, for that having received command to put a Felon to death, thou hast not done it. He subtilly invented the way to make them all guilty, and to commit three crimes at once, because he could not find any in the persons he condemned.

From this Example it is easie to discover the cruelty of Anger, and to learn

*Habet iracundia hoc mali, non vult regi; irascitur veritati ipsi, si contra voluntatem suam apparaverit. Idem, 16.*

how insolent she is in chastisements and dangerous in courts of judicature, and great Councils. For as she is proud, and takes no other advices but her own, she pursues the dictates

of her own fury and can endure as little to be governed, as reprehended: likewise we see that none but Barbarians and men of mean Spirits, make use of her, who know not how to forgive an injury when they have it in their power to revenge it.

It is true that Anger seemeth in some sort more useful in Camps than in Courts of Justice, that her violence hath some thing of agreement with a Martial humor, and that her aspect better becometh the face of Commanders than the countenance of a Judge and a King. For if we credit *Aristotle*, nothing contributes more to Valor than Anger: she it is that swells the courage of Conquerors, that animates them in the thickest of the combat, that awakens their generosity, and causeth them to hazard their own, to become Masters of the life of their Enemies.



Fortitude by the Doctrin of this Philosopher, is feeble without her company, this vertue must be assisted with her fury, to make her despise the dangers that threaten her; and she must be warmed with her fire, to be able to give Battel, and gain the Victory. For although man be naturally of a generous Spirit, and endued with dexterity sufficient, to cope with, or defend himself against such as would oppress him; nevertheless he is faint hearted when destitute of this Champion, he is weak without this succor; and he ceaseth to bring forth any thing that is great, from the time that this forsakes him.

*Extollit animos & excitat, nec quicquam, sine illa, magnificum in bello fortitudo geris, nisi huic flamma subdita est & hic stimulus peragitavit, misitque in pericula audaces. Arist. apud Sen. 2. de ira. cap. 7.*

But surely if this Rule were true, that vertue owes the happiness of her successes to Anger, and that Souldiers are Cowards unless they be furious; I know not why, we may not infer that drunkenness is a necessary Martial vertue, since it often makes them fearless, since it renders them bold, pulseth them into the Battel, and causeth them to despise both wounds and death it self. Some have been seen, that could not be got into the engaged Camp but by the animation of Wine, they had forsaken their Post, had they been sober, and the sight of the Enemy had put them to flight, if the vapors that clouded their Brains, had not been the Author of the greatest part of their Courage.

Who

Who knows not that the most timorous of our Passions sometimes inspires us with valor, that fear will make us adventurous, that necessity stirs up our courage, that despair finds us weapons to fight with, and often changeth our timidity into audacity. Good successes are not always the works of Valor and Wisdom; oftentimes fury doth

*Aliquando metus fecit audacem, & morbus; sed ira, ebrietas, timor aliaque ejusmodi sœda & caduca irritamenta sunt, nec Virtutem instruunt, sed segnem aliquando animum & ignavum, paululum allevant. Idem. cap. 13.*

not less triumph over the Enemy then vertue. And the Politicks do tell us, that there are Rencounters wherein unadvisedness proves more lucky then prudence. But there is no man who confesseth not that these qualities are weak and unbecoming, that they excite the Soul without giving it strength, that they corrupt vertue in stead of informing her, and that they make no impression but on the Spirits of them that want resolution when they are deprived of Angers aid. Likewise we see not a valiant man, that draws not his Courage from the depression of Anger, that is not stout without fury; and who becomes not more courageous when he is heated by her fire, but because he himself is of a generous nature.

This Passion is too rash, to have any service from her; her headiness brings her prudence in doubt, she is too impetuous to observe the Maximes of Battel, and she seeks danger with too much heat, to avoid the perils into which she would draw the Enemy.

In fine, her service is as fatal to us in War as in Peace, since in the midst of Peace she is the Image of War, she Acts there but her furious part, she forgets the vicissitude of Arms, and she falls into the Power of her adversaries, because she cannot contain her self within her own.

*Nec in pace nec in bello  
unquam bona fuit, pa-  
cem enim similem belli  
efficit: in armis vero  
obliviscitur Martem  
esse communem, venit-  
que in alienam potesta-  
tem, dum in sua non est*  
Sen. 2. de ira. cap.  
12.

THE

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THE  
THIRD TREATISE.

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OF  
F E A R.

---

Discourse I.

*Of the Nature of Fear.*

I Know it is accounted a Crime amongst modern Philosophers, to say any thing in favour of the *Stoicks*, and that a man cannot undertake to plead their Cause, without attracting their hatred and censure. I know that the severity of their principles is had in suspicion of many persons, that their Sentiments are disliked by popular spirits, that their Doctrine surpasseth the belief of *Aristotle* and *Plato*; and that they both declare nothing more extravagant than that which we admire in their Writings: those that side with these, laugh at the others paradoxes, and affirm that they are glorious but in shew, that their words are fuller of ostentation than Reason, that the world admires them because they understand them not, and that learned men do not esteem them, but because they raise their thoughts

to a higher pitch of sublimity. They protest, they cannot comprehend, that a wise man can be the only rich man of the world, since he often falls into want, since fortune reduceth him to Ambassage, since he is often without things necessary, and for the most part hath neither Clothes to cover him, House to put his head in, nor Servant to attend him, that he can always enjoy himself, since he is sometimes at a *nonplus*, making vain eruptions, forsaking his discretion in discourse, and acting at certain times the part of mad men. That he should be the Monarch of the World, since he hath seldom any Subjects to command, being often constrained to serve ignorant Masters, and do such work for them, as is opposite to that Sovereignty he pretendeth to have over them. But amongst the absurdities wherewith they charge their Paradoxes, they admire none so much as those which exempt him from opinions, which disintangle him from the knowledg of uncertain things, affirming that it is as impossible for him to doubt of a truth as to be ignorant of it. What, say they, is a wise man infallible in his conjectures? Can he not err in his Judgment? Do we not see that he discourses of things he understandeth not? And, descending to particulars, doth he not undertake to render an account of the influences of the Stars and Planets, of which he comprehends as little the nature as the power? Would you make a God of him, after you have filled him with Pride? And would you make him partaker of the Almightyes secrets, after you have assigned him the Knowledg of Angels, the Power of Kings, and the Government of the Creation.

But

But their astonishment will cease if they take the pains to examine the Sense of their Paradoxes,

*Ista paradoxa, quæ  
appelluntur maxima,  
videntur esse Socrati-  
ca, longèque verissima.  
Cic. præfat. in parod.*

and to learn from the explication which they give them, that they are grounded upon Reason, that they are not so much contrary to Truth as to their opinions; and that they

teach nothing but what may be received by the greatest Criticks of our Age: For if they say, that their wise man is the only man without want; and make him Master of all *that* Wealth which causeth covetous men to be indigent; it is for that he acknowledgeth no other Benefits but those of the Soul, he expects nothing from Fortune, what he hath he useth with discretion, and judiciously despising those forreign things, he knows how to enjoy what he contemplates, though he possess it not. If they affirm that he is not deceived in what he doth, it is because the Light is ever his Companion, and because Reason is his Counsellor in all his enterprizes. If they make him a King in this world; and if without the load of a Scepter or Diadem, they give him the charge of States and Empires, it is for that he being in tranquillity knows how to regulate his *Passions*, he is alone capable of commanding his equals, and his integrity makes him not less in humane Society, than the Pilot in a Ship, the Magistrate in a City, the General in an Army, the Soul in the Body, and the Spirit and Reason in the Soul. If, in fine, they banish opinions from his mind, and if they will that his knowledg be as certain as himself judges it to be true, it is because he re-  
jects

jects all doubtful propositions, approves no conclusions but what are drawn from infallible principles, and forms no Arguments, but what he knoweth before hand, bear a conformity to the matter whereof he discourseth. Knowledg is the portion of the wise, and he is simple or temerarious, that perswades himself that he is Master of a Truth which he knoweth not.

*Zeno & Stoick opinia-  
tionem repudiavunt opi-  
niari enim te scire quod  
nescias, non est sapientis,  
sed temerarii ac stulti  
Lact. 3. cap. 4.*

For this cause it is, that *Seneca* maintains so bloody a war against Fear, and informed of the disorders with which she entertains her guests, he gives her battel wherever he finds her. For as she is but a doubtful knowledg, and the opinion of an absent evil which threatens us, he condemns her foresight, he forbids her the Counsel of his wise man, and he would think that he rob'd his Soul of tranquillity, if he permitted him to entertain her in his service. To speak truly, nothing so much distracts our quiet as this *Passion*, and nothing so much abaseth our Courage, as her provident curiosity. For, as if she were ingenious at nothing but our destruction, she assumes all imaginary forms, to make us miserable. One while she advanceth our disasters, to make us feel them before they come, anon she makes us look upon them through a magnifying Glass, to render them less supportable to us; another while she represents them inevitable, to run us headlong into despair, and already overwhelmed with the evils she gives us to expect, she

*Plura sunt quae nos ter-  
rent quam premunt, &  
saepius opinione quam re  
laboramus. Sen. Ep. 13.*

he causeth us to wish for Death, that we may be delivered from a *Passion*, which constrains us to suffer it with tedious and divers repetitions : she is of so timorous a nature, that she is afrighted at every thing she fancies to be able to hurt her, she formeth monsters that will never be brought forth, she confoundeth imaginary with real evils, and suffers her self to be so much surprized by the Senses, that without knowing the cause, either of the one or the other, she is equally afraid of both. Hatred in this particular seemeth more reasonable than Fear : for if she resist an evil, if she employ all her dexterity to oppose the violence thereof, it is because it is real, and its presence obligeth her to Revenge. If audacity swell against her enemies, and puts her self in a posture to oppose all their fury, 'tis for that they attack her, and danger or honour constrains her to a self defence. Sadness, all melancholy as she is, regards nothing but the evil that hurts her, she complains of its rigors, for that she feels them, and sinks not under their weight, but because it's not in her power to avoid them : But Fear multiplies our sorrows, she sees them as soon as they threaten us, she seeks them before they come ; and by an ambitious industry, she makes use of the past and the future to torment us. What greater folly, saith *Seneca*, can be observed in a man, than to run to meet his disasters, to feel them ere they touch him, and lose the present by fear of that which is to come ? A man must be extravagant, to afflict himself before the time, to suffer himself to be surprized by an evil, which it may be shall never come nigh him, and to make himself  
miserable;



miserable, because he feareth one day to be so-  
for to shew her vanity, and convince her of fol-  
ly in her foresight, we need but to examine the  
object which she apprehendeth, to know that her  
cares are always as hurtful as dishonourable. For  
either she respects a real or an imaginary evil, if  
it be real, it is in our power to avoid it, and no-  
thing is able to draw us to Vice against our Will:  
if it be but imaginary, and of the number of them  
which fortune sends us, we know already that  
it is not an evil, and that it is to do her injury, to  
give her the imputation of that which the most  
sound Philosophy attributeth only to sin.

To prevent then these vain terrors, which cloud  
our Reason, let us not judg of things rashly, let  
us examine the nature of the objects which cause  
our astonishment; let us pull that vizard from  
their faces, which gives them so frightful an as-  
pect; and let us consider them nakedly in their o-  
riginal: then we shall find, that they are not so  
opposite to our humors as we imagine them;  
that they are troublesome to us, because we are  
seduced by opinion, and that they have nothing  
terrible but the apprehension  
we have of them. We see

some men, who fall into a  
swoond at the report of evil  
tidings, who grow pale at the  
thought of an accident that  
threatens them; who trem-  
ble when men go about to  
prepare them to bear a mis-  
fortune; and are so much divided between Fear  
and Sorrow, that they would sooner be taken for

*Lenissima ferè ingenia  
in tantum venere for-  
midinis ut sibi excide-  
rent: nemo quidem, si-  
ne aliqua jactura sa-  
nitatis, expavit, si-  
milisque furenti, quis-  
quis timet Sen. lib. 6.  
Quest. nat. cap. 29.*

Q

furies

furie; than for rational men. As if Fear had carried away their Reason with their stability, they are afraid without cause, they are affrighted at enemies which they have not, they fly from them before they appear; and, by a blind timidity, they often leave a beaten Road to choose a doubtful Path. Opinion hath nothing of quietness in it; she is afflicted by every thing which she fancieth capable to hurt her; she assures us as little of Heaven as of the Earth, and frighteth us as well with a remote evil, as with that which is ready to assault us.

But a wise man that knows perfectly the difference between real and imaginary evils, stands fast against all accidents; he is armed against fortune, he considereth afflictions as the exercises of vertue, he sees them coming without disturbance; and, supported by the greatness of his Courage, he waits for them with design to oppose and vanquish them. Poverty doth as little touch him as the misery of his friends, he looks upon tortures with the same countenance as he doth injuries; and he knows as well how to defend himself from adversaries that threaten, as from those who prosecute him. It is too great an effeminacy to run to the Doctor before we be ill, to bind up the Arm before dislocation, to complain of the Head-ach ere ever the pain come, and to lay our hand upon the part which hath yet no hurt. But if that Fear did not disguise our disasters, and were faithful enough to represent them truly to us, when they do come, yet would she be of no use to us, since she cannot divert them, and it is always a kind of cowardise to complain of grief before the cause, which produceth

duceth it, have overtaken us. How often have we seen, that events have deceived our hopes, that our Fears have abused us to no purpose, that we anticipated misfortunes that never came at us; and some have befell us which we did not expect? Let us not be afraid of the things that may arise without our leave; and, by a prudent deceit, let us promise to our selves, that those which give us so much horror will be favourable to us. As some fair appearances produce bad effects, sometimes troubles turn us to account. Some have gotten out of Prison by the means of Women, who had brought them to the utmost farthing, and have preserved their Liberty by that which might have cost them their Lives; others have escaped shipwrack by help of Rocks and Precipices; some have found their preservation in the Ruines of a House; others have survived their Executioners, and have seen them put to death, who designed their destruction. Evil fortune doth not always persecute us, she hath her cruelties and her clemencies, and it's not necessary to be a great Philosopher, to know that there are times wherein her disgraces are more advantageous to us than her favours.

From all these Discourses it is easie to conclude, (me thinketh) that Fear is unnecessary to us, that she can be of no moral good use to us, since she throws us into misfortunes before they come, torments us by her foresight, deceives us by false reports, abuseth us by misapprehensions, and ravisheth our tranquillity and rest, so often as we give our selves up to her conduct, which we shall see by the following Discourse.

## Discourse II.

*That Tortures are not terrible but in opinion, and that Fools or Cowards only are affrighted at them.*

**T**Hose Philosophers who so much contend for the gratification of Sense, who make Pleasure the end of their Labors, and put no difference between the felicity of

*Quod si vita doloribus  
referta maxime fugien-  
da est, summum profe-  
cto malum vivere cum  
dolore. Eudoxius apud  
Arist. 10. Eth.*

Man and the content of a Beast, have so much love for their Bodies, and exercise so much particular care for its preservation, that they are not ashamed to establish its happiness in its health, and to attribute thereunto all those glorious qualifications which Aristotle bestows upon the knowledge of the chief Good, and which the wise Roman assigns unto Vertue. That pain which incommodeth the Body seemeth to them the most cruel of all evils; and they have so much given way to ease, as to affirm, that no life is more miserable than that which is mixt with pains and diseases: for if our other evils, say they, beget our disquiet, if ignominy offend us, if poverty afflict us, and if the death of our friends draw tears from our eyes, they do not so much hurt our  
body

body as our imagination; and we need but a common dexterity, to perswade our selves, that these being things out of our power, they cannot give us any incommodity. But pain is a thing within us, its presence brings down our Body, it seizeth our Members, and ascending from the meanest to our more noble part, it causeth us to feel all the torments wherewith she exerciseth our Companion.

But what Arguments soever they frame, to justify the fear of torments, it must be said, that she is the Daughter of Opinion, that the tortures which appear the most terrible; are not always the most cruel, and that corporal punishments do not seem less supportable than banishment and poverty, but because they are accompanied with less solemnity. Nothing doth so much awe us, as that which may happen to us by the displeasure of a potent King; and who having the disposition of our life in his hands, is able to condemn us to tortures as terrible as infamous. Although that Diseases destroy the Body as well as Torments, that the Pestilence be not less feared by us than punishments, and that there be natural evils that exceed the cruelty of the most ingenious Tyrants; yet is there not any thing which so much amazeth us as the sight of torments, and nothing so much shakes our stability, as the preparations made to deprive us of life, or to make proof of our Faith. Other evils which arise from our constitution, seize us silently, and their coming is so sudden, that there is often no distance of time between their first arrival and their

*Inopia atque morbi silentio subeunt, nec oculis nec auribus quidquam terroris incutiunt: ad tormenta magno strepitu et apparatu veniunt. Sen. Ep. 14*

violence. Sickneſs overtakes us without warning, it runs into our veins without noiſe, and without ſhew of that which might trouble us, it congeals our blood, or burns up our entrails. Poverty hath not ſo frightful an aſpect, ſhe neither hurts our Eyes nor our Ears, when ſhe enters upon the ruines of Riches, and Fortune changeth not her countenance, in making us poor, or in placing us in the miſt of abundance. But Tortures are terrible, we are aſtoniſht at their preparations, the inſtruments of Death which they ſet out before us, beat down our courage, and that tumultuous noiſe which attends the ceremony, throws horror into the minds of all that behold it. There they ſet in order all the cruelties which the malice of Tyrants hath invented, here they ſet up the Croſs, raiſe the Rack, expoſe the boiling Cauldrons to view, lay open the pitched Shirts, and rowze the cruelty of ſavage Beaſts, to devour us; all this attracting matter ſends Terror into our Soul, and it ought not to be thought ſtrange, if we are ſo much afraid of Torments, ſince they are ſhewed us with ſo much addition, and that they appear to our eies in ſuch frightful ſhapes, that the Executioner even redoubles our Fear, by gradually expoſing the inſtruments of Torture, and cauſeth the moſt reſolute to abate his Conſtancy, by the preparation of things that are able to offend it. Nothing ſo much abates our Spirit as the conſideration of the evil that threatens us, and experience lets us ſee, that pain is always leſs rigorous than the apprehenſion we had of it. It is not always the thing that wounds us, but the opinion that we have conceived of it; and we have found

found some persons that had endured Tortures with constancy, had they not first been overcome by the ceremonies thereof. A man is not miserable unless he think himself to be so, his thoughts are the Regulators of his pains, and to become a glorious Conqueror, he need but perswade himself, that the evil he suffereth is light.

Although these Arguments be peculiar, they cease not to be true, and it's sufficient to observe the effects of opinion, to make judgment of what she can say for her self. For as she is the Child of the Body rather than of the Soul, and borrows her activity from the Sense: she takes her part in all the accidents that befall it, she shares in his Joy and Grief, and, by a subtile craft, she raiseth the price of what ever pleaseth it, and augments the horror of what ever is odious to it. From thence it comes that she represents Torments with so much frightfulness, and enhauncing upon the evils which the Body suffers, she gives them dreadful shapes, which astonish us, and which equally send their horror into the Soul of the Patient, and of the Spectators. She is so suspicious, that she never represents evil nakedly; and she is so little faithful in her reports, that she is generally found a liar. If we float upon the Sea, and the Winds swell her Waves, or never so little toss our Vessel, we become faint-hearted; Reason and Light make their escape; and, as if we had already suffered shipwrack, or were condemned to drink up the whole Sea, we grow pale with Fear, and fall into a sweat with fright. If Earth tremble under our feet, and if the houses that cover us do but shake, or make shew of falling upon us, what out-cries do we not make, and what Deaths

faces do we not shew in our countenances? Cold takes possession of all our Limbs, Fear summons the Blood to the Heart, all objects astonish us; and, as if the whole house were to fall on our heads, we are afraid of every part. Yet we are not ignorant, that a small quantity of water will choak us, that a tyle from our house is sufficient to knock out our Brains, and that we need but a Hole of three foot to do our business.

It is the same in matters of Torture, of which we have so much apprehension, the noise that attends it makes the greatest part of the pain, Opinion enhaunceth its violence, and the sight of so many instruments set out for shew, fills us with more Grief than that Death we are to suffer: yet we know that all those armed Soldiers, that that Troop of Officers, that the Executioner trimmed up in a Waistcoat, can but remove us out of the World, let out our Soul at the wound to be given us, and not to affright our selves with the name of Murther, separate our Soul from our Body. In fine, they can do but what a Worm doth among Children in a Chamber, what the Gangreen causeth in the Hospitals, and what the Feaver every day produceth in the Courts of Princes and Shepherds Huts. An ordinary resolution will serve to endure evils that pass in a moment, and which often terminate with the same stroak by which they began.

It is indeed a difficult thing to gain this power upon our selves: we find at this day but few *Scavolas* and *Regulus's*, it appertaineth but to those great Souls of Antiquity, to brave Tortures, and bear them without disturbance. We find no more  
men,



men, who dare burn their own hands, to abate the confidence of their Persecutors, who dare run to meet Death in derision of their tyrannical oppressors; and whose Joys, in professing their innocence, are not interrupted under the hand of the Executioner. Modern Philosophy hath made us too tender, and the love of our Bodies is become too natural to us, not to be afraid of so many evils as do conspire our destruction, not to fear a Wedg of Iron which breaks our Bones, wild Beasts which rip up our Bowels, Engines by which Death is conveyed to us with tedious repetitions, and moderate flames which reduce us not to ashes, till after our patience is tyred out.

But as general Principles terminate in examples, and that the living draw from them their principal Lights, I think I may here propose the courage of a Heathen-Dame to the cowardise of our Christian Men, and shew them in the History of her Life, that pain is insupportable only to them that are defective in resolution.

Never was Empire more maligned than that of the first *Cesar*: his Usurpation begat him the hatred of all the Nations of the Earth, the *Romans* often attempted their Liberty; and did sufficiently testifie by their enterprizes, that they could no longer endure the Government of a Man, who had rob'd them of their freedom. *Brutus* engaged covertly in the Conspiracy, and though he forced himself in hiding the matter from his Wife, he could not so well dissemble it, but she perceived, and observed by the change of his Countenance the disturbance of his Soul. Fearing then that

that her Husband mistrusted her weakness, and that he durst not tell her a secret which might be the price of his Life, if it took air, resolved to make tryal upon her self, whether she could keep it undisclosed; for retiring into her Chamber, and putting out her Servants, she laid hold on a Razor, which she lets into her Thigh; her wound bleeds in abundance, her members grow feeble by loss of Blood, a Feaver slides into her Veins, and seemed to lead her toward the Grave: when *Brutus* entering the Room, and surprized by an accident so little expected, informed himself of the cause and circumstances. *Porcia* constrained them that assisted her to withdraw, prayed her Husband to sit down, and promised to tell him her self the original of her indisposition. You know, said she, *Brutus*, that when I came into your House, it was not in the quality of a Miss, or of a Concubine, and that I preferred not your Alliance before that of so many *Roman* Gentlemen, to be only the Companion of your Table and Bed, but to lie in your bosom, to be the Confident of your Secrets, and to have my proportion as well of your misfortunes as of your felicities. It is not that I accuse Heaven, or complain that you are my Husband, but only that you look not upon me as your Wife: You must not imagine that I am content with the duties of Marriage, and that I expect from your person only those outward Caresses, that unite our Bodies rather than our Wills and our Souls. I aspire to greater things *Brutus*; I require to be admitted of your privy Council, and that you honor me as well with your Friendship as your Love. This request

request is too just to be refused, and if you judge it such, why are you so reserved? Why do you dissemble your troubles of mind, and wherefore do you hide from me that glorious resolution you have taken, to put a Tyrant to Death? If you cannot hope for help from me, and if my Sex forbid me to assist you in your undertakings, you may, at least, expect from me some comfort, or lessening of your griefs, or misfortunes: and may be assured, that if I am not sufficiently strong to be your Second, I shall have always courage enough to bear you company where ever ill luck or fate shall call you; consider not the weakness of those of my condition, but remember only that I am the Daughter of *Cato* and the Wife of *Brutus*, and that if this Body which I received from my Father have not vigor enough to suffer death, the love that I have vowed to thee, *Brutus*, shall make me constant in despising it. Then shewing him her wound, see there, said she, *Brutus*, see there the tryal which I have made thereof; do thou now not scruple to open thy Bosom to me, to reveal me thy designs: know that within this Body is contained *Cato's* Heart, and that if my Sex permit me not, to follow thee in that Execution thou hast determined, know, that my courage is great enough to die for thee and with thee.

If a punctilio of Honor, if a vehement desire of Fame,

*Cui verba facio? rem vide, cepi ipse mei experimentum & ecce hoc vulnus, quod sponte inutile ut discerem, ecquid dolori aut tormentis par essem Lips. monit. polit. cap. 7.*

*Possum ferre, possum contemnere, & mori, Brute, cum marito, & pro marito possum. Id. 16.*

Fame, and if a short obstinacy animated by vanity, have; caused some to triumph over Death, conquer Pain, and despise the rigor of Tortures, what cannot Vertue do, when she is supported by Integrity? When she stands up for the preservation of Laws, when she suffers for the defence of her Temples and her Altars? Since she is composed in her Actions, and preserves the same measures in delights as in torments.

Wherefore to acquire this insensibility of pain so familiar to the *Stoicks*, and so little known to other Philosophers, let us often have in mind the Actions of those generous men, who by their Courage surmounted Tortures, let us fortifie our selves against the apprehensions of Death, let us not love our Bodies more than necessity requireth; let us separate from Torments that solemnity which affrighteth us, and let us perswade our selves, that those ceremonies contain no more than what is despised by a man in his Bed, sick of the Gout, than what is endured by one at a Feast, who is sick at his Stomach, and what is undergone by a tender Woman in Child-bearing.

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Discourse

Discourse I I I.

*That a Wise Man is not afraid of Death,  
and considereth it as the end of his  
miseries, and the entrance to fe-  
licity.*

**D**Eath is so terrible, and the horrors that attend it render it so dismal; that the Lawyers have thought the Fear of it to be just, and that it might be accounted among the number of those things which seized upon a man of Resolution. They say, that the acts then committed are rather forced than voluntary, that our promises are not binding, that our agreements are invalid, and that as she deprives us of Liberty, or hinders the use of Reason, she acquitts us of performance, and annuls our Contracts. Divines, who consider Death as the production of sin, rather than the effects of our constitution, conclude, that she must needs be a great enemy to Nature, since she is so much redoubted, since she gives dread to all sensible Creatures, and that those which we stile inanimate, testified some kind of averfiness, to be separated from their Principle.

The

*Metus mortis est ju-  
stus, & talis qui in  
constantem viram ca-  
dere possit: unde &  
restitutio conceditur L.  
3. ff. quod met. caus.*

The Chicken hides at the approach of the Kite, the Hare flies before the Dogs, and we find nothing in Nature, which useth not its force, or industry, to make defence against Death. We cannot separate the Marble from the Rocks but by violence, the Trees groan under the blow of the Ax, the Air shuns the Fire that rarifies it, and all insensible as it is, it makes opposition for self-preservation. If the Animals, saith *St. Austin*, which were created purely for slaughter, love life, and are so much afraid of Death, how should not man be therewith affrighted, when it threatens him, since he was born to live for ever, and that he should never have seen separation between his Body and his Soul, if he had been careful of his own innocence? Philosophers support the justice of their Fear by the necessity of Death, they think it reasonable to redoubt an unavoidable evil, and which, though common to all men, hath yet no remedy in Nature. They accuse it of cruelty, they say, that it is she alone of all the Gods, that will accept no Sacrifice, who refuseth the offerings of men, and that it is in vain to dedicate Temples to her, or build her any Altars, since she is equally blind and inexorable.

But what Reasons soever these men invent, to excuse the apprehension of Death, it is not hard to

*Stultum est timere quod  
vitare non possis. Sen.  
de remed. fortuit.*

shew them their error, and to fight them with the Weapons wherewith they maintain their Principles. For if Death be inevitable, if there be no Altars of protection against her Arrests, if no man have been yet able to secure himself from her; and if that by which we live,

live, be the means of our Death, why are we so much afraid of it? And why do we afflict our selves, for the suffering of a pain, for which Nature hath no remedy? We are born under this Law, we came into the world to go out of it, our Ancestors have beaten the Road, and all those who shall come after us, will find themselves bound to suffer the punishment of their first Fathers offence.

Who is not moved with compassion to see *Lewis XI.* when affrighted with the horror of Death, he courts the Physicians, he promiseth them mountains of Gold to reform his temper, and by excessive presents engaged them to give him length of years. For as if Divine Providence had forsaken him, and that his days had been in the hands of Men, he summoned the Hermits from the Forests, and conjured them to request the continuati-  
on of his Health by their Prayers: and without taking care to amend his Life, he only chargeth them with the preservation thereof. Sometimes being utterly void of all heavenly confidence, he shuts himself up in his Closet, causeth all avenues to be stopt, the doors to be barracadoed, the windows to be close shut; and, as if Death had not been able to pierce the place of his Retreat, he converted his Pallace into a Prison.

Unhappy man! what art thou afraid of, is it not what thou must one day undergo?

Why art thou affrighted at that which is in thy power not to be troubled at? Chace from thy Soul this Panick fear, resign thy self to Gods Will, forgo  
this

*O miser! assiduo times;  
semel faciendum est hoc.  
Quid times quod in tua  
manu est ne timeas?  
Lips. mon. polit.*

this vain superstition, that renders thee guilty before him ; and then shalt thou see, that thy departure may become an offering to expiate thy offences, that Death is but the way to Life, and that thou mayst be eternally happy, for having generously despised it.

Though Nature have brought forth nothing into the world, that is to endure to eternity, though all her workmanship be condemned to dissolution, and though all that we behold is but for a few days ; nevertheless we may say, that nothing is totally lost, that her labours are rather extinguish'd than annihilated, and that Death doth not so much determine, as interrupt them. If the Summer pass away ; if the Sun retire from our Horizon, if the Flowers forsake their Beds, and if in our Fields we see no remains of the Vintage and Harvest, another year restores them to us, and all those Beauties which we look upon as vanish'd recover and renew the Face of the Earth, by the same means which seem'd to have caused their annihilation. If Winter steal away, if the Snow dissolve and leave bare the tops of our Houses, if the Frost cease to harden our Rivers, and if the North-wind forbear to shake our Buildings, it comes again after a little time, and his Months, though departed for a while, fail not to return, to make good his season. If darkness prevail upon the light, if night hide the Sun from us, and if its obscurity keep Earths Beauties from our Eyes, the day following causeth the shadows to flee away, and makes us restitution of the Lights which the precedent darkness had deprived us of. The Stars which are never at rest,  
which



which are in perpetual motion, and rowl continually over our heads, hasten to the point from whence they departed, and reassume their Course by the same degrees by which they began their Motions : It is with Man as with other Creatures, he dies to live again, the parts of which he is composed return to their principle, as his Body descends to the Earth, his Soul mounts to Heaven, and, escaping her Prison, she flies unclog'd to her original.

Neither do we see any but impious or criminal persons, that fear this separation, and look upon it as their most rigorous punishment where-with Divine Justice can chastise them : they tremble when they are told of Death, they dread the judgments of God, which they have despised, and are unwilling to leave the

Earth, because they do not hope to reign in Heaven. But just men look on Death without Fear, they submissively expect it, and wish for it as the ease of their miseries,

*Ad refrigerium justii vocantur, non est exitus, sed ad eternitatem transitus. Quis ad meliora non festinet ? Cyprian. lib. de mort.*

they calmly prepare for it, and knowing it to be the Sepulchre of Vice, and the Cradle of Vertue, they cease not to supplicate the arrival of their change. They know by Faith that the World is but a place of banishment, that Heaven is their native Country, and that they shall one day be called home, to receive the reward of their Labours. Descend into those solitudes of the ancient *Ancharites*, and you shall there find the examples of this truth, there you shall see men who are continually employed in the contemplation of Death, who

R

think

think only upon the day in which they shall be discharged from the Earth, who expect it with joy, and convert the most dreadful of our punishments into their ordinary employments. Break into their Cells, there you shall find them, who are loaden with Irons, who having their flesh torn with the Whip, lean with fasting, weakened with watching, wish for the end of their Life, and, like those generous Athletes, or Wrestlers of old, offer Combat to obtain Death, the recompence of their Valor and Courage.

But, waving these Christian Sentiments, and to return to Philosophical Arguments, I do not well apprehend, why we are so much afraid of Death, since it brings us so much advantage, and that putting an end to our days, it makes us infinitely happy, or renders us incapable of further offences. For if we have lived as vertuous persons, if we have not misspent the time given us for the working out of our Salvation; and if we have well employed the moments of our Life, why are we unwilling to be taken from it, and why desire we not rather to lose it, since Death by which it is determined, is the passage to a blessed Eternity? But if we have gone astray from our duty, and if we have been Prodigals of our time, why seek we to prolong it, and to augment the number of our sins, by the extension of our years? If we are innocent, let us not fear to appear before the Judge: and if we are guilty, let us not take it in evil part, that Heaven calls us from the Earth, and taking from us the means of farther Crimes prevents the increase of our Creator's Anger.

It is to be ignorant of our own condition, to fancy that Death is a cruel thing, and not to look upon it rather as a favor than a grief of Nature. For be it, that she give date to the happiness of the just, be it, that she finish the miseries of the afflicted, be it, that she

*Ignaro malorum suorum, quibus non mors, ut optimum inventum naturæ, laudatur. Sen. consol. ad mort.*

give the aged a long day of payment; be it, that she violently seize the Infant in the Cradle; she becomes equally the end of all their Sorrows, and as she is the remedy of the infirm, and of the guilty, she is generally the desire of the just, and of the unfortunate. But of so many persons as call her to their assistance, she is not so much a friend to any as to those to whom she comes without call, and whose miseries and apprehensions she anticipates. The Earth hath few men, that are not beholding to Death, and who place her not rather amongst the number of their acquisitions than their losses. For by her the slave is taken from under the cruel hand of his Master, & breaking the twine that fastened his Soul to his Body, she gives him a dispensation of his oath of fidelity: it is she that sets the Prisoners at large, and who, knocking off their Irons, gives their freedom in despite of their malicious Oppressors: it is she that shews the banisht persons the ready way to return to their own Country, that teacheth them, that they have no abiding place here upon Earth, and that it matters not much to what part of the world they be confined, since she brings them back to the place from whence they came. In fine, it is she who fortifies the faint hearted against their misfortunes,

who laughs at the cruelty of Princes , and who constraineth us to believe, that the Life we love is a punishment, since that which gives it a period, puts an end to all our miseries.

*Caius Caligula* being Master of this Secret, and who had learnt by divers Murthers, that Death  
*Mortem misericors se-  
pe pro vita dabis Sen.  
in Troade.* past for a favor amongst the  
 unfortunate, granted it only to  
 his friends ; he that obtained  
 it must be reconciled to him ;

and *Seneca* observed , that it was not so much an effect of his Rigor, as of his Bounty, to be put to Death in the time of his Reign. He would have thought himself ignorant of the Fundamentals of Tyranny, if he had chastised all men with one and the same punishment, if he had not put a difference between persons, if he had condemned the miserable to death , and if he had preserved alive those who deemed themselves happy. There were some men during his time , that wisht for Death as a favor , and desired to be bereaved of Life , that they might be no longer Witnesses of his horrible wickedness ; *Caninius Julius* received the Sentence of Death with Joy , he returned the Emperor thanks for it in the midst of the Senat ; and whether it were to reproach him of Cruelty , or that he would blame the Cowardise of his Compatriots, he let him see, that Death was not so terrible , since it was possible to despise it, to avoid the sight of a barbarous Tyrant. He knew it was no extraordinary priviledg for a Man to live ; that Vassals enjoy it as well as their Lords , that the condition of Beasts in this point was equal to that of reasonable Creatures,  
 and

and that we must have had but small experience of the calamities of the World, to fear what Children suffer without complaining, mad men expect without concernment, and what the afflicted receive with satisfaction.

Death hath nothing of Cruelty but opinion, Philosophers have augmented our horror by the description of it; they have increased our apprehensions, in designing to prepare us for it; and they have represented her frightful even by reasons that might well serve to enable us to support it.

Some have imagined, that she was the greatest of all our evils, because it was necessary: that it was the chastisement

*Omnium terribilium  
terribilissimum est mors  
Arist.*

wherewith the most famous Criminals were punished; and that it was not without cause, that man had so much aversion for it, since Natures most useles animals used so much indeavor to avoid or divert it. Yet we know that Death touches us not, but by depriving us of Sense, it makes us incapable of suffering pain, and in separating our Soul from our Body, it makes us insensible of all evils. The *Epicureans*, who have vowed an inviolable fidelity to pleasure, confess this Truth: the Living feel it as little as those that rest in the Grave; and as she offends not in the latter, because they are deprived of Sense, she toucheth not the former, because they yet breath.

If all these Reasons cannot perswade the *Peripateticks* not to fear Death, at least, they will diminish their apprehensions of it, and will oblige them to confess, that Death hath nothing so terrible in it as they had represented her to them-

selves, since an ordinary resolution will serve to endure or vanquish it. *Seneca*, who knew that

*Ante Senectutem curavi ut bene moriar; bene autem mori est libenter mori, & libens moritur qui non repugnat: non qui jussus aliquid facit miser est, sed qui invitatus facit. Sen. Ep. 61.*

it was a part of his Essence, and as quantity which hath its extent and termination, it was composed of Life, and of Death, he prepared to receive it at all times, he lookt on each day as the last of his life; and to use his own words, he wisht for his Change, to

put an end to his miseries. He saith in one Epistle, which he writeth to *Lucillus*, that he had been a long time prepared for it, that he enjoyed not Life but because he was ready to surrender it; and that as he had prevented her arrival by his Vertue, he could wait his dissolution without Fear, and suffer it without Sorrow.

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Discourse

Discourse I V.

*That Despair is mixt with Cowardize  
fury and Injustice.*

**T**He Love which man beareth to himself is so Just, and the cares he carries about him for his own preservation are so reasonable, that he may not forgo them without unhinging his frame, nor be exempted from the Rules thereof without perverting the very Laws of Nature. It is the end of all his actions, the foundation of human Society, and the principle of that strickt union observed between Lovers and Friends.

If *Aristotle* may be credited in this matter, a man becomes sufficiently useful to his Neighbour, from the time that he retains a Love for himself, and being governed by the Rules of virtue, stirs up others to practise them by his example. From thence the Civilians assert, that our will cannot be pure when it considereth a benefit that is out of our power, that there is a self love in all our actions, that interest is the life of our designs, and that we care not to preserve, or defend, a publique good, any further then it concerneth our own particular welfare, The Souldier fights not for his

*Vix bonum publicum  
curamus, nisi in quan-  
tum privatum nostrum  
admixtum est. Cod.*

native Countrey, but because he hopes to secure what himself therein possesseth; and as he is a member of that Body, he fears his own ruin in the destruction of the Government. The Merchant mounts not the threatening Seas but under the hopes of profit, the Husbandman doth not cultivate the Earth, but because he expects a happy Harvest of his Labours.

In fine, man imitateth his maker in his Love: he causeth all Creatures to serve his turn, he cherisheth himself with delight, he looks upon himself with respect, and subduing all things to his mind, he adoreth himself as a Diety.

Although this affection be as just as it is natural, and cannot be blamed in a man but so far only as she passeth into excess; yet doth Despair design her ruin, it opposeth all her Principles, and engageth the most tractable of all Creatures, to become his own enemy. He breaks those Cords of Love which bind him so strongly to himself, it causeth hatred to succeed his Love, and by a fury wherewith miserable souls and mad men only are possess'd, it forceth him to be his own Executioner, to put a period to his misfortunes:

*Neque interest multum,  
mors ad nos veniat an  
ad illam nos: illud im-  
peritissimi cuiusq; ver-  
bum falsum esse tibi  
persuade, Bella res est  
mori sua morte. Sen.  
Ep. 61.*

I know that *Seneca* did allow his wise man this sentiment, that it was his opinion that we might depart this World without offence, that there was always Glory by letting in Death by our own hand, and that that man was able to live at liberty, who could die without constraint: That a Wise Man was Master of his Life, as well as his Actions, that



that he was to live as long as he ought, and not so long as he could; and as he withdrew himself from a Feast when he was satisfied, or quitted his sport when tired; he was to leave the World when he became weary of it. In fine, he maintained that this *Passion* was an honor to him: and that if it appertained to men of great courage sometimes to forsake the Earth in their prosperity, it was a mark of folly in a man to desire to live, being discontent and unhappy.

This sentiment is so often repeated in his Works, that we cannot deny but he was of that opinion, and I must give the lye to my own judgment, if I would defend or justify him in that escape. But he seemeth to me excusable enough, being a *Stoick*, since his error proceeded from the Principles of the Sect he was of, and for commending Despair in his Wise man, since it passed in his time for the most glorious act of our courage: yet no sooner was he undeceived in this Doctrine, no sooner had Christianity forbidden Homicides; and that no attempt could be made upon a mans self, without breaking in upon the Rights of his Lord, but he quitted his judgment; he retracts from his errors, and confirmed, by the close of his Life, the truth of his Belief. For having received the Sentence of Death, he would not execute it upon himself with his own hands, he permitted his Veins to be opened by them about him, and suffered them to let his Soul (with the Blood) out of his Body, without his own assistance. In a Letter which he writes to *Lucilius*, he exhorteth a wise man not to deprive the Executioner of his Office, and (without fear) to wait for the termination

nation of his days, he saith that there is fortitude in despising but not in hating of Life, and that it is

*Aliquando etiam si  
mors istabit, & desti-  
natum sibi supplicium  
sciet non commodabit*

*sapiens pœnæ suæ mu-  
num, stultitia est timore mortis mori: veniet qui occidet, ex-  
pecta, quid occupas alienum negotium? Sen. Ep. 70.*

rather a sign of madness than of wisdom, to work our own dissolution by the fear of dying.

Indeed amongst all the *Passions* of the Soul, none are more sordid than Despair: those that have made use of it, to recover their Liberty, or to deliver themselves from the Tyranny of Princes, have not so much made proof of their constancy as of their weakness; and they have passed among men rather for impatient than courageous persons. *Cato* is not blamed in History, but for having hearkened to the advice of Despair, his Death is the shame of the *Romans*, his homicide blemisheth all his other actions; and what praises soever *Seneca* gives him in his Book of Providence, he cannot be exempted from the imputation of cowardise, in having recourse to Death, to shun the power of a victorious enemy. It is a defect of Courage not to be able to undergo Adversity, to wish for Death, because our Life is unpleasant, and to anticipate the end of our Days, to free our selves from pain and infamy. *Regulus*, to whom the like evil befell, shewed himself much more generous to Posterity than this Philosopher: for being fallen into the hands of the *Carthaginians* he would not lend his own to Despair, that they might be deprived of the Glory of his overthrow: and although he was become the Captive

of

of them whom he had formerly vanquish't in pitcht Battel, he chose rather to suffer, in being their Servant, than violently to ease himself of their Tyranny by the commission of a homicide. He received his disaster without murmuring against Heaven, he bore the Domination of his insulting Lords with patience, he retained the same greatness of Courage in his Captivity as in his Authority, and though far removed from the *Roman* People, he ceased not to preserve his affection inviolable for them. If his enemies loaded his body with Chains, they could not tear from his Soul, the love he had for his Country, he was faithful to it in the midst of his miseries, he made vows for its welfare, and as he knew that he could not go out of the world without the leave of him that placed him in it, he waited for Death from his Enemies, without daring to prevent it, by attempting upon his own life. But *Cato* never surmounted *Cesar*, if he became his Prince, he was also become his Conqueror by the Law of Arms, and if he deprived him of Liberty, it was after he had subjected the *Roman* Commonwealth to his Authority. Likewise his Despair is an evident sign of his imbecility: he did not kill himself, but because he envied *Cesars* fortunes, and set not the Dagger to his breast, but because he could not bear the prosperity of a victorious Antagonist.

If Despair be found guilty of infirmity, we shall find her no less full of fury: violence gives not way to weakness, and as we deem a man a coward, whose heart faileth him in the day of Adversity, he is esteemed cruel, when he contracts with Death for his deliverance. Those Tyrants that  
break

break in upon our Lives, come short of the violence of Despair, they discharge their Rage only upon our Bodies, they leave our minds at liberty; and, afflicting the meanest part of us, they often see the more noble victorious over their Cruelty. But Despair, that exerciseth its fury upon both, it depresseth the Soul with the Body, it sets us wholly on fire against our selves, and more outrageous than the evil that assaults us, it constrains us to make use of Steel or Poison, to deprive our selves of Life. Then it is, that we become our own enemies, when we turn our advantages to our destruction, when we employ our Reason to procure our ruine, and to avoid Pain, which is but the trouble of effeminate men, we summon the worst of evils to our assistance. Likewise an Orator hath excellently said, that Despair was but the *Passion* of furious persons, that it took its Laws from Impatience, its Power from Indignation, its Weapons from Fear and Pain; and that a man called not for Death, but because he hated himself, or forgot his own Salvation.

Moreover Despair is accounted the most unjust of our Inclinations; and whosoever should approve the use thereof amongst reasonable Creatures, would no less offer violence to the Laws of Nature than those of Christianity. Life is a gift of God, we enjoy it not but so long as it pleaseth him, we came not into the World but by his favor, and that man would doubtless be insolently audacious, who would dare to abuse a benefit which he received not, but upon condition to preserve it. As none are permitted to choose the Country where they will be born, nor the Parents  
that

that shall beget them, it is not allowable for any to destroy themselves; and it is but just, that He only that placed us in the number of the Living without our consent, should remove us from thence at his pleasure. For although we are born for Command, and that we behold nothing upon Earth, that is not subject to our Authority, nevertheless the disposing of our selves, is not within our Commission, our Life is in the hands of him that gave it us; and since the Son of God hath redeemed us by his Blood, it is no longer lawful for us to undervalue it, because of a few incumbrances that attend it. Even as the Laws of Men forbid particular persons to rescue the guilty from the hands of the Executioner, the heavenly Commandment permits not that sinners should diminish or change their Chastisements; and they are thereby oblig'd to suffer all sorts of calamities rather than to abandon the rights which God hath over their Life, to the discretion of fortune. If we desire Death let it be the Death of our *Passions*, let us avoid every thing which makes us miserable, let us forsake all those false opinions which seduce us, and let us die to our selves, if we will not feel the evil which we are so much afraid of.

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THE  
FOURTH TREATISE.

---

OF  
GRIEF.

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Discourse I.

*Of the Nature of Grief.*

**A**S Nature is an enemy to Ease, as she brings forth all things for action, as the more noble of her works terminate in motion, and as she allows them no divertisements but for the reparation of Strength decreased by Labour; as sloth is hurtful to the Body, as it converts it into excremental humors, as it encreaseth Flegm, as it changeth the natural heat, and hindering the concoction of Food renders it feeble and weak: The *Stoicks* forbid their wise men to live at ease; they make it the Seed-plot of Sin; and knowing it to be nearer allied to darkness than to light, they enjoyn him to shun those retirements wherein he may learn to practise evil for want of employment. The truth is, it falls out very often, that nothing is more fatal

*Nilil agendo malè agere discimus.*

to us than retirement and solitudes: our Vices become less vigorous when they are seen; when the Disease is discovered, it's half cured, and a dissolute life is never more dangerous than when, avoiding the Eyes of men, we retire into private places. Yet such is the humor of Grief, the delights in retirement, and seeks out solitary places to entertain her self with her own miseries: and, as if she were possessed of an evil Spirit, she shuns the company of them that are able to cure her. She resembles those idle delicate persons, who know little or nothing of their own actions, who think not of eating but when they are called to it, and who know not whether they be sitting or standing, unless you ask them: they live without sense, they divert themselves, and know it not, and they are employed, without knowing to what purpose.

If the other motions of the Soul put us into agitation, they propose some end, and the greatest part of them do aim at things that give us some sort of content. Affection pursues the Object we love, and laying open its Beauties, or Benefits, entertains us with the Joy of its possession, or advantage; Anger meditates revenge, she considers the injury done her, and is never appeased till she have had satisfaction: Covetousness applies her studies to Riches; the comfort she expects from their enjoyment is her motive; and she ceaseth to hunt after them when she hath once lost the hopes of finding them. But Grief is always idle, she propounds to her self no ends, she is altogether taken up with her own misfortunes; and without extending her thoughts beyond her self, her food

is only her own affliction. Nothing is so little at our command as this *Passion*, she ariseth without our leave, she encreaseth by her own motion ; and contrary to the other distempers of the Soul, she is made worse by the Remedies which ought to be her Cure. The Journies or Voyages we undertake wherewith to charm her ; the cares we apply to correct her nature, and the divertisements of which we make use, to allay her anguish, avail us nothing : she soon returns, and all the witty inventions of Prudence serve not so much to destroy as to deceive her. For Opinion coming in to her assistance, renews her Sorrows, shews her the cause with aggravations ; and, as if it drew strength from her respite, it strives to make her yet more miserable. And it is from this reason, that *Seneca* doth infer, that Grief is not natural to man, since she is so fickle in her humor, so variable in her wounds, and so inconstant in her affliction.

What ever comes from Nature is not sensibly apprehensive of alteration, it preserves every where the same order, and the diversity of matter it meets with changeth not its course. Fire which is a natural Agent, spareth none, it equally devours the Prince and the Peasant, it consumes the Wife and her

*Ea quæ à naturâ originem acceperunt eandem in omnibus servant; apparet non esse naturale quod varium est. Sen. Consol. ad Helv. cap. 7.*

Husband, and it must be Brasse or Diamonds, that is able to resist its fury. Steel enters into every part of the Body, it divides all Metals, it separates the most solid things, it conveys Death to the greatest number of Men, and we cannot reckon a

Martyr



Martyr in our Annals, that was able to oppose its violence. But sorrow is partial, she wounds one without touching another; that which afflicts us, reaches not our Neighbours, and we often see, that one and the same disaster makes some contented, and others unhappy.

The original of all this disorder is self-love, our Grievs proceed from our affections, we grow not sad but because we are in love with our selves, and as that Matron said in *Quintilian*, we regret not the loss of outward Goods, or of our friends, but because we affected them too much. If the Enemy ravage our Country, if the Pestilence depopulate the Provinces, if the Hailstones become the Harvesters of the Husbandmans hopes, if the Thunderbolts batter down our Steeple-tops, if the Famine decrease the number of our Compatriots; we do not so much lament their misery as our own private calamity, we apprehend our own ruine in their destruction, and their misfortunes and losses touch us no farther, than that the same disasters may fall upon our heads. For by a contrary reason, if news be brought us, that the Armies have quitted our Borders, that they are gone into *Ethiopia*, or marched into *Persia*, and are become Masters of their most considerable strong holds, if we receive advice, that the Plague hath tumbled twenty thousand *Indians* into the Grave, that the Sea hath swallowed up a whole Fleet of Infidels, that the *Turks* have gained some Islands from the Christians, and violently carried away a great number of innocent persons into miserable Captivity; all these evil tidings stir us not, we hear them without disturbance; and though Nature oblige us to love all

men as our Brethren, we are not much concerned, whether they be miserable, provided we are but out of danger; the misfortunes of our Neighbours terrifie us not, but in proportion to the love we bear them, and we fear not their unhappiness, but in as much as it may chance to concern our selves. This was it that cau-

*Tristitia est dissensio  
animi ab his rebus quæ  
nobis nolentibus acci-  
dunt. Aug. 14. de civ.*

sed St. *Anstin* to define Grief, according to the Stoicks, a Displeasure of the Soul caused by the opinion of an evil,

which befalls us contrary to our Will.

But as the humor of this *Passion* agrees not with that of its companions, she bringeth forth effects, that are different from theirs: For if Love and Desire treat us with oppression, Grief deals with us as a Tyrant, and if Hope and Fear treat their guests as slaves, Sorrow makes them Martyrs. Her malignity extends into all their faculties, she benumbs the Body with cold, she extinguisheth the heat, by which they subsist, she dries up the radical moisture, by which they live, she obstructs the digestion of what they eat, she embroils their memory, she perverts their judgment, & she leaves not a member of their Bodies nor any power of their Soul uncorrupted or not weakened. In fine, if the other *Passions* be Diseases, Grief is a Torment; if Love be subject to discontents, if Joy be lightheaded, if Fear be accompanied with imbecillity, Sorrow is attended at once with pining, anguish and pain: she beats down the Spirits with the Body, and overthrowing the whole order of their Government, puts them into a condition incapable of acting any thing, but what is fatal to their Rest.

De-

Despair ceaseth to torment us when separated from Grief, and our apprehensions are supportable, when divided from that unquietness with which the faint-hearted are afflicted.

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Discourse II.

*That Misfortunes make not a Wise Man sad, and that they are equally advantageous to the innocent and the guilty.*

**A**Lbeit I have ever been perswaded, that there was a God in Heaven, that I know well all Creatures obeyed him, and that that Religion, which I profess, obliged me to pay him reverence, although I owned his Power to be infinite, that he was equally just and merciful; and that the least of his Perfections was as well beyond my expression as out of the reach of my thoughts: nevertheless have I sometimes been unable to forbear lifting my head into Heaven, to bring his Providence in question, and to ask, whether the Creator of the Universe were the Governor of the minutes and adventures of our Life. It is true, that my error lasted but a while, and I changed my opinion as soon as I considered the Beauties of Nature, when I contemplated these azure Vaults, which hang over our heads, when I admired the

influences of the Stars, when I observed the regular order of the Seasons, when I examined how the Day succeeded the Night, and how the Sun, which caused both, conveyed his Light and his Heat into all the quarters of the Earth. All these wonders easily undeceived me in my misapprehension ; and wholly ashamed of my infidelity, I confessed without difficulty, that he who divided the Seas, who caused the Fruits to come forth in their seasons, who upheld the Earth by its own weight, was the

*Res humanas ordine  
nullo fortuna regit,  
spargitque manu munera  
caca peiora fovens.*  
Sen. Hippo.

same who regulated our Actions, who took notice of our Sufferings, who assisted us in our warfare, and made himself Arbitrator of our Defeat, or our Victory. But when after-

wards I saw that all things were in disorder in the World, when I observed in it the guilty happy, and the innocent miserable, when I considered there, the vicious rewarded, and the just afflicted ; I fell again into my first error, I appealed from my last opinion ; and swayed by an injustice, which to me seemed equitable, I acknowledged no other Providence but that which the Ancients attributed to *Destiny* and *Fortune* : my Faith lost herself by too great Curiosity, and I became an Infidel, by desiring too much Knowledge.

But the Chastisement that waiteth upon sin, cured me of this Distemper, the punishment of the wicked opened my Eyes ; I complain now no more of the afflictions of the just, nor of the felicity of the wicked, I know that these are sufficiently miserable by being guilty ; and that it is not necessary that Divine Justice should abate their, Pride,  
since

since Vice contributeth to their Torment. Indeed let a man be as vicious as he will he shall not avoid the Chastisement due to his sin: his lewdness is his punishment, and how insensible soever he be of his Crimes, he cannot shun their punishment, after he hath committed them. There is no safety here upon Earth, but that of innocence, and nothing can give rest to our Souls, but the justice of our Actions. As it was the custom of the *Romans* to bear the Cross upon which they were to be crucified, impious men carry their punishment about them: the remorse of Conscience bears them company in all places; and they feel themselves condemned before the Witnesses be called, ere ever the Judge pass the Sentence, and before the Executioner lay hands upon them. Those Torments that are visible, are not always the most sensible: our Body is not at all times the theater of our pain, that which wounds this is often offensive only to our imagination; and if its violence make it short, its moderation is not insupportable: but that which proceeds from our Crimes is eternal, it is this only which is able to unite different qualities, which is as lasting as cruel, which endures longer than that which caused it, which encreaseth by its silence, and gains strength by its moderation. It resembles that famous Tyrant, who gave commandment to the Executioners, to give their Patients a tedious Death, to make them suffer their Torments with longer repetitions, to lay on gently, that their Death might be the more sensible to them, and to send them into the other

*Cognatum imò innatum  
omni sceleris sceleris sup-  
plicium* Lips. 2. de  
Const.

world by reiterated pains. For sin gives us no respite, it continues our whole life, and by repeated torments conveys us to eternal Death.

But without spending more time in summing up the Calamities of the wicked, it will not be hard for me to satisfy those complaints, which most men make against Heaven; if I shew, that Fortune hath nothing dismal in her, that her disgraces cannot make us unhappy, that they are rather testimonials of Gods Bounty than of his Anger; and that if they are the exercises of the innocent, they serve also for remedies to the guilty. It is adversity, saith an ancient Orator, that reforms our Wills, that gives courage to the cowardly, that constrains the obstinate, that teacheth the proud modesty, which instructeth the impious in vertue, which crowneth the just, and

*Quod ad me attinet, intelligo me non opes sed occupationes perdidisse. Corporis exigua desideria sunt. Sen. Consol. ad Hel. cap. 11.*

punisheth the wicked. Seneca esteemed himself happy in his Exile, the penury that attended him, contributed to his quiet, he thought he had lost his troublesome business, not his Goods, when they spoiled

ed him of his Wealth, and that by a happy mischance he had recovered his Liberty, in being deprived of the care of preserving his Riches; The poor live securely; and, as Fortune is not their Landlady, they fear not her displeasure. If a Tyrant invade the neighbouring Countries, if he send the Alarm into their Quarters, if he force the Walls that surround them, they are not much concerned, they know the Soldiers seek not for them, and that that want which makes them unhappy,

unhappy, is their shelter from the pursuits of usurpers. If they be banisht from their Country, and if, by a Power permitted by the Law of Arms to Conquerors, they be forced to transplant, they leave their Cottages without complaint, they seek to get out, and not to carry away; and knowing that the whole Earth is their Country, they assure themselves of finding every where sufficient to satisfy their needs.

Poverty is not insupportable, but to them that think it so, the imagination makes the greatest part of their Torments, men must be abused by the noise of the people, to be sensible of it, and be ignorant of necessitous contentments, to be afraid of their condition. If we will take the pains to frequent the habitations of the Poor, we shall see that there is nothing frightful in them, but the name they bear; that Joy covers the faces of most of their Guests, that they dispute tranquillity of mind with the Rich, and that without being loaden with the cares which disturb the wealthy, they taste Lifes sweetness with delight. But the rich are unhappy in the midst of Pleasures, Calamities beset them on all sides, their Treasures are their troubles; and as they get them by Labor, they possess them with Fear, and lose them with Sorrow,

But to make it appear, that Poverty hath nothing vexatious, and that all its evil consisteth purely in opinion; do we not see, that rich men often imitate the poor, when they have a mind to divert themselves? That they appoint days, to be entertained after their manner? That they lay

aside their Plate-Services for earthen Dishes? That they change their Goblets of Gold into wooden Bowls? That they prefer the Work of the Potter before the Art of the Goldsmith? And that they set aside the magnificence of their state-

*Dementes! hoc aliquando concupiscunt quod semper timent. Idem ibidem cap. 12.*

ly dwellings, to come and divert themselves in a Shepherd's Hut? Mean while these unhappy men fly from Want, they fear what they sometimes

seek; and, by a blindness which shews their infirmity, they abhor what in their Delights they imitate. So much it is a truth, that indigence is but an imaginary thing, that it hath nothing more terrible in it than the common opinion of men, and that the incommodities that attend it hurt not our Mind, but in proportion to the wound they give to our imagination. Sometimes one and the same cause produceth different effects; and that which made poverty odious, makes plenty a burthen. As it is of small importance, whether a sick mans Bed be of Ivory or of Wood, and as his being often removed, allays not his Grief; a man is as little satisfied with Poverty as with Wealth, and because he carries his evil about him, there is no help for his misery.

Therefore when any misfortune befalls us, let us be assured, that the evil we resent, is only an effect of opinion, that it offends us because we think it doth, and that it afflicts our minds, only because we have suffered our imagination to be seduced by it. If we are fallen into disgrace, if men have violently robbed us of our credit, or good name, and if by the malice of our Enemies,



mies, or the displeasure of the Prince, we are stript of our Dignities, let us remember that we have no power over human things, that there is a God above, who hath reserved to himself the Jurisdiction thereof, that we cannot be renowned any longer than pleaseth him, and that as the Earth hath no pretensions upon the day, which by intervals enlightens it, we ought not to promise our selves eternal advantages here, since men may spoil us of them every moment. Fortune doth not imitate Nature in her conduct: as this perfecteth her Works by gradations, she brings them back by leisurely motions to their Principles: the Planets withdraw from their Points at the same rate as they hastened to them. But that sightless Dame doth often make us poor at once; we lose in one day that which cost our Ancestors divers ages to acquire; and, as if she knew that we are all born equal, that Riches fell unequally to our shares, that we stript our Neighbours for our own accommodation, that we have encreased them against the Laws of Nature, she casts us violently into a state of poverty, and makes our condition equal to the meanest Creatures on Earth. Though this method of proceeding be a surprizal, yet is it in some sort advantageous to us: by wounding she cures us, she stifles all our evils at once; and, as a skilful Chirurgeon, who nimbly draws an Arrow out of the Body, she carries away with our Goods the care of their preservation and the apprehension of their loss.

If the fire violently ravage our fields, if it burn our houses, and consume all the substance we have in them; we are to consider, that this loss happens

to

to us by an universal cause, that this insatiable Element operates according to the matter it meets with ; and that it would be guilty of partiality, if it should spare our habitations, since it pays neither respect to the Temples of God, nor to the Pallaces of Kings. Let us represent to our selves, that this burning is a forerunner of that fire which is one day to devour the whole world, that this Creature is enraged against us, that it is angry that we use it as a slave, that we employ it in most of our Arts : and that it is but just, we should be content to receive some damage from that which affords us so many good services. Let us perswade our selves, that the evil befell us by the secret Providence of Heaven, that God sends it to them that least think of it, and that the flames would never destroy any houses, if they were to stay for the consent of the owners. As the fire is burning up our dwellings, let us implore Heaven to consume our *Passions*. By the light of the flames let us behold the vanity of temporal Goods, let us therein adore the Hand that strikes us, and which chastiseth us in this world, to spare us in the next.

If Death snatch away any of our friends ; and, by an innocent cruelty, deprive us of them we loved most in the world, let us bear this separation with submission, let us be thankful to Providence, that we had them so long ; let us take her favors in the best sense, and not accuse her of having spoiled us, since she could give as well as take ; let us remember that all things in Nature are subject to decay, that men have yet brought forth nothing immortal, and that the proudest of their works lasted but a few years. Let us, by an ingenious deceit,

ceit, imagine, that our friends are absent, and not dead, that they have changed their abode, and not their Country, that they are removed, but not gone from us. Let us not be of the humor of those who love not their friends till they have lost them; and who, doubting of their own affections, have recourse to tears for their confirmation. If we judge of a man by the more noble part of his composition, we are assured, that those we lament are not dead, that their Souls live content; and that that virtue which caused them to excel upon earth, hath rendred them for ever blessed in Heaven. Let us apply all these Arguments to our Adversities, let us thereof make weapons of defence against their assaults when ever they attack us; and let us hold for truth, that they serve always either to punish our Faults, or to make our Vertues more perspicuous.

*Quicquid est, cui dominus inscriberis apud te est, tuum non est: nihil firmum infirmo, nihil fragili æternum & invictum est. Sen. Epist. 98.*

## Discourse I I I.

*That the Wise are happy even in Exile  
and Prison.*

**N**othing doth so much oppose the general opinion of the vulgar, as to assert, that afflictions are beneficial to a wise man, that his misfortunes contribute to his felicity, that his disgraces turn to his glory, that he may be content under oppression, and that that which makes other men unhappy should turn to his profit. What, say they, can it be believed, that he should be beholding to Fortune for reducing him to a state of beggary, to be lodged all his days upon a dunghil, to be deprived of his Wife and Children, and to be ungratefully forsaken of his nearest Relations? Is it possible, to think that *Fabrizius* could be happy in his Exile, when after his retirement from the Court, his necessities constrained him to dig and delve, and to gather, with his own hands, the Herbs and Roots for his Supper? Who will judge it a blessing to *Rutilius* to be driven from his native Country, forced to forsake his Children, make bankrupt of his friends, and to be confined to a barren corner of the Earth? Who shall imagine that *Regulus* could be content in a Cask set with Spikes, by which

which his wounds were renewed every moment, when he could not stir himself without piercing his Body, when they constrained him to a continual watching, and by a new sort of cruelty, they keep open his Eyes against the Beams of the Sun?

Who shall think, that *Socrates* was used as a faithful Citizen, when they present him the fatal Cup, when the Poison he swallows freezeth his Blood, and, dispersing her malignity into all his Veins, bereaves his Eyes of Light, his Limbs of Vigor, and his Reason of Stability? A man must be an enemy to himself, to build his felicity upon his misfortunes, and be ignorant of the Nature of Happiness; to think of arriving there, by the help of violent injuries which oppose it.

Mean while we must own, according to *Seneca's* opinion, that *Fabritius* is happy in his Poverty, that *Rutilius* is content in his Banishment, that *Regulus* meets with nothing of evil in his Torments, and that *Socrates* is not miserable, in letting in Death by tedious draughts. Calamities astonish only men of ordinary Spirits, and he must be ignorant of the condition of human life, who fears or flies the miseries that attend it.

*Magnum est exemplum,  
nisi mala fortuna non  
invenit. Sen. de Pro-  
vid.*

Banishment, which is the midway between Life and Death, which deprives the living of conversing with their fellow Creatures, and causeth them to bewail the absence of them whom they have not lost; is in propriety of Speech,  
but

but a changing of Habitation, and a removal from their Countries; the same Sun gives them light where ever they go, and without being troubled for the place, whither they are to retire, they are assured to find a Heaven to cover, and the same Earth to sustain them.

A wise Man is too generous to be restrained to a portion of Earth, the whole Globe is his Inheritance; he lives here below as a Pilgrim, and not as a Citizen, and he thinks himself to be up-

*Exiguum hoc, quod si montes coercent, si fluvii cingunt, patriam esse censet? universus orbis est, quacunque homines sunt caelesti illo semine oriundi. Lip. 10. de const.*

on his Journey every time he is obliged to forsake the place of his Nativity. Those Mountains which distinguish Kingdoms, and the Rivers which surround their Provinces, do not comprehend their Territories: His com-

forts are spread over all the Earth, he deemeth that he is arrived in his own Country so often as he is brought into another; and as by his mind he possesseth all things, he perswades himself to be born in every place, into which Providence hath cast him. Who doth not laugh at those fools, that are fastned with a straw by the Leg to a Table, who being tied to a Post, by a small thread, seem as immovable as if their Bodies were loaden with Fetters and Shackles? And yet we see some men agitated by the same Madness: They are so much in love with their own Chimney-Corners, that they are not to be hauled thence. They confine themselves to a piece of Earth, and like no Towns but those they were born in; and they would think themselves thrown

out

out of the World if they should be forced into fresh Quarters.

But forsaking the error of the multitude, whose judgment, a false opinion hath disordered, it is not difficult to make appear, that Banishment is to be borne, that it hath nothing more terrible than the noise of the World, that the Banished may live contented, and that they suffer nothing in Exile that is able to make them unhappy. We see some men voluntarily quit their own to inhabit a foreign Country. The People who fill the most stately City of *Europe*, are not all born under one Hemisphere, the most remote parts contribute to her composition, Strangers are not there less frequent than those of the Country: and if there were a general muster of the Occupants, I know not whether the number of the Banished would not exceed all that are Natives of *Rome*. Either Delight or Profit is the motive of this exchange of Air: Some come thither for Traffick, others to hide their enormities; Some are perswaded thither by the desire of acquiring Arts, and others by a vain hope of heaping up Riches, or gaining of Reputation: Ambitious men have sought it as a Theatre whereon to expose their Vanities to view; and we find no Nation of which some are not very glad to change their Climate for that of this Worlds Paradise. But go out of this City, which is the common Country of all those People, pass into the other Towns, which have not her Fame nor Delights: Sum up the Inhabitants, and you shall find, that the greater number are Strangers, that their Language is different from  
that

that which they learnt in their Infancy, that interest tempted them to remove ; and that by a humour which seemeth strange, they often abandon a pleasant Air to seek an Iron or a Brazen Sky.

Our Country is that place where we live contented, our felicity depends on 'us, and not on our habitation, and it is to little purpose to drive us from the Land of our Nativity, since into what Coast soever we are carried, we bear about us our Vertue, which ought to make all our Happiness.

*Patria est ubicunque bene est: illud autem per quod bene est, in homine, non in loco, est. Sen. Lib. de remed. fortuit.*

A Prison seemeth to have something more vexations than Banishment :

*Tempus quo quis debet esse in carcere, computatur in tempore quo quis debet esse in exilio. Lib. 23. Cod. de pen.*

For besides that this deprives us of the advantages of Nature, that it is the general Residence of Darkness, that it shuts out the Sun Beams, and that the light enters not but at the Grates and sighing holes ; it debars us of Liberty, it tumbleth us alive into the Grave, and makes us as Exiles in the midst of our own Country. The Lawyers confound Imprisonment with Exile, and put no difference between the time that we spend in the Dungeon, and that which is wasted in Banishment. Mean while that which makes others unfortunate, is no incommodity to a Wise man : His mind never suffers restraint ; and as he lives content in Solitude, he remains at liberty in Prison. The

Walls



Walls which enclose his Body, the Chains by which he is fastned to a corner of the Goal, cannot limit his Soul: He is free whilest his Companion is a Slave, and without clearing the Gates that enclose him, he takes his advantage to escape into all parts of the World. As in his freedom he loaths Voluptuousness, he laughs at Pain in Servitude; and he careth little into what place they put him, since he demands not to have his Portion here upon Earth.

That which afflicts the weak, and makes a Prison so odious to persons of honour, is because it is infamous, because it passeth in the conceit of Men, for Satans habitation, the abode of evil Spirits, where his family recides, and that letting the innocent go free, they fancy that none but the unfortunate and miserable are there left behind. But all these words ought not to affright us: for if we be true Christians, let us go in boldly, let us prepare our selves to fight with a Tyrant even in his own house, and to trample under foot an Usurper, who is not less an Enemy to the Just, than to the wicked. If the hole into which we are thrust, be the Possession of Darknes, let our Vertue serve us for a Light; let our Patience bruise the Fetters, let our inward sweet smell expel the Stenches of the place, and let our innocence triumph over the rigour of the Goalers. We trade well when we gain by our Commerce, when our profits exceed our losses; and when adventuring some vain pleasures of this life, we exchange them for solid and eternal Joys. It is really true, that the Guard about us, those Fetters with which they load our Bodies, and the Dungeons in which

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they

they bury us alive, are advantageous to us, they attract us from the Earth, they are the Ladders by which our thoughts climbe into Heaven, they give us there the contemplation of Divine things, and insensibly pour into us Charity, with knowledge. They do what Providence daily performs in the World; and as she gives cessation to the labours of Mortals by the sweet refreshments of night, they allay our miseries by the consideration of the rewards they work for us. In fine, a Prison restoreth to the Soul that which by violence it takes from the Body: The liberty of the one ariseth from the servitude of the other, as it causeth our sufferings, it begins our health: and stripping us of the delights of the Earth, it leaves us only the desires of Heaven.

But if the Prisoners be not attended with all comforts, yet ought they not to be much afflicted: A Prison hath nothing but what may be born with, if it have its Shame, it hath also its Glory, and if it have incommodities that cause it to be hated, it hath advantages which have rendered it desirable. Some Philosophers have made it the habitation of the Muses, they stiled it a Wise mans retirement; there they composed the most Excellent of their Works, and as if it had been a Schoole, they there taught their Disciples Vertue, unfortunate men Constancy, and their Oppressors Mercy; it was there that *Anaxagoras* studied the Square of the Circle, by which he put the greatest Artists to a *Nonplus*, and proved by Reason what they could never demonstrate by Experience. It was there that *Boetius* writ his Consolations, by which he shews, that it is God that sends afflictions,

afflictions, that Philosophy is a proper Remedy, and that that which came from so just a Hand, could not be offensive, but to such as were without hope of reward. It was there that *St. Paul* preached the Gospel, that he writ the greatest part of his Epistles, that he confuted both the Jews and the Gentiles, and proved to all the World, that we cannot enter into Glory but through the straight Gate of affliction. In fine, it is there that we may learn to be sober, to be contented with what we have, to retrench our selves of superfluous things, to contemn Earthly benefits, and by a generous violence, to prepare for those Mansions, where the unfortunate shall be happy, the innocent at rest, and the Captives free.

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**Discourse IV.**

*That Pity and Envy are Enemies to  
Wisdom.*

**A**S we see nothing in the world purely simple; that all we find there hath a mixture; that the Pleasure we tast in it is mingled with pain, and that the highest of human Felicity is always attended with troubles and disquiet: As there is hardly any compleat Vertue upon Earth, as the most excellent have their defects, the most enlightened their mists, the most innocent their faults, and the most courageous their weakneses, it must not be wondered, that Vice doth so often deceive us in its appearance, and that, assuming a proportion of its contrary qualities, it needs only a little outward shew to represent it self glorious; we magnifie Ambition because she affecteth Generosity, because she despiseth Dangers, affronteth Death, and, to gain a piece of Earth, makes little of all those laborious toyls which give exercise to Valor. We esteem Prodigality, because it opposeth Covetousness, because it claimeth kindred of Liberality, and gives largely without hope of reward. We pay reverence to the Dissimulation of Politicians, because it hath  
an

an affinity with Prudence, because it hides our Designs, covers our Anger, and waits for the day of Vengeance. We honour Compassion, because it resembles Charity, because she takes the Prisoners out of the Dungeon, comforts the distressed; and without any consideration of their merits relieves equally the innocent and the guilty. All the Orators have given her Elogies: they make her the Vertue of Princes, they have lifted up her head above her Companions, and do assure us, that if Valor and Justice made Kings great, it was Compassion that rendred them worthy of our admiration. Nothing likens you so much unto the Gods, saith Cicero, speaking to Cesar, as your Compassion, your Clemency makes you his Image; and if your Fortune have not any thing to present you more glorious than the Command of the *Roman* Nation, Nature cannot endow you with a more excellent Gift, than a Will to preserve the unfortunate.

*Nulla de Virtutibus  
tuis plurimis nec gra-  
tior nec admirabilior  
misericordia tua. Ni-  
hil habet nec fortuna  
tua majus quam ut  
possis, nec Natura tua  
melius quam ut velis  
conservare quam plu-  
rimes.*

Although this Vertue be so fair in her out-side and that it seemeth as if we could not blame her without a renunciation of humanity, nevertheless she cealeth not to be found guilty of great defects, and to pass for a Vice in the *Stoick* Morality. For as these generous Philosophers strip their wise man of all the maladies of his Soul, they allow not that other mens misfortunes should be his miseries: they will have him as little concern- ed for his Neighbours afflictions as for his own

disasters: They will have him to be fortune proof; and that that which discomposeth others, should teach him Constancy, and an even temper, What, say they, doth Vertue consist in infirmity? Must we be guilty of effeminacy, to perform Acts of Generosity? Can we not be charitable without being afflicted? And can we not relieve those that are in misery, unless we mingle our Sighs with their Sobs and Groans,

*Vere enim agritudo,  
nec longè à miseriis  
est quisquis miseretur.  
Lipf. 2. de const.*

and our Cries with their Tears? A wise man ought to consider the Poor for their Relief, and not himself to

share in their Calamities; he ought to protect them from oppressions, and not to be inwardly disturbed for them; he ought to endeavour their comfort, and not to be a Partner in their misfortunes.

But as this Notion seemeth somewhat strange to them that know not the *Stoick* Sentiments, to apprehend it well, we must suppose with *Seneca*, That compassion is a composition of two different parts, whereof one regards the Calamity to relieve it, and the other to take a share of the suffering. The *Stoicks* reject the second to embrace the first; They say that Pity is unworthy of a man of Courage, they call it the vice of effeminate persons, and do declare, that they cannot become sad without derogating from the Excellency of the Mind: and that they must resolve to be miserable, if other Mens misfortunes may as well pierce their Heart as their Eyes. As we judge of the weakness of these, when they water at the sight of others that have sore eyes: as it is not so much

much a chearfulness of Spirit as an infirmity of Body, to laugh with all that laugh, and to gape every time that another opens his Mouth. Pity is a badge of weakness, and we must be of the disposition of Women, not to be able to look upon other mens troubles, without being assaulted by it ourselves. Therefore when a Wife man giveth Alms, when he saves a man from Shipwreck, when he hospitably receives the banished into his

*Non miserebitur sapiens, sed succurret, sed proderit: at illa facit tranquillam mentem vultu suo. Sen. 2. de Clem.*

House; he preserves still the same tranquility of Mind; he is seen to be as little disturbed when he helps the distressed, as when he rebukes the impious, and chastiseth the guilty. He accosts them without trouble, he comforts them with Arguments, he relieves them by his Liberality; and knowing that his grieving can do them no good, he rather draws money out of his Purse, than tears from his Eyes.

If Compassion be sordid when she renders other mens misfortunes her own, Envy is infamous when she makes her own Torment of other mens Prosperity: and as we may not excuse the first by reason of her weakness, we cannot but condemn the second, because of her injustice. Vices do at sometimes tickle us, they often steal into the seat of virtue, and some of them are so disguised, that hardly we can know them from their Contraries. Profusion seems so becoming in Monarchs, that we make no difficulty of confounding it with Liberality, Cruelty is often covered with the Robe of Justice: Compassion is

so tender hearted, that she is hardly to be separated from Clemency, and as she bears all her marks, she is not afraid to pretend to her praises; but Envy is always opprobrious, Vertue is her torment, the most innocent feel her fury, she dares not appear to the eyes of men, and as she cannot conceal

*Invidia est odium alienae felicitatis: respectu inferiorum, ne sibi aequentur, respectu parium, quia sibi aequantur. August. in Serm.*

her Malice, she is forced to seek darkness to hide her deformities and discontents.

As if she were animated against the whole Race of Mankind, she makes war against all men; and without distinguishing

their merits, she sets both upon the perfect, and the less accomplished: She opposeth the most eminent, because she cannot arrive to their perfections; she persecuteth her equals, because they reprove her Covetousness and Pride; and she persecutes her inferiours, as having an apprehension of their happy Successors. But though she be an Enemy to all the Vertues, yet she exerciseth her fury particularly against the more Noble, and resembling the Scorpions, who sting most fiercely when the Sun is most hot and clear; she assaults those which have the greatest Lustre and Glory. From thence it comes that Tyrants hate the honesty of their Heirs; that they fear the Valour of their Commanders, that they dread the prudence of their Ministers, and apprehend the Puissance of their friends. They think themselves contemned in the praises of their inferiours; they fancy that the Commendations given to them is an abatement of their own Grandeur, and they are afraid of Designs to supplant them; every time men speak in their favour.

But



But if Monarchs unwillingly suffer vertuous persons, the Subjects do not less envy their Princes advantages: Conspiracy is not always an effect of their evil Government, it more often proceeds from the Malice of the People, than from the Tyranny of Kings; and their inaccessableness is oft times the only cause of their ruine. *Socrates* lost not his Life but for being too Vertuous: His integrity made all his Crimes, and the *Athenians* would not at this day be accused of having put the wisest man of their Commonwealth to death, if Envy had not furnished them with Arms to take him out of the way. But as no Crime goes unpunished, Envy finds her Chastisement in her self; she drinks the greatest share of her own poyson; and to make her miserable, we need but leave her to her own fury. All other Vices propose to themselves some advantage, and though it be never any thing but shew, it ceaseth not to give vigour to their pursuits; but Envy looks upon good to afflict her self, she rejoyceth not but in other mens harms, and by a blindness proper to Avarice, she measures her own Riches by the Poverty of her Neighbours, and her own wants by their Treasures. If a Passion be never so violent, it lasteth not always, it ceaseth after a time, and often finds its suffocation in the cause that gave it birth. Anger takes her ease after she hath tormented us a while, Pleasure becomes our Pain, when its Charms have tired us; Gluttony is wearied in much feasting; and our Soul hath not any faculty, which admits not a Truce after a Combate: But Envy is always in motion, she lasts as long as her cause; and what efforts soever we use to sweeten her,

her, she is not to be cured but by the Death of the Author.

From all these Discourses it is easie to conclude, that Grief is not natural, since she is so self-conceited, since she doth not equally affect all men; since she is partial in Poverty, effeminate in Pity, infamous in Envy, dejected, or insolent in misfortunes. He that embraceth the motions of so dark a Passion, may assure himself to be never happy, and as the most innocent are attended by injustice, we are not to expect any moral good service from them.

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FINIS.

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### Errata.

Page 23 line 14. for *Experte* read *Exparte*. pag. 109. l. 14. for *to Grandeur* r. *to her Grandeur*. pag. 130 l. 14. for *Transmitted* r. *Transmuted*. pag. 142. l. 10. for *been* r. *seen*. pag. 150. l. 25. for *unskilful* r. *skilful*. pag. 171. l. 31. for *Christs* r. *Christ*. ag. 184. l. 14. for *dispose* r. *despise*.